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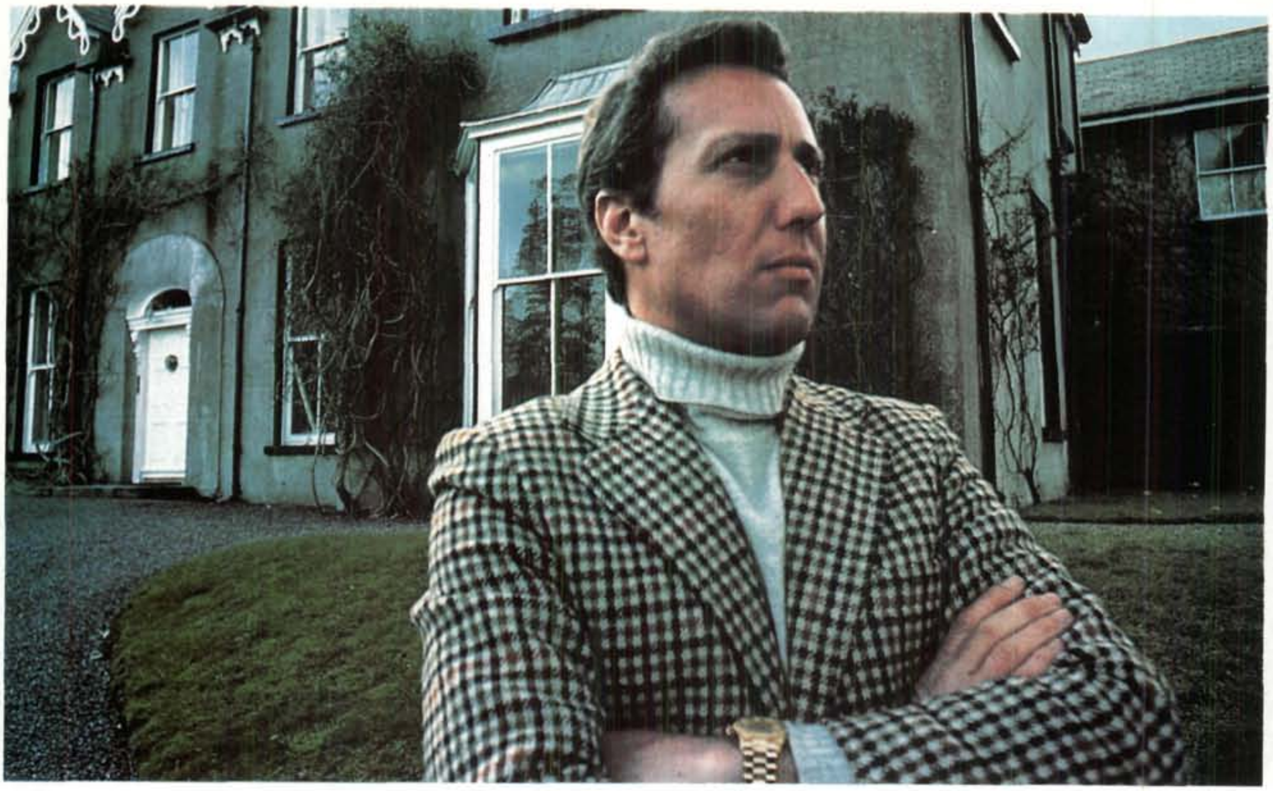

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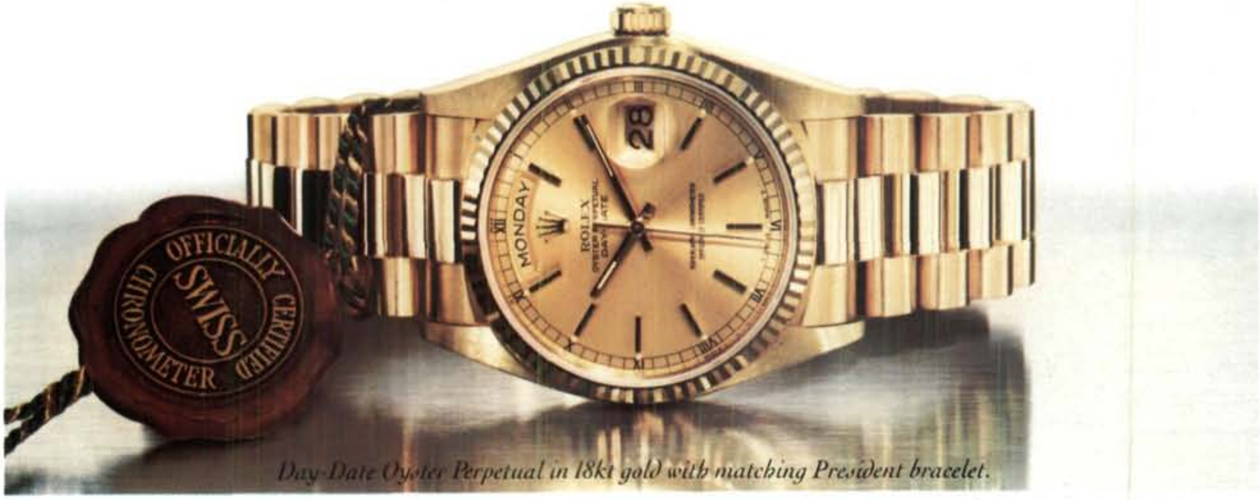

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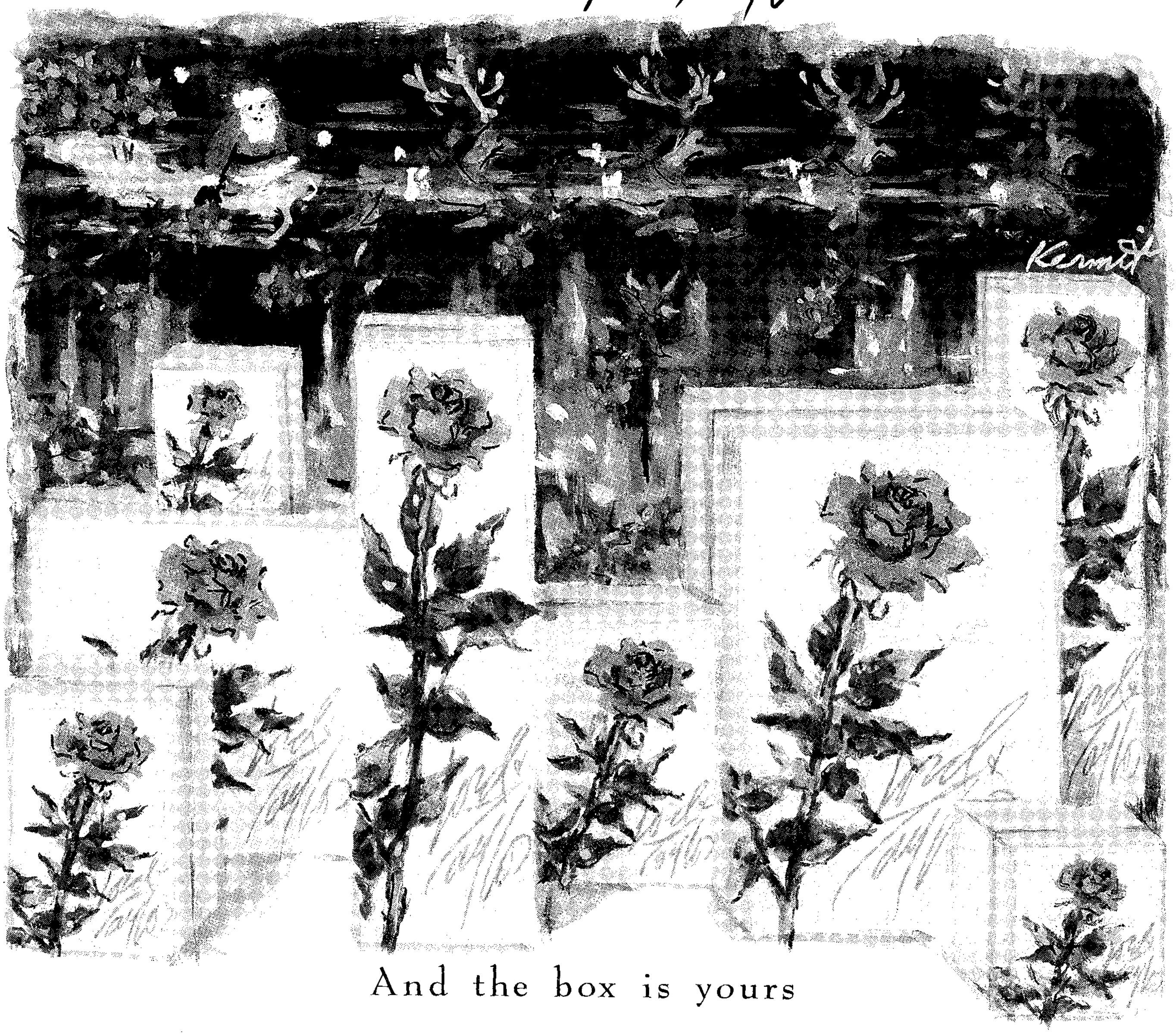

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28

THE THEATRE

(Next week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules because of Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 26. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Anything Goes—Under the clever direction of Jerry Zaks, this exuberant revival is primarily a celebration of Cole Porter himself. The libretto, as revised from the original by Timothy Crouse and John Weidman, is consistently entertaining. The company, which includes Bill McCutcheon, Howard McGillin, Patti LuPone, Anthony Heald, and Kathleen Mahony-Bennett, does more than justice to the words and score. (Reviewed in our issue of 11/2/87.) (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Breaking the Code—Derek Jacobi in a play by Hugh Whitemore which is based on Andrew Hodges' 1983 book, "Alan Turing: The Enigma." A London import; directed by Clifford Williams. (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 27, at 2.)

Burn This—Lanford Wilson's play can be considered an occasion for an astonishing performance by John Malkovich, as a foulmouthed restaurant manager who woos and wins his dead brother's dancing partner. The supporting actors—Joan Allen, Jonathan Hogan, and Lou Liberatore—are good. Marshall W. Mason was the director, and the distinguished setting was designed by John Lee Beatty and lighted by Dennis Parichy. (10/26/87) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 25, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Friday, Nov. 27, at 3.)

Cabaret—This tasteful revival of the 1966 musical by John Kander and Fred Ebb is directed by Harold Prince and has three things going for it: a sterling performance by Alyson Reed, who plays Sally Bowles as she was always meant to be played and then some; a gloriously muted and subtle Joel Grey recreating his role as the Emcee; and a slightly rewritten book by Joe Masteroff, the original librettist, which, while not entirely successful, suggests that what's caught so many imaginations in the story of Sally Bowles has something to do with relations between heterosexual women and bisexual men. (11/2/87) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 27, at 2.)

Don't Get God Started—A gospel musical that is all but done in by amplification. The music and lyrics were by Marvin Winans, and Ron Milner wrote the brief, parable-like playlets between the songs. Mr. Milner directed. (11/9/87) (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 27, at 3.)

Dreamgirls—A revival of Michael Bennett's 1981 musical. Tom Eyen wrote the book and lyrics, and Henry Krieger wrote the music. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 25, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 27, at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 29.)

Driving Miss Daisy—Alfred Uhry's play is more a sentimental than a dramatic occasion, which tells of the growing attachment of a cranky old woman in Atlanta to her black chauffeur. What gives the evening distinction is the performance—the fine acting of Dana Ivey and Morgan Freeman, under Ron Lagomarsino's direction. (4/27/87) (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 27, at 2.)

Elektra—The première of a 1951 play by Ezra Pound. With Pamela Reed and Nancy Marchand. (CSC, 136 E. 13th St. 677-4210. Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Nov. 29.)

Equity Library Theatre—The second in this season's series of eight productions is a revival of the 1953 musical **KISMET.** Score and lyrics by Robert Wright and George Forrest; book by Charles Lederer and Luther Davis, who have revised it for this production. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Nov. 22. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Fences—August Wilson's play about a black garbageman, formerly a baseball player of professional calibre, is as powerful as, and even richer than, his "Ma Rainey's Black Bottom." The triumphant performance, with James Earl Jones in the leading role, supported by Mary Alice, Courtney B. Vance, Frankie R. Faison, Ray Aranha, and Charles Brown, was directed by Lloyd Richards. (4/6/87) (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 25, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 27, at 3.)

Frankie and Johnny in the Clair de Lune—Terrence McNally's enchanting comedy about sex and the sudden onset of love in an apartment on Tenth Avenue in the Fifties. Kathy Bates and Kenneth Welsh give remarkable performances, under the direction of Paul Benedict. (11/9/87) (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Nightly, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Nov. 29.)

Into the Woods—The new musical by Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine is an attempt to show what lurks beneath the surface of conventional fairy tales. The amusing first half is like a musical staging of Bruno Bettelheim's "The Uses of Enchantment." The rather nasty second half degenerates into cheap philosophy. The costumes (by Ann Hould-Ward) and sets (by Tony Straiges) are pretty to look at, and the songs are beautiful or funny—sometimes both. The superb cast, led by Bernadette Peters and Joanna Gleason, is directed by Mr. Lapine. (11/16/87) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tues-

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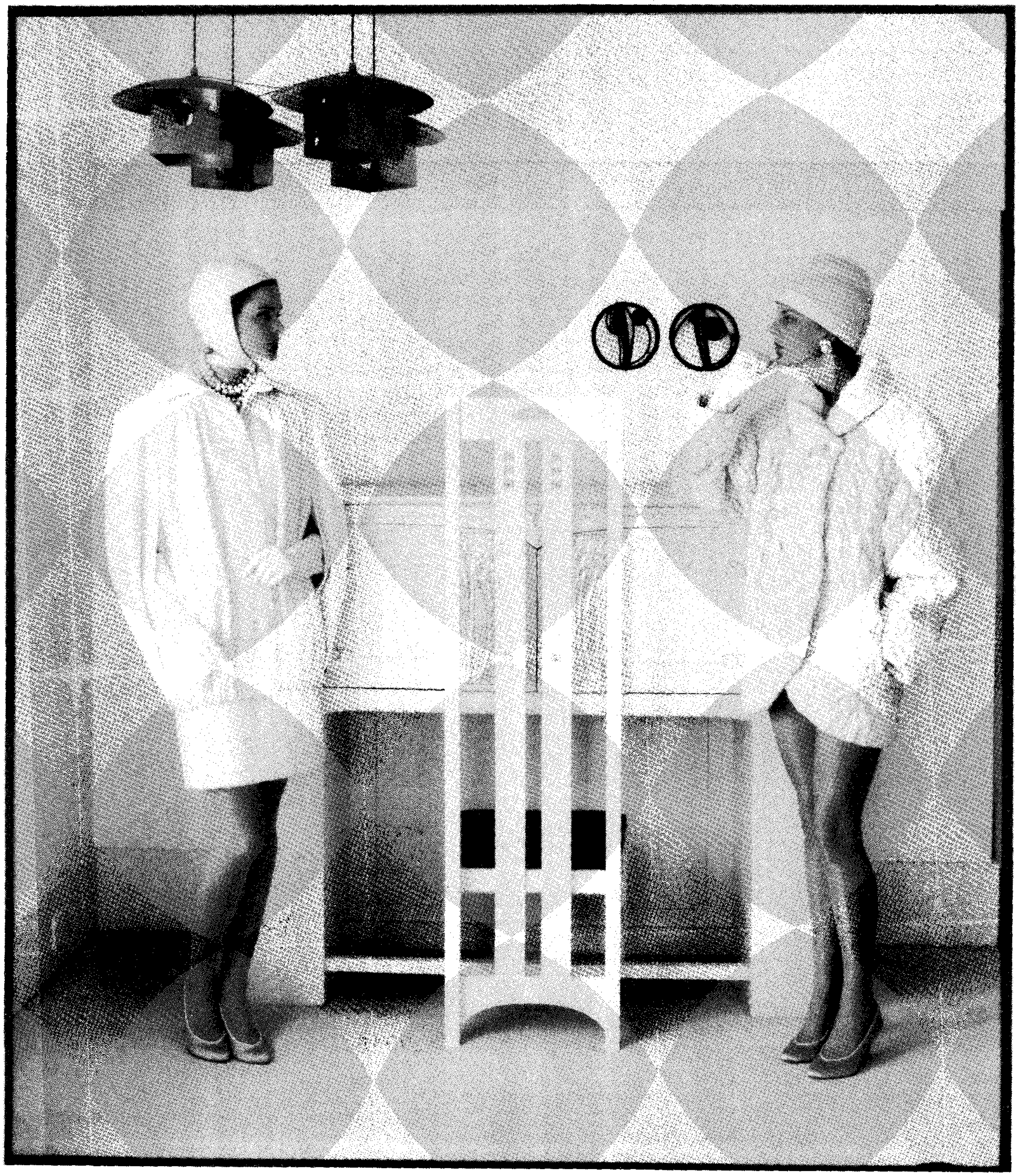

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

days through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 25, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 27, at 2.)

Laughing Wild—Christopher Durang's comedy is not quite vintage Durang, but there is much wit and fun in it all the same. His performance and E. Katherine Kerr's are all they should be, under Ron Lagomarsino's nimble direction. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Special performance Monday, Nov. 23, at 8.)

The Mahabharata—A nine-hour adaptation (part of the Brooklyn Academy of Music's Next Wave Festival) of the ancient Hindu epic which uses pageantry and pseudo-Brechtian stage devices to tell the story of two warring factions of heroes and is utterly unrewarding. Peter Brook and his collaborator, Jean-Claude Carrière, have reduced the poem to a moral tale about two rival superpowers struggling for supremacy and have come up with a bland bid for peace and brotherly love. (11/2/87) (BAM's Majestic Theatre, 651 Fulton St., about a block east of Flatbush Ave. 1-718 636-4100. The schedule is complicated; our best advice is to call the box office. Closes Sunday, Jan. 3.)

Medea—Charles Ludlam's freely adapted fifty-minute version of Euripides' drama. With Black-Eyed Susan and Everett Quinton; a production of the Ridiculous Theatrical Company. (Charles Ludlam Theatre, One Sheridan Square. 691-2271. Wednesdays through Fridays, except Thanksgiving, and Sundays at 8; and Saturdays at 7 and 10.)

Les Misérables—Colm Wilkinson is a strong Jean Valjean and Terrence Mann is his strong pursuer Javert in the musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel. The real standouts of the production, however, are the settings, by John Napier, and the lighting, by David Hersey. But even these, remarkable though they are, are not sustaining enough for the three and a half hours that the show runs. (3/23/87) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

Moms—A celebration of the comedienne Moms Mabley, as impersonated by Clarice Taylor. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 27, at 3.)

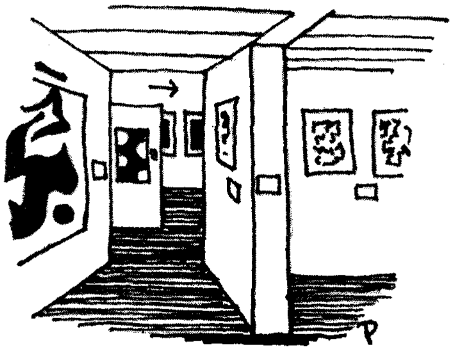
The Nerd—This farce by the late Larry Shue (author of "The Foreigner") is a source of laughter from beginning to end. (4/6/87) (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 25, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 27, at 3.)

Of Mice and Men—A dreary revival of John Steinbeck's dreary play about a pair of ranch hands—smart little George and big stupid Lennie. (11/2/87) (Roundabout, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Dec. 6.)

Old Business—Joe Silver and Michael Wikes in a two-character play written and directed by Joe Cacaci. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays and Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Psycho Beach Party—A romp through early-sixties beach-blanket movies, written by Charles Busch. The production, starring Mr. Busch as a Gidget-like figure with a Marnie-like problem, is directed by Kenneth Elliott and includes a dance number that may single-handedly bring back the limbo. (8/10/87) (Players, 115 Macdougal St. 254-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Thursday and Friday, Nov. 26-27, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3. Special performances Friday, Nov. 27, at 7 and 10.)

Sarafina!—This musical, an explosion of talent, is an import from South Africa. It was conceived, written, and directed by Mbongeni Ngema, who also, with Hugh Masekela, composed and arranged the score. It is a show about a show that is put on by a brave group of high-school students in the black township of Soweto, and that dramatizes the events in their lives. The events are bleak, but the spirits are blazing, and the acting, dancing, and singing, to a local form of popular music called Mbaqanga, are a wonder. (11/9/87) (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)



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Scooncat—A play by Eve Ensler, with Dylan McDermott. (Samuel Beckett, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2826. Wednesdays through Fridays, except Thanksgiving, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A Shayna Maidel—Melissa Gilbert in a play by Barbara Lebow. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 27, at 2.)

Sherlock's Last Case—A relentlessly jokey entry in the Baker Street files that is more tiresome than funny. Frank Langella is Holmes, Donal Donnelly is Watson. (8/31/87) (Nederlander, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 27, at 2.)

Starlight Express—A bore on roller skates. (3/30/87) (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Steel Magnolias—The setting of this first play by Robert Harling is a beauty shop in a small town in Louisiana, and much of the content is the often amusing, wisecracking chatter of the proprietress, her assistant, and four steady customers. A rather pathetic story is told as well. The performances are good, especially those of Betsy Aidem, Rosemary Prinz, and Kate Wilkinson. Pamela Berlin directed. (8/17/87) (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 6 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Talk Radio—A strong and funny play by Eric Bogosian, with Larry Pine as the scornful host of a phone-in radio talk show. (6/8/87) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays and Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 29.)

Teddy & Alice—Len Cariou gives a powerful, subtle, and joyous performance in the title role of this musical about Theodore Roosevelt and his daughter, and the glorious score, by John Philip Sousa, as adapted by Richard Kapp (who wrote some additional songs), is surprisingly varied and charming. The costumes by Theoni V. Aldredge, the lighting by Tharon Musser, the settings by Robin Wagner, and the choreography by Donald Saddler are all admirable, as is the direction by John Driver. Nancy Opel, Ron Raines, and Beth Fowler do especially well in supporting parts (Reviewed in this issue.) (Minskoff, 45th St west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesday through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, a 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday Nov. 27, at 3.)

That Serious He-Man Ball—A play by Alonzo D Lamont, Jr. Previews Wednesday, Nov. 18 Opens officially on Thursday, Nov. 19. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinée Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**BROADWAY BOUND:** In the third of his trilogy of autobiographical plays, Neil Simon takes us from Brooklyn to Manhattan, from ignominy to the promise of fame. Directed by Gene Saks. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Mondays through Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 25, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 27, at 3.) . . . **CATS:** Ezra Pound nicknamed T. S. Eliot "Old Possum," and under that name Eliot wrote a collection of poems about cats, and now the cats are on display on Broadway, with music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, scenery and costumes by John Napier, and direction by Trevor Nunn. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 25, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Friday, Nov. 27.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays and Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Friday, Nov. 27, at 3.) . . . **COASTAL DISTURBANCES:** Tina Howe's funny and beautiful play about love is set on a private beach on Massachusetts' North Shore. Carole Rothman was the director. (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 27, at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 11,472 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Once upon a time there was a silly-wonderful Warner Brothers musical about a young hoofer who goes on in place of a disabled star and herself becomes a star overnight. The legitimate musical that has been fashioned from the movie musical is just as silly but by no means as wonderful. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 25, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 27, at 3.) . . . **I'M NOT RAPPAPORT:** Herb Gardner's synthetic, though often entertaining, comedy about two old men who share a bench in Central Park, starring Judd Hirsch and Cleavon Little. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 27, at 3.) . . . **JACKIE MASON'S "THE WORLD ACCORDING TO ME!":** Jackie Mason's material consists almost entirely of outrageous insults addressed to Jews, Italians, Poles, Puerto Ricans, and Wasps. For more than thirty years, Mason's audiences—that is, his victims—have found him hilarious, and the sorry truth of the matter is that he *is* hilarious. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 719-4099. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ME AND MY GIRL:** A fifty-year-old British musical, starring Jim Dale. (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 25, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 27, at 2.) . . . **NUNSENSE:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 25, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

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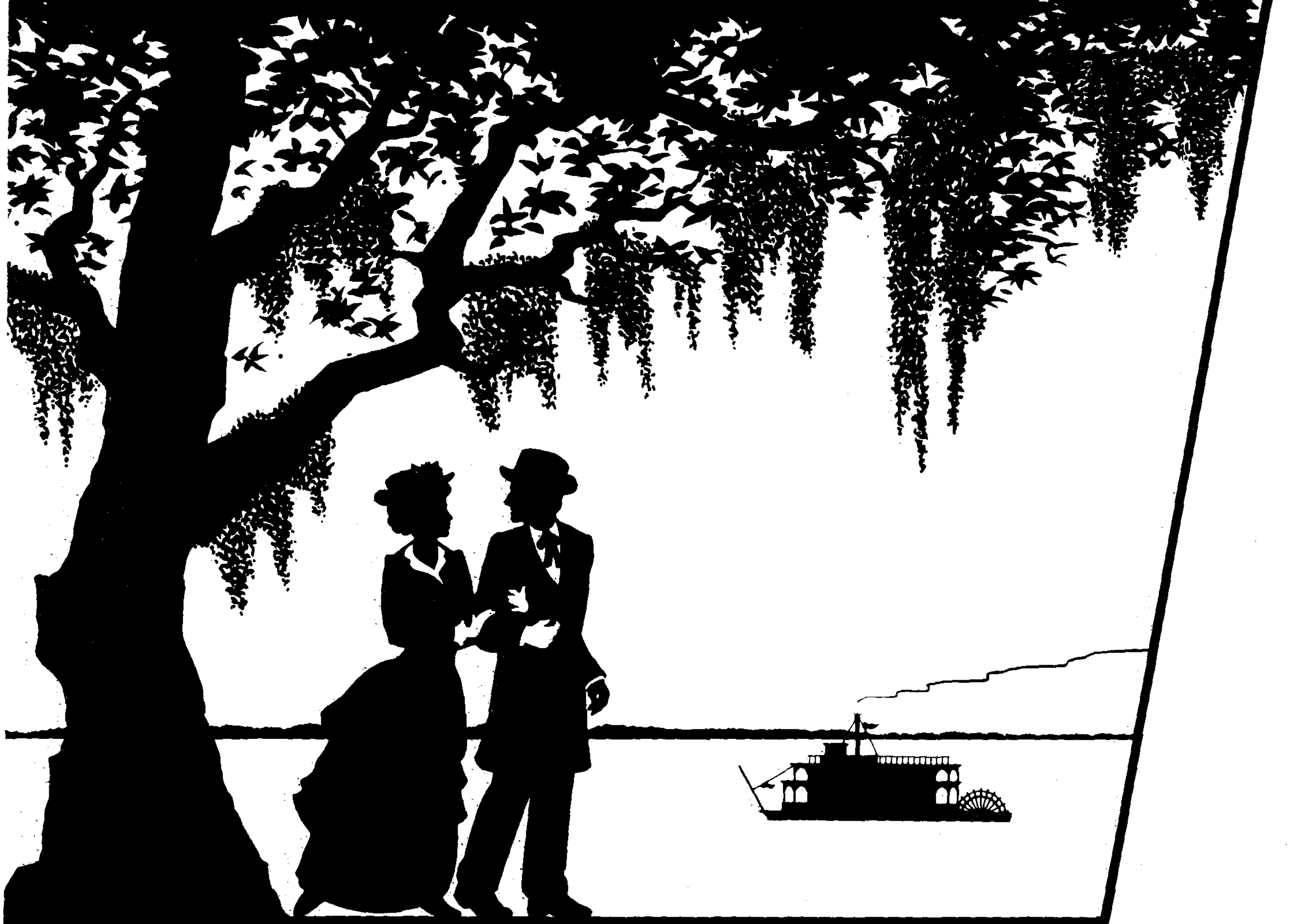

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ter Sellars' staging of Velimir Khlebnikov's 1922 drama. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Thanksgiving, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 2 and 7. Through Sunday, Dec. 6. . . . **THE ARMITAGE BALLET**—"The Elizabethan Phrasing of the Late Albert Ayler" and "The Tarnished Angels." Wednesday, Nov. 18, at 7, and Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 19-21, at 8. . . . **MUSIC BY MEREDITH MONK**—With Miss Monk, her vocal ensemble, Bobby McFerrin, and others. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 20-21, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 22, at 2. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100.) . . . **NOTE:** A listing for "The Mahabharata" is under "Plays and Musicals," above.

Radio City Music Hall—The annual Christmas show, with, of course, the Rockettes. (Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 757-3100. Wednesday, Nov. 18, at 11 and 2:30; Friday, Nov. 20, at 2:30 and 7:30; Saturday, Nov. 21, and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 27-28, at 10, 1:30, 5, and 8; Sunday, Nov. 22, and Thursday, Nov. 26, at 12:30, 4:30, and 7:30; and Monday, Nov. 23, at 2:30. Through Wednesday, Jan. 6.)

Big Apple Circus—The seventh season at Lincoln Center for this one-ring tent circus. (Damrosch Park. Wednesday, Nov. 18, at 6:30; Thursday and Friday, Nov. 19-20, and Tuesday, Nov. 24, at 11 and 7:30; Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 21-22, and Friday, Nov. 27, at 12:30 and 4; Thursday, Nov. 26, at 7:30; and Saturday, Nov. 28, at 12:30, 4, and 8. Through Sunday, Jan. 3. For information about tickets, call 391-0767.)

Make-Up (Keshō)—A contemporary one-woman play in two acts by Hisashi Inoue, and with Misako Watanabe. Performed in Japanese, with English supertitles. (Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St. Wednesday through Friday, Nov. 18-20, at 8. For information about tickets, call 752-3015.)

Prison-Made Tuxedos—A play by George W. S. Trow about himself and jazz saxophonist Frank Morgan. The cast includes Mr. Morgan and his quartet, which will provide onstage music. Directed by David Warren; a production of the Music-Theatre Group. (St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. 279-4200. Thursday, Nov. 19; Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 24-25; and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 27-28, all at 8; and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 20-21, at 7 and 9.)

Circumstances—A one-man show written and performed by Louis Mustillo. (Susan Bloch, 307 W. 26th St. 691-7641. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Thanksgiving, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Julie Wilson: From Weill to Sondheim (A Concert)—The singer, with accompanist William Roy. (Kaufman, 534 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 29.)

Oil City Symphony—A musical revue conceived and performed by Mike Craver, Mark Hardwick, Debra Monk, and Mary Murfitt. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 8 and 10:30; and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

On Second Avenue—A musical revue in Yiddish and English. (Norman Thomas High School, 111 E. 33rd St. 532-4485. Saturdays at 3 and 8, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Wednesday evening, Nov. 18: "Concerto Barocco," "La Sonnambula," and "The Concert." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 19: "Agon," "Moves," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 20: Divertimento from "Le Baiser de la Fée," "Moves," and "Chaconne." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 21: "Concerto Barocco," "Kammermusik No. 2," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 21: Divertimento from "Le Baiser de la Fée," "In G Major," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Nov. 22: Divertimento from "Le Baiser de la Fée," "Moves," and "Chaconne." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Nov. 22: "Agon," "La Sonnambula," and "Chaconne." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Nov. 24: "Kammermusik No. 2," "Moves," and "The Concert." . . .

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¶ Wednesday evening, Nov. 25: "Allegro Brillante," "La Sonnambula," and "In G Major." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 27: Divertimento from "Le Baiser de la Fée," "Kammermusik No. 2," and "In G Major." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 28: "Les Gentilhommes," "Walpurgisnacht Ballet," divertimento from "Le Baiser de la Fée," and "In G Major." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 28: "Les Gentilhommes," "Walpurgisnacht Ballet," "Kammermusik No. 2," and "Gounod Symphony." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, Feb. 21.)

Joffrey Ballet—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday evening, Nov. 18: "The Dream," "Monotones," and "Les Patineurs." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 19: "The Gardens of Boboli," "Valentine," "Confetti," and "Cloven Kingdom." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 20: "Birthday Variations," "Untitled," "Love Songs," and "The Clowns." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 21: "Parade," "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune," and "Le Sacre du Printemps." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Nov. 22: "The Gardens of Boboli," "Valentine," "Confetti," and "Cloven Kingdom." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Nov. 22: "Light Rain," "L'Air d'Esprit," "Round of Angels," and "The Clowns." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 2.)

American Ballroom Theatre—Presenting "Presley Pieces," "Two Hearts in 3/4 Time," and "The Rainbow Room." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Through Sunday, Nov. 29.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute changes; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—In the lobby, people come and go talking of the Forty-fourth Street Chowder and Marching Club (which used to meet here) and of the Thanatopsis Club (which also used to meet here) and of **ANDREA MARCOVICCI,** who is singing here, in the candlelit mead hall called the Oak Room. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Dining.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A big cabaret on the edge of Chelsea, in the heart of the fur and fashion-student districts. At six-thirty Wednesdays through Saturdays, **BLOSSOM DEARIE** sings funny songs by Dave Frishberg and John Wallowitch and delicately pitched love songs she wrote herself, and just about every word, from "puce" to "debenture," is delivered clearly. **KAREN AKERS,** cool and long-limbed and a model of cabaret chic, sings Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and eleven.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A bemirrored jazz club with a spectacular piece of neon art on the back wall (the Manhattan skyline and attendant celestial bodies) and with bright clusters of musicians on the dais. A big-band wingding is in progress: **TOSHIKO AKIYOSHI'S** New York Jazz Orchestra performs Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 18-19; Friday and Saturday, Nov. 20-21, belong to **GERRY MULLIGAN'S** troops; and on Sunday, Nov. 22, **ILLINOIS JACQUET'S** mighty sixteen-piece band begins a five-night stint. Music from nine. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Rock, folk, jazz, comedy, and combinations thereof in a blue pillared room that seats four hundred. Friday, Nov. 20, **NRBQ;** Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 21-22, **PHOEBE SNOW;** Tuesday, Nov. 24, country-rock singer **ROSANNE CASH;** and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 27-28, jazz guitarist **JOHN SCOFIELD'S** band. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A real New York bar; it has dark wood panelling, Type A conversationalists, and some very good pianists (who play the very beautiful concert grand that Paul Desmond bequeathed to the proprietor) and bassists. **TOMMY FLANAGAN** and **GEORGE MRAZ** are on duty every night but Sunday, Nov. 22, when **KIRK LIGHTSEY** and his bassist hold forth. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Carlos I, 432 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (982-3260)—It's so nice in here—silken woodwork and long tables with pink tablecloths and pink napkins—you might mistake it for a jazz club on a movie set but for the real musicians onstage. Thuli Dumakude sings with her South African band through Sunday, Nov. 22; **ARTHUR PRYSOCK,** a veteran crooner whose suave rumblings are made to accompany smooching, will be here starting Tuesday, Nov. 24. Music from nine. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The pastel uptown spa known as the Café Carlyle is home to **BOBBY SHORT** Tuesdays through Saturdays. He and his two sidekicks, bassist **BEVERLY PEER** and drummer **ROBBIE SCOTT,** do their stuff at ten and midnight. . . . ¶ Over in the Bemelmans Bar, Ludwig Bemelmans' long-eared critters gambol on the walls, and **BARBARA CARROLL** sings and plays the piano from nine-forty-five Tuesdays through Saturdays.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A red-velvet-and-mirror-walled jazz lair, mostly for mainstream cats. **HIRAM BULLOCK,** a young guitarist whose new L.P. (on Atlantic) proves that he likes Steely Dan-style lounge-funk tunes and has star pecs (the cover shows him bare-chested and in a muscle T-shirt), will be here with his band through Sunday, Nov. 22. Pianist **MC COY TYNER** brings in a thirteen-piece band on Tuesday, Nov. 24. Mondays are in the hands of guitarist **LES PAUL.** Music after eight.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St. (925-2415)—A cathedral-size bar and restaurant. Pianists practice their art in a little grove of palms, a half mile or so from the bar. Bring your binoculars. The schedule: Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 18-19, **MIKE LONGO;** Friday and Saturday, Nov. 20-21, and Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 24-25, **HAL SCHAEFER;** and Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 26-28, Keith MacDonald. Sets begin at seven Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at seven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Mondays.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—A small, dark corner bar that has the cobbled-together look—and safe-from-the-ruckus-of-the-world feeling—of a kids' clubhouse. It's romantic during a rainstorm, more romantic when it's raining and the jukebox is playing Bunny Berigan's "I Can't Get Started," and romantic in an offbeat way when **BOB DOROUGH,** an Arkansas-born bopper, is at the upright singing his own version of that song ("I played the Village Vanguard opposite Miles, I wear all those latest SoHo downtown West Side styles"). Mr. Dorough, whose career included a stint as Sugar Ray Robinson's accompanist (in the early fifties, when Robinson quit boxing and took up tap dancing) and whose singing is peppered with shouts and hisses and knockabout scatting, will be here Wednesdays through Saturdays with bassist **BILL TAKAS.** First set at ten. **BROOKS KERR,** a stride enthusiast, works from five-forty-five to nine-forty-five Mondays through Fridays.

J's, 2581 Broadway, at 97th St. (666-3600)—A pleasant second-floor bar and restaurant dotted with Js disguised as quarter notes (the proprietors' first names begin with J). It's also a room with a view (of Broadway) and with jazz (mostly of the mainstream type). The lineup: Wednesday, Nov. 18, guitarist Tony Purrone's trio; Thursday, Nov. 19, guitarist-singer **JOHN PIZZARELLI'S** trio; Fridays, Nov. 20 and 27, singer-pianist Richard Rodney Bennett; Saturday, Nov. 21, singer and co-proprietor Judy Barnett; and Wednesday, Nov. 25, singer-bassist **JAY LEONHART** and guitarist **JOE BECK.** Music from eight Mondays through Thursdays, and from nine Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Thanksgiving.

JAN WALLMAN'S, 49 W. 44th St. (764-8930)—**SYLVIA SYMS** sings in this snuggery (cap. 48) at nine and eleven every night but Sunday, when she steps out and **BARBARA LEA** slips in. Ms. Lea's shows are at six and eight. Dining.

KNICKERBOCKER, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant, low-key bar and restaurant in the piano-bass district. Frank Ansallem, a twenty-six-year-old French pianist whose models include Bill Evans and Herbie Hancock, works with **JAY LEONHART** through Saturday, Nov. 21; **BILL MAYS** and **RAY DRUMMOND** take over on Tuesday, Nov. 24. Sundays and Mondays are reserved for **HARRY CONNICK, JR.,** a young pianist from New Orleans who turns much of what he touches into a flexible and satisfying kind of stride. First set at nine-thirty. No music Thanksgiving.

KNITTING FACTORY, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—A second-floor music and performing space, where people come to ponder the meaning of harmolodics and the case of Jello Biafra. The room is run by two amiable young guys from Wisconsin; they serve wholesome food and don't take too much of your money. Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 18-19, drummer **BOBBY PREVITE'S** band; Friday and Saturday, Nov. 20-21, at midnight, **HUGO LARGO,** a percussionless rock quartet that likes molasses tempos and dense, dreamy lyrics; Sunday, Nov. 22, South African folksinger Tony Bird and bassoonist Janet Grice; Monday, Nov. 23, saxophonist **JEMEEL MOONDOC'S** quartet; and Tuesday, Nov. 24, Memphis rock antihero **ALEX CHILTON** (the subject of a good song by the Replacements). Music after nine.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Scary-movie buffs like the epic-size iguana on the roof; Texans like the reminders of home; and musicians like the Texans, the New Yorkers, and the other visitors from this planet who regularly fill the joint up. Wednesday, Nov. 18, **BOBBY BLUE BLAND;** Thursday, Nov. 19, the Ventures; Friday and Saturday, Nov. 20-21, **WEBB WILDER & THE BEATNECKS;** Sunday, Nov. 22, **JUNIOR WELLS;** Tuesday, Nov. 24, **PINETOP PERKINS** and **HUBERT SUMLIN;** Wednesday, Nov. 25, **CLIFTON CHENIER** and Lucky 7; and Friday, Nov. 27, **ROOMFUL OF BLUES.** Music after nine. Dining.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—The Mamas and the Papas (John Phillips and three replacements) are reeling down Memory Lane, determined to re-create the old group's sweet harmonies and to have a lot of fun trying to do it. Some elderly fans may want to remain true to their memories and stay away. Curiosity seekers will find the quartet here at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Mondays after nine-thirty, Woody Allen usually turns up with his clarinet to play some blues and spirituals with the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Orchestra. Dining. Closed Sundays and Thanksgiving.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Rock and roll of the Present Moment—and, occasionally, of the Classical Era (the fifties), the Romantic Era (the sixties), and the OPEC Era (the seventies)—in a big, fancy thirties-era ballroom. Friday, Nov. 20, Aztec Camera; Saturday, Nov. 21, the **NEVILLE BROTHERS** and **ALEX CHILTON;** Wednesday, Nov. 25, **RON WOOD** and **BO DIDDLEY;** and Saturday, Nov. 28, the Pogues. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at eleven.

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—Tropical-forest décor (including a larger-than-life parrot suspended above the bandstand) and head-swirling music from Brazil, Africa, the Caribbean, and the U.S.A. Wednesday, Nov. 18, **PAPO LUCCA & LA SONORA PONCEÑA;** Thursday, Nov. 19, reggae singer Ini Kamoze; Saturday, Nov. 21, **MARIO RIVERA & THE SALSA REFUGEES;** Tuesday, Nov. 24, **DAVE VALENTIN;** and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 27-28, **MIKATA.** Music from nine Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from eleven on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Sundays, Mondays, and Thanksgiving.

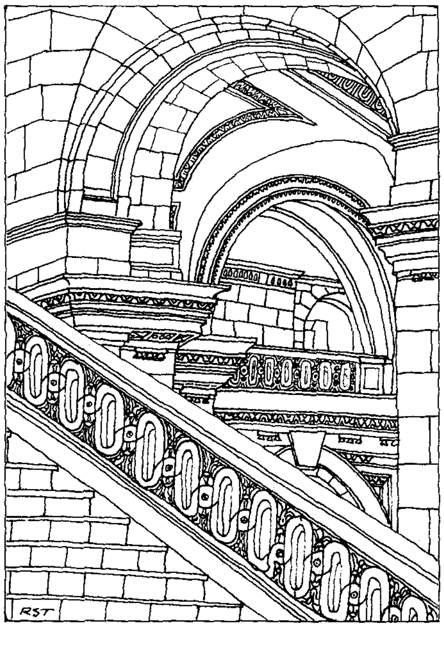
SPEAKEASY, 107 Macdougal St. (598-9670)—A central Village lounge for folkies and others who practice low-decibel (but not necessarily low-voltage) music. The brothers **TRAUM—HAPPY** and **ARTIE**—play eine kleine Volkmusik on Saturday, Nov. 28. Sundays are devoted to the Wretched Refuse String Band. Shows from about eight-thirty. Dining. Closed Thanksgiving.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A knotty-pine-and-brick-walled night club, crowded with serious jazz fans from Japan, France, Germany, Denmark, Greenwich Village, and other countries. **GEORGE RUSSELL,** a pianist who is better known as a composer ("Cubana Be, Cubana Bop," "A Bird in Igor's Yard") and theorist, directs a sextet through Sunday, Nov. 22. The **LEADERS,** an all-star sextet whose front line is made up of **LESTER BOWIE, ARTHUR BLYTHE,** and **CHICO FREEMAN,** have the floor starting Tuesday, Nov. 24. Music from ten. Dining.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St. (777-5077)—A simple, no-frills blues and rock club attached to an Irish pub. **BUSTER POINDEXTER'S** mug shines down on this room. Himself and his **BANSHEES OF BLUE** are here in the flesh on Fridays and Saturdays. Music after nine-thirty.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Peppy salsa bands play for their excitable fans in the gym-size downstairs room on Mondays after nine-thirty. On Nov. 23, three pianists—**MICHEL CAMILO, EDDIE PALMIERI,** and **PAPO LUCCA**—and the bands of the latter two will be on hand. . . . ¶ In the Terrace Bar, you can keep an eye on Village street life and listen to the piano-bass team of **BILL MAYS** and **MICHAEL FORMANEK** through Sunday, Nov. 22, and to the trumpet-bass team of Allan Botschinsky and **NEILS-HENNING ORSTED PEDERSEN** starting Tuesday, Nov. 24. On Tuesdays, the visiting duo trades sets with jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN'S** trio. Music from about ten.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Perhaps the most famous basement in the world, now in its second half century, this establishment has been described by Max Gordon, the wise, elfin, cigar-smoking proprietor, as "a good joint that people like to come to—thank God." **J. J. JOHNSON,** a trailblazing bebop trombonist (he made the trombone an instrument that could turn corners at breakneck speed) who hasn't played in a New York club in a blue moon, will be here with a quintet through Sunday, Nov. 22. **FRANK MORGAN,** a bop-rooted alto saxophonist, descends the stairs with his quartet on Tuesday, Nov. 24. Mondays are prime time for the **MEL LEWIS ORCHESTRA.** Music after ten.



WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machines and jukebox is a room full of jazz. Saxophonist **DAVID (FATHEAD) NEWMAN,** a onetime Ray Charles sideman, leads his combo through Sunday, Nov. 22, and on Wednesday, Nov. 25, violinist Pete Compo brings in his group. Shows from nine. Dining.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A bright, spacious, lightly forested bar and restaurant with an in-between room from which music issues, putting an end to some discussions and inspiring others. **RUBY BRAFF,** a cornettist whose meditations rarely fail to exalt melody, works with guitarist **HOWARD ALDEN** and bassist **JACK LESBERG** through Saturday, Nov. 21; pianist **DICK KATZ** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE** collaborate on Sunday, Nov. 22; and **HILTON RUIZ** and **JIMMY ROWSER** begin a five-night run on Monday, Nov. 23. Music from eight weeknights, and from seven on Sundays. Closed Thanksgiving.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

PAT METHENY GROUP—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 757-3100. Thursday, Nov. 19, at 8.

DAVID AMRAM QUARTET—Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, Nov. 20, at 8. No tickets necessary.

THE REPLACEMENTS—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. Friday, Nov. 20, at 8.

GEORGE BENSON AND EARL KLUGH—Radio City Music Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 24, at 8.

JOE COCKER—With Peter Himmelman. (Beacon Theatre. Wednesday, Nov. 25, at 8.)

DON MCLEAN—With the Jordanaires. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Wednesday, Nov. 25, at 8.)

JOHN COUGAR MELLENCAMP—Madison Square Garden. 563-8300. Thursday, Nov. 26, at 8.

LEROY JENKINS' STING!—Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Friday, Nov. 27, at 7:30. No tickets necessary.

JUDY COLLINS—Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 27, at 8.

MCINTOSH COUNTY SHOUTERS—Washington Square Church, 135 W. 4th St. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 27-28, at 8. For information about tickets, call 206-1050.

ARLO GUTHRIE—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 28, at 8.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will be closed Thanksgiving Day.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

JANE B. ARMSTRONG—Marble sculptures, ranging from an abstraction to a family of penguins. Through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Schiller-Wapner, 1 E. 61st St.)

HANNELORE BARON (1926-87)—Collages from the last ten years of her life. Through Dec. 2. (Schlesinger-Boisanté, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

VARUJAN BOGHOSIAN—New constructions using found objects. Through Dec. 12. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

STUART DAVIS (1892-1964) **AND ARNOLD FRIEDMAN** (1874-1946)—Paintings by two American modernists. Through Dec. 26. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

RICHARD DIEBENKORN—Paintings on paper. Through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

OTTO DIX (1891-1969)—Paintings, drawings, and prints, including a portfolio entitled "Der Krieg," in which there are gruesome portrayals of First World War devastation. Through Dec. 19. (Lafayette Parke, 58 E. 79th St.)

RACKSTRAW DOWNES—Recent paintings of industrial landscapes. Through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

FERNAND LÉGER (1881-1955)—A benefit loan exhibition of fifty oils. Through Dec. 12. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St. Open Mondays.)

DOUG MAGUIRE—Paintings of the Catskills and other areas of New York State. Through Sat-

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

urday, Nov. 21. (Perlow, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Paul Manes—Thickly painted abstractions. Through Dec. 5. (Kouros, 23 E. 73rd St.)

Joan Miró (1893-1983)—Works on paper. Through Dec. 31. (Silberberg, 16 E. 79th St. Open Mondays.)

Grégoire Müller—Oils. Through Saturday, Nov. 28. (McCoy, 19 E. 71st St.)

Maurice Prendergast (1859-1924)—Pastel-and-watercolor works never before exhibited. Through Dec. 5. (Coe Kerr, 49 E. 82nd St. Open Mondays.)

Raphael Soyer (1899-1987)—Paintings of New York City scenes from the twenties to the eighties, in what has become a memorial show for the artist, who died this month. Through Dec. 29. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Group Show—American modernist prints, in a display that gives part of a wall to depictions of architecture by Lozowick, Sheeler, and Marin. Through Dec. 19. (Sheehan, 52 E. 76th St.)

The Animal in Sculpture—A big show of tabletop-size bronzes of dogs, horses, birds, and animals of the wild by nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century specialists in the genre. Through Dec. 1. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Open Mondays.)

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Roger Boyce / Elaine Reichek—Trompe-l'œil paintings of multi-strand helices done on shaped plywood. / Large photocollages. Through Dec. 5. (Lamagna, 50 W. 57th St.)

Dan Christensen—Abstract paintings. Through Dec. 12. (Drake, 50 W. 57th St.)

Robert Cottingham—Realist paintings and drawings of neon signs, storefronts, and movie marquees. Through Saturday, Nov. 21. (Gimpel, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Tony Cragg—Cast-metal sculptures resembling objects from a laboratory—test tubes, flasks, and a mortar and pestle, for instance. Through Dec. 5. (Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

André Derain (1880-1954)—Paintings and drawings. Through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Willard Dixon—Large-scale realist paintings of the Western countryside. Through Dec. 2. (Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St.)

Maurice Freedman (1904-85)—Paintings of New England scenes. Through Dec. 5. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Auguste Herbin (1882-1960)—Abstract geometric paintings executed during the last twenty years of his career. Through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Robert Jessup—A two-gallery exhibit of allegorical paintings and drawings relating to the four seasons. (Ruth Siegel, 24 W. 57th St. Through Saturday, Nov. 28. . . . ¶ Walls, 137 Greene St. Through Dec. 5. Opens at 1 on Sundays.)

Jon Kessler—New illuminated kinetic sculptures. Through Dec. 19. (Luhring Augustine & Hodes, 41 E. 57th St.)

Alain Kirili—Abstract bronze and plaster sculptures. Through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Käthe Kollwitz (1867-1945)—Prints and drawings. Through Jan. 16. (Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

Alun Leach-Jones—Abstract paintings and pastels. Through Dec. 5. (Ross, 50 W. 57th St.)

John McLaughlin (1898-1976)—Hard-edge paintings. Through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Charles Moser—Rural landscapes. Through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Schmidt Bingham, 41 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Luigi Ontani—Shaped canvases with motifs from Indian and Oriental art, and watercolors of Mexico. Through Dec. 15. (Tilton, 24 W. 57th St.)

Picasso (1881-1973)—Cubist-period paintings, drawings, sketchbooks, and prints. Through Dec. 23. (Krugier, 41 E. 57th St.)

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Martin Puryear—Large freestanding abstract wood sculptures. Through Dec. 12. (McKee, 41 E. 57th St.)

Harry Roseman—Small bronze tableaux. Through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Davis & Langdale, 231 E. 60th St.)

Ed Ruscha—New paintings. Through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

Saul Steinberg—Large drawings, plus wood tables adorned with, among other objects, miniature beds and buildings. Through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Donald Sultan—Recent paintings. Through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

Sculpture—Joseph Beuys, Yves Klein, Louise Bourgeois, Robert Morris, and six other artists are each represented by an abstract piece. Through Dec. 5. (Galerie Lelong, 20 W. 57th St.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Siah Armajani / Buckminster Fuller (1895-1983)—Freestanding constructions built with industrial materials. Through Dec. 5. / Drawings, many for his Dymaxion car and house and for the geodesic dome. Through Dec. 12. (Protetch, 560 Broadway.)

Charles Arnoldi—New versions of his "Chainsaw" paintings, and other works. Through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

Richard Beckett—Wall constructions, including one entitled "Sliced Green," which is made from the synthetic turf used for putting greens. Through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

Bill Beckley—Mixed-medium wall constructions. Through Dec. 12. (Shafrazi, 163 Mercer St.)

Gretna Campbell (1923-87)—A memorial exhibition of her landscape paintings. Through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Ingber, 415 West Broadway.)

George Dudding—Copper wall sculptures lighted to cast shadows that sometimes seem to wrap right around the sculptures themselves. Through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Beitzel, 113 Greene St.)

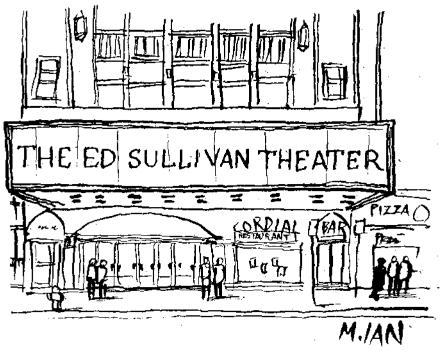
Joseph Haske—Abstract acrylic paintings. Through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Davis, 568 Broadway.)

Patricia Johanson—Drawings of flower patterns and wildlife which the artist used as a basis for outdoor sculptures. Through Dec. 5. (Twining, 568 Broadway.)

David Kapp—In these new paintings and drawings the artist continues to reduce traffic jams to blurred outlines. Through Dec. 12. (Plumb, 81 Greene St.)

Martin Kippenberger—A sculptural installation consisting of rough wood constructions that incorporate, for instance, a bronze broom handle or an abstract painting. Through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St.)

Li-Lan—Large trompe-l'œil paintings of business forms, postage stamps, and sheets of computer-printout paper. Through Dec. 5. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)



Robert Mangold—Recent diptychs on irregularly shaped canvases. Through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Guido Molinari—Abstract paintings, including his most recent canvases in various hues of red. Through Dec. 19. (49th Parallel, 420 West Broadway.)

James Nares—Abstract oil paintings on paper. Through Dec. 5. (Fawbush, 568 Broadway.)

Joseph Nechvatal—A new series of paintings whose execution involved the use of a computer. Through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Alexander, 59 Wooster St.)

Joshua Neustein—Fourteen cartographic paintings, including one with part of an orange-mesh New York City trash can jutting out from the surface. Through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Exit Art, 578 Broadway.)

Thomas Nozkowski—Small abstract paintings. Through Dec. 5. (Brown, in a new location, at 560 Broadway.)

Ed Paschke—New paintings. Through Dec. 9. (Kind, 136 Greene St.)

Joseph Raffael—Paintings of nature, the artist, and his wife. Through Dec. 16. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Edwin Schlossberg—Poems by Mr. Schlossberg that he has silk-screened on large folding screens, scrolls, and canvases framed with bamboo. Through Dec. 24. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

Jaune Quick-to-See Smith—Abstract paintings inspired by Indian petroglyphs near her home, in Albuquerque. Through Dec. 8. (Steinbaum, 132 Greene St.)

Leon Polk Smith—A fifty-year retrospective of his abstract geometric paintings. Through Dec. 19. (DiLaurenti, 383 West Broadway.)

Meyer Vaisman—Very large mixed-medium wall constructions. Through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Otto Wagner (1841-1918)—Architectural drawings. Through Jan. 16. (The Drawing Center, 35 Wooster St. Open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

Sculpture—Wall reliefs and freestanding pieces by John Duff, Robert Lobe, and Al Taylor. Through Dec. 5. (Lorence-Monk, 568 Broadway.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Roxanne Blanchard—Glass sculptures, some with anamorphic images etched on them. Through Nov. 29. (P.P.O.W, 337 E. 8th St., near Avenue C. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Chris Burden—Six hundred and twenty-five miniature cardboard submarines hang from the Burgin Gallery's ceiling. Through Dec. 23. (270 Lafayette St.)

David Cabrera—Monochromatic paintings on unfinished-mahogany panels, plus Hydrostone sculptures. Through Dec. 6. (303 Gallery, 513 E. 6th St., near Avenue A. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Willem de Kooning—Paintings done between 1955 and 1963. Through Dec. 5. (Gagosian, 521 W. 23rd St., near Eleventh Ave.)

General Idea—Canvases from several of this group's series, including "The Trinitron Paintings," "Copyright Paintings," and "AIDS Paintings." Through Nov. 29. (International with Monument, 111 E. 7th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

John Miller—Conceptual works. Through Dec. 6. (American Fine Arts, 511 E. 6th St., near Avenue A. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Max Miller—Very large, thickly painted abstractions. Through Nov. 29. (Sharpe, 175 Avenue B, at 11th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Edgar Negret—Painted metal sculptures. Through Jan. 3. (Humphrey, 242 E. 5th St., and 37 E. 7th St. Both open at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Joel Otterson—Sculptures, including a large table the artist built from parts of other

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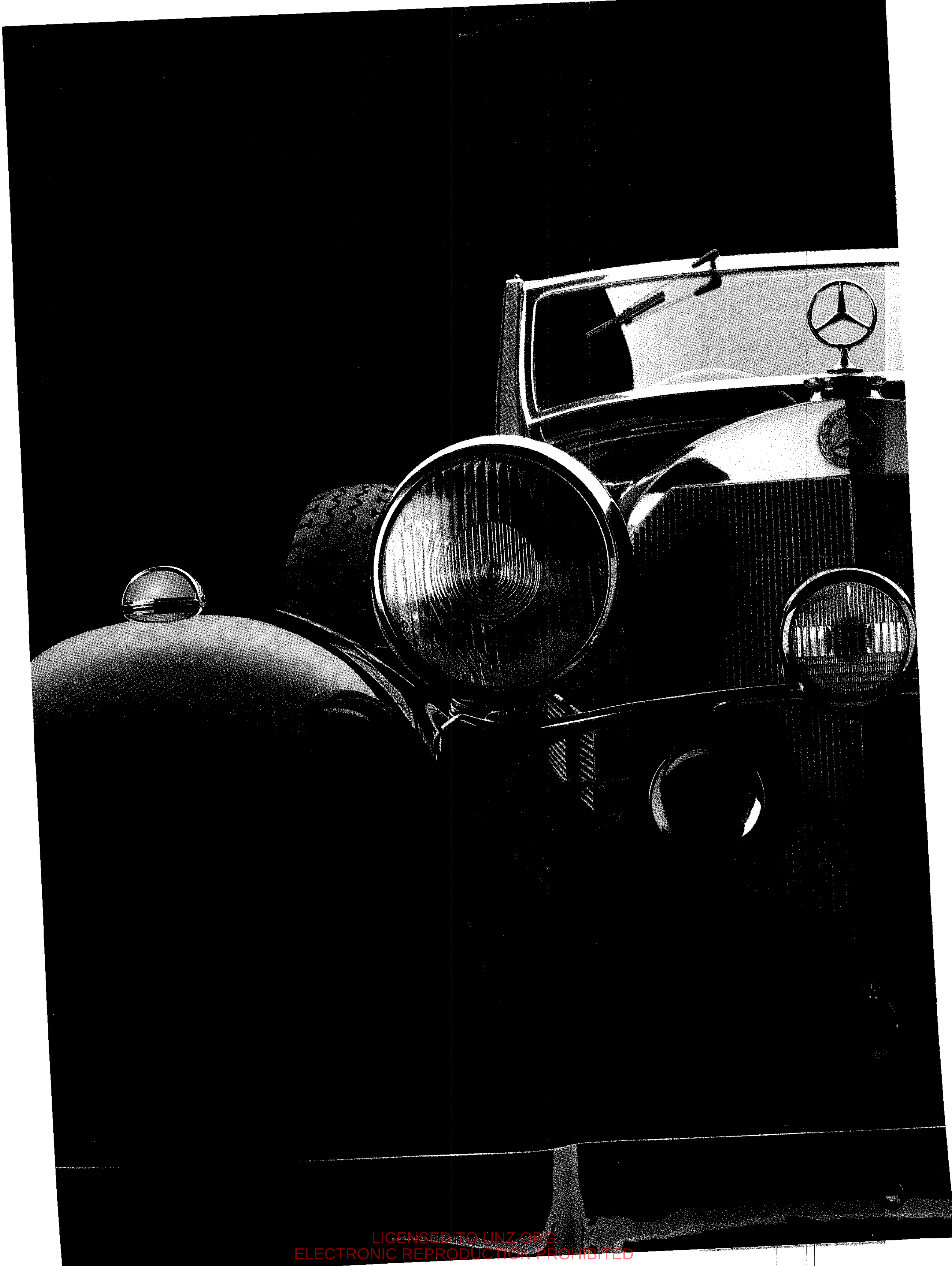
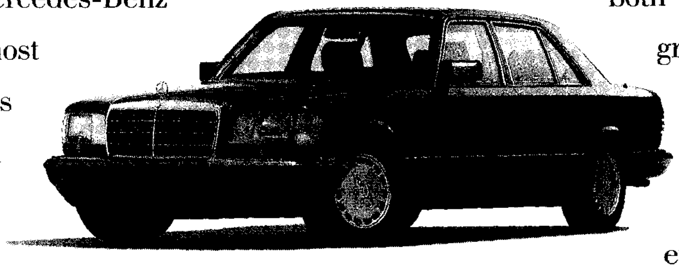


THE MERCEDES-BENZ S-CLASS: THE ONE THING MORE IMPORTANT THAN THE TECHNOLOGY INSIDE IT IS THE TRADITION BEHIND IT.



A "big Mercedes" has crowned the line for almost as long as there has been a Mercedes-Benz.

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The 540K, for example, thundered into legend on the power of a supercharged eight-cylinder engine and the flamboyance of low-slung roadster coachwork. Half a century of technological progress later, the S-Class seems to glide rather than thunder over the road; in the case of the flagship 560SEL Sedan on the roads of its native Europe, two tons of S-Class authority, capable of gliding along at 142 mph all day.

The Mercedes-Benz impulse to engineering masterstrokes marks the S-Class in other ways as well. In a body design that brilliantly combines large dimensions and low aerodynamic drag. In handling agility that large sedans have seldom aspired to, much less achieved. In vital technological innovations—an Anti-lock Braking System (ABS); and a Supplemental Restraint System (SRS) with driver's-side air bag and knee bolster, and emergency tensioning retractors at both front seat belts—that are gradually being emulated by other large sedans.

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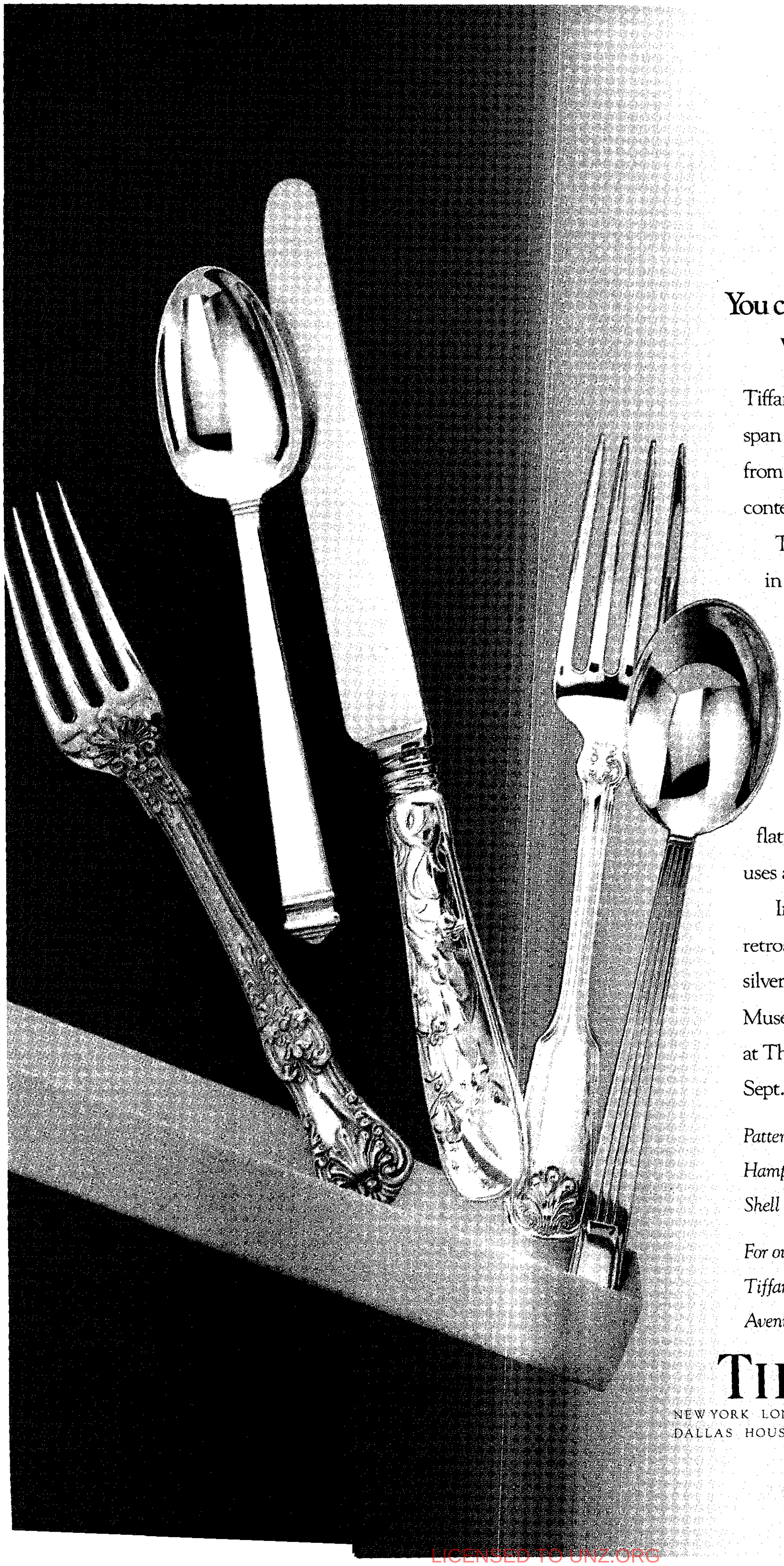

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Patterns from left: English King (1885), Hampton (1934), Audubon (1871), Shell & Thread (1905), Century (1937).

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tables. Through Nov. 29. (Nature Morte, 204 E. 10th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Ann Purcell—Recent abstract paintings. Through Dec. 6. (Dash, 632 E. 11th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Stephanie Rose—Recent paintings. Through Dec. 6. (Fiction-Nonfiction, 155 Avenue B, at 11th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Yolanda Shashaty—Landscapes. Through Dec. 20. (Sragow, 436 E. 11th St., near Avenue A. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Ed Valentine—Stylized still-lifes. Through Dec. 6. (Avenue B Gallery, 167 Avenue B, at 11th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Group Show—Paintings, sculptures, ceramics, and videos by artists of American Indian descent. Through Dec. 23. (Artists Space, 223 West Broadway.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

John Baldessari—Conceptual photographic works. Through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Harry Callahan—Photographs. Through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St.)

Henri Cartier-Bresson—The Museum of Modern Art has mounted a show of his early prints. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Hamish Fulton—Photographs with texts which document his walks. Through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

Ethan Hoffman—Photographs of Japanese Butoh dancers. Through Dec. 5. (Burden, 20 E. 23rd St. Opens at noon.)

Len Jenshel—Color photographs of the Southwest. Through Dec. 12. (Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St.)

Michael McCartney—Black-and-white photographs of Liverpool in the sixties, including portraits of the artist, his brother Paul, and the other members of the Beatles. Through Dec. 6. (Sander, 51 Greene St. Open Sundays.)

Ulay and Marina Abramovic—Color Polaroid diptychs and triptychs of urns and of the artists. Through Dec. 4. (Klein, 611 Broadway.)

Group Shows—At the **alternative museum,** 17 White St.: Surrealist-inspired photographs by more than forty contemporary artists, including Lucas Samaras, Barbara Ess, and Frank Majore. Through Dec. 23. . . . **ledel,** 168 Mercer St.: Prints of stairways and chairs. Through Feb. 27. (Opens at noon Wednesdays through Saturdays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A show of more than two hundred objects from the court of Sultan Süleyman the Magnificent. Through Jan. 17. . . . ¶ Eighty or so paintings by members of the Hudson River School, among them Thomas Cole, Albert Bierstadt, and John F. Kensett. Through Jan. 3. . . . ¶ Works by the seventeenth-century Spanish painter Francisco de Zurbarán, including "The Virgin of Las Cuevas" and "St. Hugo of Grenoble Visiting the Refectory." Through Dec. 13. (Open daily except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A full complement of Frank Stella's painted metal wall reliefs. Through Jan. 5. . . . ¶ The career of the sound-and-video artist Bill Viola is surveyed in a show that includes three installations. Through Jan. 3. . . . **photography:** Prints from the thirties by Henri Cartier-Bresson. Through Nov. 29. (Open daily, except Wednesdays and Thanksgiving Day, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings, except Thanksgiving, until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A fiftieth-anniversary show of works from the permanent collections in New York and Venice fills all the galleries. One section of the exhibit will present postwar painting in three installments; the first (through Dec. 20) concentrates on European artists. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 7:45, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

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Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A show of thirty-seven paintings and four sculptures by Julian Schnabel. Through Jan. 10. . . . ¶ A retrospective of the paintings of Charles Demuth (1883-1935): Precisionist architectural scenes, studies of flowers and fruit, and portraits of vaudeville and theatrical figures. Through Jan. 17. (Open daily except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A retrospective of paintings by the black social realist Jacob Lawrence, whose early work included narrative paintings about such figures as Frederick Douglass, Harriet Tubman, and John Brown. Through Nov. 30. (Open daily, except Tuesdays and Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A show of ancient ivory carvings made by Bering Sea Eskimos, ranging from snow goggles and harpoon fittings to ceremonial figurines. . . . ¶ Paintings and models of dinosaurs as they have been envisioned by artists and paleontologists in the past hundred years or so. Both shows through Jan. 3. (Open daily except Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; and Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—Fifty-eight contemporary American artists have paintings, drawings, and prints in the thirty-ninth annual purchase-fund exhibition. Through Dec. 13. (Open daily, except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 4.)

American Craft Museum, 40 W. 53rd St.—A two-part exhibit of quilts, with works by winners of a 1987 national competition and historic quilts on loan from the Museum of American Folk Art. Through Jan. 10. (Open daily except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—The popularization of decoratively printed fabric in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries is the subject of a show of textiles, original designs for them on paper, and such artifacts as copper printing plates and a salesman's sample card showing thirty-six different block- and roller-printed fabrics. (Open daily except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—In a display of bequests and loans, a predella panel of the Crucifixion by the quattrocento painter Piero della Francesca has been reunited with three other paintings, all originally part of an altarpiece in Borgo San Sepolcro, the artist's home town. (Open daily except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St.—"Marianne Moore: Vision Into Verse," a show that groups thirty-three of her poems with objects that inspired them—a toy crow alongside "To Victor Hugo of My Crow Pluto," for instance. Notebooks, working manuscripts, letters, books, and other materials on loan from the Rosenbach Museum and Library, of Philadelphia. Through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Open daily, except Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An extraordinary visual re-creation of the Dreyfus Affair, seen as a public event (courtroom sketches, newspapers, commercial products) and as a private one (Alfred Dreyfus's eyeglasses and the notebooks he kept at Devil's Island, personal letters of support written to Émile Zola by Claude Monet, a photograph of Zola by Nadar). Through Jan. 14. (Open daily except Fridays, Saturdays, and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, noon to 5; Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A show of drawings by Raphael and his circle. Through Jan. 3. . . . ¶ Fifty or so first editions and manuscripts, including Sir Philip Sidney's "Arcadia" and Herman Melville's letter to Nathaniel Hawthorne's wife in which he denies the presence of any symbolism in "Moby Dick." From the collection of Jacqueline and Henry Bradley Martin. Through Feb. 21. (Open daily except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—Two one-man shows. Emilio Cruz's recent symbolic paintings and drawings; new Abstract Expressionist paintings by Bill Hutson. Through Jan. 3. (Open daily except Mondays, Tuesdays, and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

ART AFTER DARK

(Performance, music, dance, video, film, and combinations thereof.)

The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. 255-5793—Wim Vandekeybus (dance), Thursday and Friday, Nov. 19-20, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Das Synthetische Mischgewebe (music), Saturday, Nov. 21, at 9.

P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288—Mark Dendy (dance), Fridays through Sundays, Nov. 20-22 and 27-29, at 9. . . . ¶ Kaylynn Sullivan and Rebecca Perrin (performance), Fridays at 10 and Saturdays and Sundays at 8. Through Nov. 29.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Carnegie Hall and Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall, 247-7800; and for Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, Nov. 18, at 8: "La Bohème," with Roberta Alexander, Priscilla Baskerville, Neil Shicoff, and Pablo Elvira; conducted by Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 19, at 8: "La Traviata," with Anna Tomowa-Sintow, Dano Raffanti, and Sherrill Milnes; Thomas Fulton. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 20, at 8: "Tosca," with Hildegard Behrens, Ermanno Mauro, and Cornell MacNeil; Christian Badea. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 21, at 1:30: "La Bohème," with Roberta Alexander, Priscilla Baskerville, Neil Shicoff, and Brian Schexnayder; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 21, at 8: "Il Trovatore," with Joan Sutherland, Livia Budai, Luciano Pavarotti, and Leo Nucci; Richard Bonynge. . . . ¶ Monday, Nov. 23, at 8: "Tosca," with Hildegard Behrens, Ermanno Mauro, and Cornell MacNeil; Christian Badea. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 24, at 8: "Il Trovatore,"

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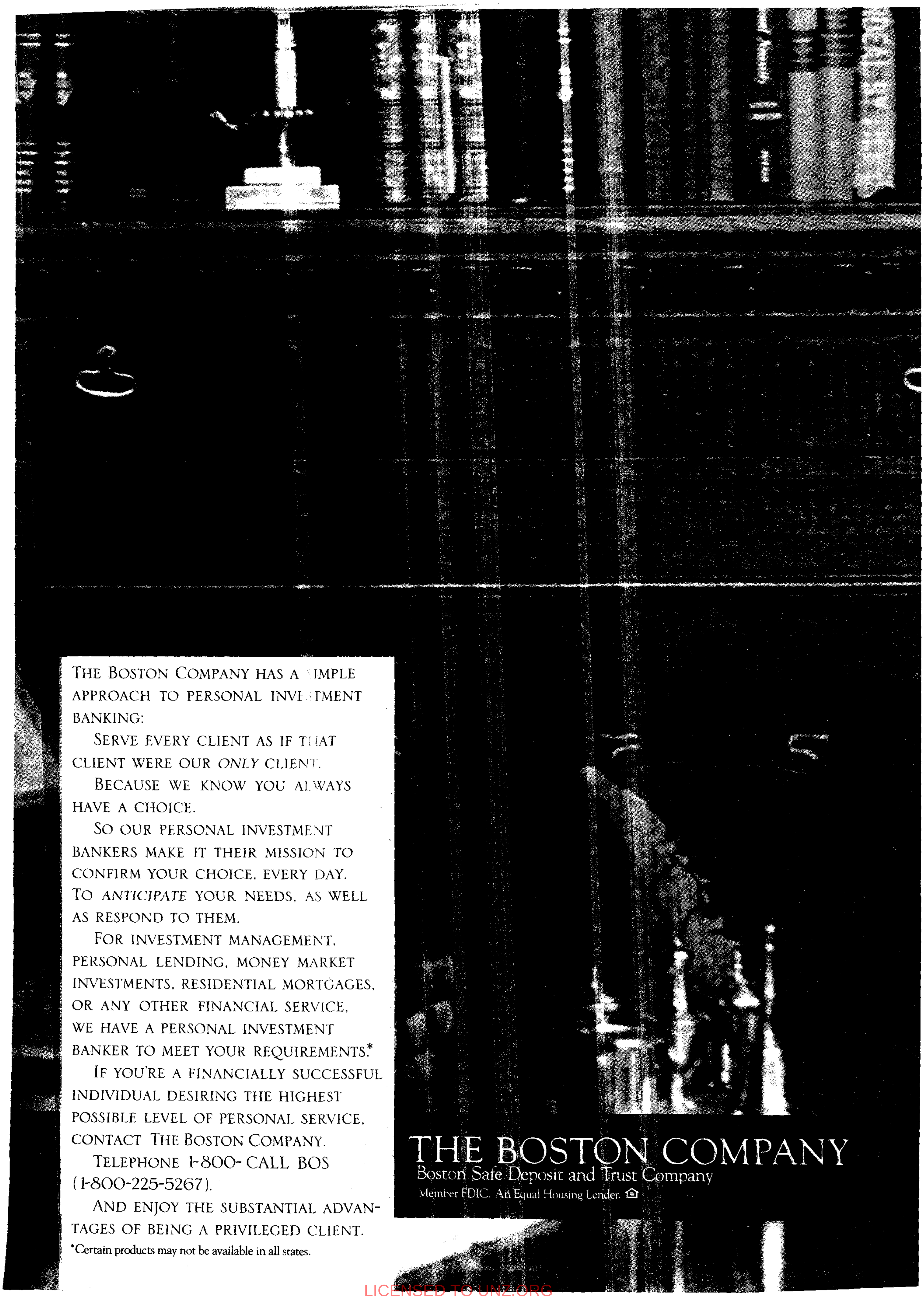

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with Joan Sutherland, Livia Budai, Luciano Pavarotti, and Leo Nucci; Richard Bonynge. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 25, at 8: "La Traviata," with Anna Tomowa-Sintow, Dano Raffanti, and Sherrill Milnes; Thomas Fulton. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 26, at 8: "Die Entführung aus dem Serail," with Zdzislawa Donat, Erie Mills, Gösta Winbergh, and Heinz Zednik; Marek Janowski. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 27, at 8: "Il Trovatore," with Joan Sutherland, Mignon Dunn, Luciano Pavarotti, and Leo Nucci; Richard Bonynge. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 28, at 2: "Tosca" (a nonsubscription performance), with Hildegard Behrens, Ermanno Mauro, and Cornell MacNeil; Christian Badea. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 28, at 8: "La Traviata," with Anna Tomowa-Sintow, Dano Raffanti, and Sherrill Milnes; Thomas Fulton.

Opera Ensemble of New York—Amy Kaiser conducting Britten's "The Turn of the Screw," staged by John J. D. Sheehan. (Lillie Blake School Theatre, 45 E. 81st St. Wednesday, Nov. 18, and Friday, Nov. 20, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 22, at 3. For information about tickets, call 288-1485.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—Leonard Bernstein conducting. Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 19-21, at 8, and Tuesday, Nov. 24, at 7:30: Schubert and Mahler symphonies. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 25, and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 27-28, at 8, and Tuesday, Dec. 1, at 7:30: Mahler's Symphony No. 3. With Christa Ludwig, mezzo-soprano; the New York Choral Artists; and the Brooklyn Boys Chorus. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424.)

Dresden Staatskapelle—Hans Vonk conducting a Haydn-Bruckner program. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Nov. 19, at 8.)

Oslo Philharmonic—Mariss Jansons conducting a Verdi-Grieg-Shostakovich program, with Andras Schiff, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 20, at 8.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Kenneth Jean conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 22, at 3.)

St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble—A Schubert-Mozart-Hindemith program. (Weill Recital Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 18, at 8.)

Orchestra of the Eighteenth Century—Frans Brüggen conducting, with John Gibbons, fortepiano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Nov. 22, at 8.)

Philharmonia Virtuosi—Richard Kapp conducting a program of music that includes Vittorio Rieti's "La Fontaine," an instrumental interpretation of five fables. Lloyd Moss, a radio personality, will introduce the piece with a verse reading of his own translation of the fables. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Tuesday, Nov. 24, at 8.)

"Magdalena"—A concert version of Villa-Lobos's only Broadway effort. Evans Haile will conduct the Orchestra of New England and the Connecticut Choral Artists. With Judy Kaye, Faith Esham, George Rose, John Raitt, and Kevin Gray. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Nov. 23, at 8.)

"Alexander's Feast"—Gerard Schwarz conducting the New York Chamber Symphony in Handel's oratorio. With Jane Thorngren, soprano; Jane Bunnell, mezzo-soprano; David Gordon, tenor; Jan Opalach, bass; and the Y Chorale, directed by Amy Kaiser. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Saturday, Nov. 28, at 8.)

Benefit Concert—Hugh Wolff conducting the New Jersey Symphony Orchestra in an all-Bernstein program in honor of Leonard Bernstein's seventieth birthday and Israel's fortieth anniversary. With Irad Carmi, flute, and Erie Mills, soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 22, at 8.)

RECITALS

Les Arts Florissants—A program of seventeenth- and early-eighteenth-century sacred songs. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Thursday, Nov. 19, at 8.)

Sylvan Wind Quintet—Twentieth-century chamber music. (Weill Recital Hall. Thursday, Nov. 19, at 8.)

Parnassus—Chamber music, in a program of three premières, including Jonathan Harvey's "Bhakti." (Merkin Concert Hall. Thursday, Nov. 19, at 8.)

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Chestnut Hill Concerts—Chamber music from participants of the Connecticut-based summer music festival. With Ransom Wilson, flute; David Shifrin, clarinet; and the New World String Quartet. (Weill Recital Hall. Friday, Nov. 20, at 8.)

North / South Consonance—Contemporary chamber music from the Americas. (Americas Society, Park Ave. at 68th St. 249-8950. Friday, Nov. 20, at 8.)

Composers Concordance—Presenting eight contemporary American works, most of which are for solo instruments. (St. Ignatius' Episcopal Church, West End Ave. at 87th St. Friday, Nov. 20, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Ax / Stern / Ma Trio—In a Beethoven-Shostakovich-Schubert program. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 21, at 8.)

Julian Bream—Classical guitarist. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Saturday, Nov. 21, at 8.)

Robert DeGaetano—Piano, in a program featuring the première of his own composition "The Challenger," which was commissioned by Alice Tully as a tribute to the seven astronauts who died aboard the space shuttle. Members of the astronauts' families will be present. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Nov. 21, at 8.)

Seraphim Trio—Chamber music. (Merkin Concert Hall. Saturday, Nov. 21, at 8.)

Buswell / Parnas / Luvisi Trio—A new group. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 21, at 8. For information about tickets, call 586-4680.)

Elena Obraztsova—Mezzo-soprano, in a Tchaikovsky-Rachmaninoff program. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Nov. 23, at 8.)

On Original Instruments—Malcolm Bilson, fortepiano, in a mostly Schubert program. With assisting artists. (Merkin Concert Hall. Monday, Nov. 23, at 8.)

Mannes Percussion Ensemble—Performing works by David Amram, Daniel Levitan, Michael Udow, and others. (Mannes College of Music, 150 W. 85th St. Monday, Nov. 23, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Audubon Quartet—The first in a series of three concerts, this one featuring the première of Ezra Laderman's Quintet for Clarinet and String Quartet. With James Campbell as the soloist. (Merkin Concert Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 24, at 8.)

New Music Consort—Twentieth-century chamber music. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, Broadway at 122nd St. Tuesday, Nov. 24, at 8. For information about tickets, call 749-2802, Ext. 520.)

Sergiu Luca—Violin, in a concert celebrating Rice University's seventy-fifth anniversary. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 24, at 8.)

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Kronos Quartet—Performing pieces by, among others, Bill Evans, Miles Davis, and Cecil Taylor. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Nov. 27, at 8.)

Benefit Concert—Chamber music. With Richard Goode, piano; Matt Haimovitz, cello; the Mannes Trio; and others. For Amnesty International. (Mannes College of Music, 150 W. 85th St. Saturday, Nov. 21, at 8. For information about tickets, call 304-4626.)

Note—Felicity Lott, soprano, will give a recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Dec. 6. Free tickets, limited to two per applicant, will be issued starting Monday, Nov. 23, in the order that written applications are received on that day (not before). A stamped, self-addressed envelope should be enclosed.

MISCELLANY

Wall-to-Wall Mozart—A free twelve-hour bonanza of solo, chamber, and orchestral works, with, among others, Malcolm Bilson and Steven Lubin, fortepiano; Concert Royal and the New York Baroque Dance Company; Claude Frank and Lilian Kallir, piano; Eugenia Zukerman, flute; the Sylvan Winds; the Alexander String Quartet; and the Mannes College Orchestra. Amateur instrumentalists in the audience will be invited to sit in and play during the last orchestral session, and vocalists will have their chance in the grand finale, "Regina Coeli" and "Ave Verum." (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Saturday, Nov. 21, from 11 to 11.)

SPORTS

(The ticket-information number for Madison Square Garden is 563-8300, for the Meadowlands 1-201 935-3900, and for Nassau Coliseum 1-516 587-9222.)

Basketball—At **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA:** Nets vs. Knicks, Thursday, Nov. 19, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Boston Celtics, Saturday, Nov. 21, at 7:30. . . . **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Knicks vs. Golden State Warriors, Saturday, Nov. 21, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. San Antonio Spurs, Monday, Nov. 23, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Cleveland Cavaliers, Saturday, Nov. 28, at 1.

Football—Jets vs. Buffalo Bills. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Sunday, Nov. 22, at 1.)

Hockey—At **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA:** Devils vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Wednesday, Nov. 18, at 7:45. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Chicago Black Hawks, Friday, Nov. 20, at 7:45. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM:** Islanders vs. Toronto Maple Leafs, Tuesday, Nov. 24, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Rangers, Saturday, Nov. 28, at 7:05. . . . **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Rangers vs. Toronto Maple Leafs, Wednesday, Nov. 25, at 7:35.

Racing—At **AQUEDUCT:** Daily, except Tuesdays, at 12:30. Post time will be 11 A.M. on Thanksgiving Day. The Ladies Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 28. . . . **MEADOWLANDS:** Weeknights, except Thanksgiving, at 7:30; through Saturday, Dec. 12.

Tennis—Virginia Slims Championships: Martina Navratilova, Steffi Graf, Chris Evert, Pam Shriver, and others. (Madison Square Garden. Opening matches Wednesday through Friday, Nov. 18-20, at 6; semifinal singles matches and final doubles match Saturday, Nov. 21, at noon; and final singles match Sunday, Nov. 22, at 1.)

ET ALIA

Lecture—A. Bartlett Giamatti, Yale's most recent gift to the National League, giving the second in a series of talks called "Sports and American Culture." (Celeste Bartos Forum, New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. Tuesday, Nov. 24, at 6. For information about tickets, call 930-0855.)

"Modernism"—The second annual sale and exhibit of objects produced between 1860 and 1960. Seventy-five dealers from here and abroad will offer decorative arts, furniture, and jewelry. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 19-21, from noon to 9:30; Sunday, Nov. 22, from 11 to 6.)

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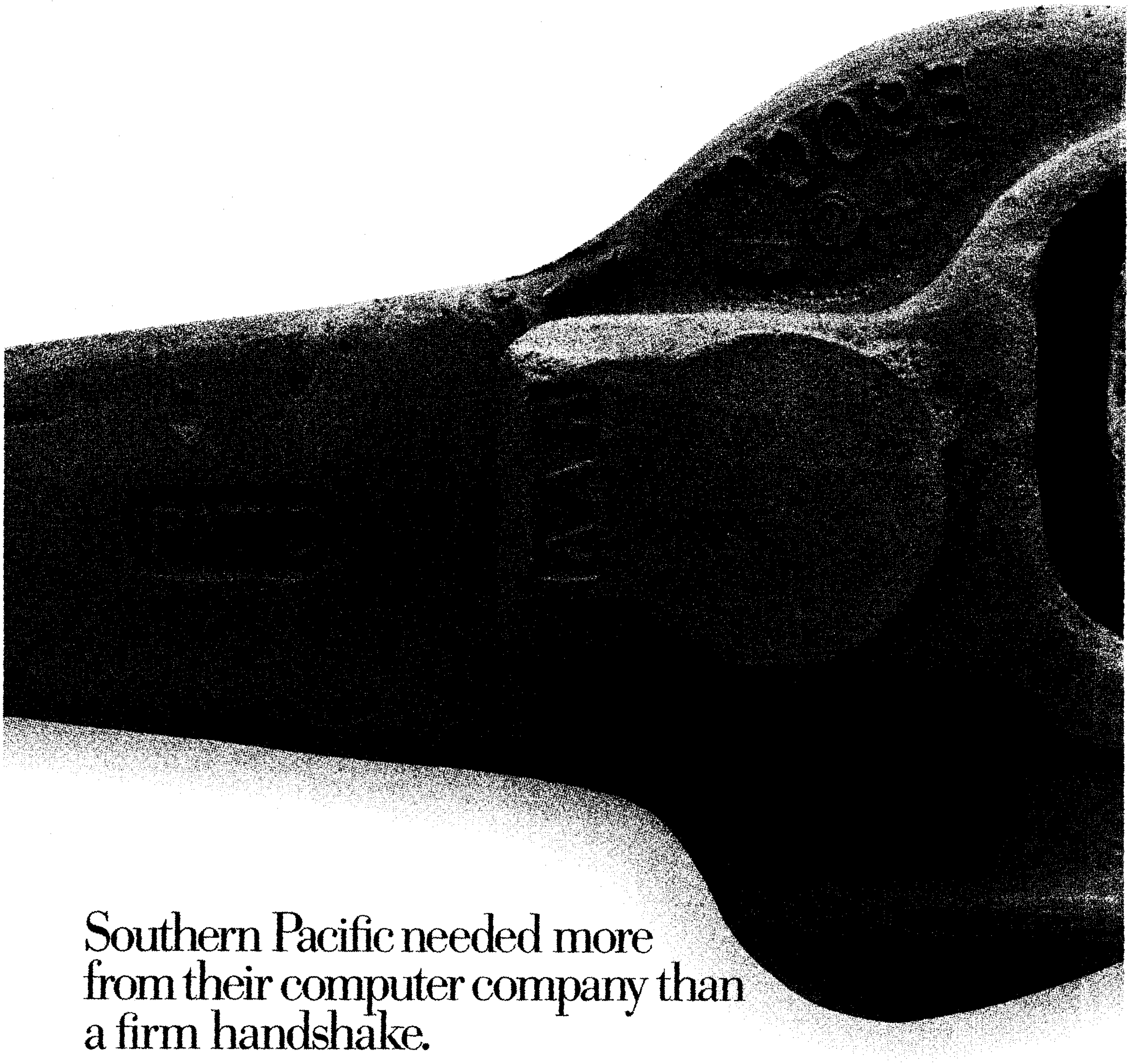

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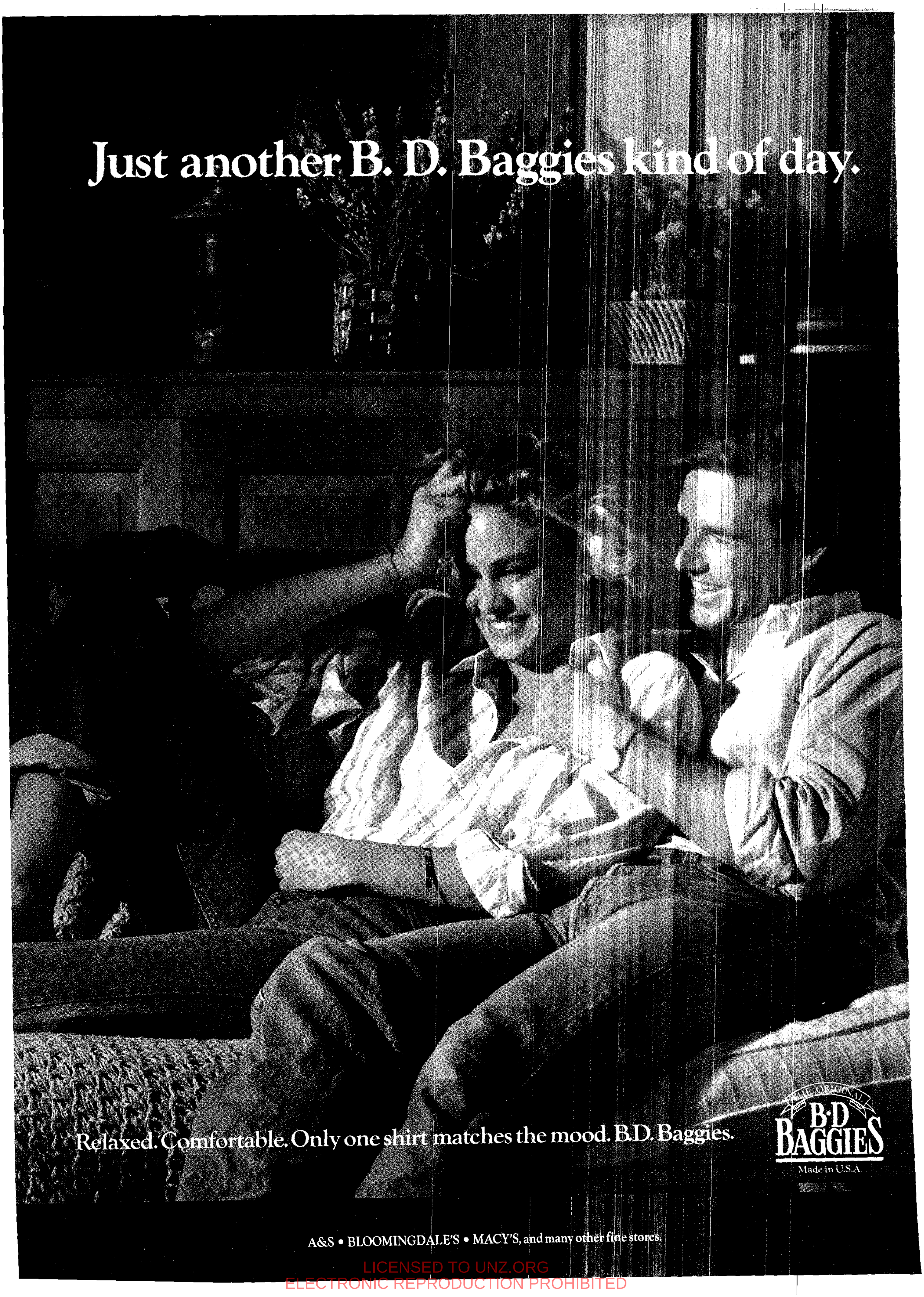
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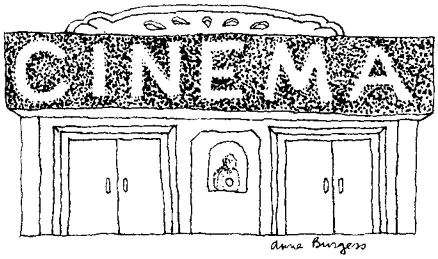

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22	23	24	25	26	27	28

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 23.

EAST SIDE

Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)

Nov. 18: At 5:30, "Land of Silence and Darkness" (1981; directed by Werner Herzog; in German); at 7:15, "Masculine Feminine" (1965; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean-Pierre Léaud and Chantal Goya; and, at 9:30, "Sans Soleil" (1982; Chris Marker).

Nov. 19: At 5:45, "French Provincial" (1975; André Téchiné; in French), with Jeanne Moreau and Marie-France Pisier; at 7:30, "Portrait of Teresa" (1981; Pastor Vega; a Cuban film, in Spanish), with Daisy Granados; and, at 9:45, "Heart of Glass" (1977; Werner Herzog; in German).

Nov. 20: At 6, "Pixote" (1980; Hector Babenco; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese), with Jorge Julião and Marília Pera; at 8:30, "Faces of Women" (1987; Désiré Ecaré; in French); at 10:30, "The Dark Glow of the Mountains" (1985; Werner Herzog) and "Ballad of the Little Soldier" (1985; Werner Herzog), both documentaries.

Nov. 21-22: At 4, "Utamaro and His Five Women" (1946; Kenji Mizoguchi; in Japanese); at 6, "Pixote;" at 8:30, "Faces of Women;" and, at 10:30, "The Dark Glow of the Mountains" and "Ballad of the Little Soldier."

Nov. 24-25: At 6:30, "Early Spring" (1956; Yasujiro Ozu; in Japanese); and, at 9:15, "Marianne and Juliane" (1982; Margarethe von Trotta; in German), with Barbara Sukowa and Jutta Lampe.

Nov. 26: Theatre closed.

From Nov. 27: At 5:30, "The Rise of Louis XIV" (1966; Roberto Rossellini; in French), with Philippe Erlanger; at 7:30, "Hail Mary" (1985; Jean-Luc Godard; in French); and, at 9:30, "The Bridegroom, the Comedienne, and the Pimp" (1968; Jean-Marie Straub; in German); and "The Wizard of Babylon" (1983; Dieter Schidor; in German), a documentary on Rainer Werner Fassbinder filming "Querelle."

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)

Theatre 1: "Suspect" (†).

Theatre 2: Through Nov. 19: "The Hidden" (Jack Sholder), with Michael Nouri and Kyle MacLachlan. From Nov. 20: "Date with an Angel" (Tom McLoughlin), with Michael Knight, Phoebe Cates, and Emmanuelle Béart.

Theatre 3: "Less than Zero" (†).

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"The Princess Bride" (†).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)

Through Nov. 19: "Hello Again" (Frank Perry), with Shelley Long, Judith Ivey, Gabriel Byrne, and Corbin Bernsen.

Nov. 20-24: "Flowers in the Attic" (Jeffrey Bloom), with Victoria Tennant.

From Nov. 25: "Three Men and a Baby" (Leonard Nimoy), with Tom Selleck, Steve Guttenberg, and Ted Danson.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)

Theatre 1: Through Nov. 24: "Baby Boom" (†). From Nov. 25: "Planes, Trains and Automobiles" (John Hughes), with Steve Martin and John Candy.

Theatre 2: "Fatal Attraction" (†).

Theatre 3: "The Running Man" (Paul Michael Glaser), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and Maria Conchita Alonso.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)

Through Nov. 19: "Someone to Watch Over Me" (†).

From Nov. 20: "Sign o' the Times" (Prince), with Prince.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)

Through Nov. 19: "Baby Boom" (†).

From Nov. 20: To be announced.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Hello Again" (Frank Perry), with Shelley Long, Judith Ivey, Gabriel Byrne, and Corbin Bernsen.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)

Through Nov. 19: "The Sicilian" (Michael Cimino), with Christopher Lambert.

From Nov. 20: "Date with an Angel" (Tom McLoughlin), with Michael Knight, Phoebe Cates, and Emmanuelle Béart.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Manon of the Spring" (†).

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)

Theatre 1: Through Nov. 24: "Cross My Heart" (Armyan Bernstein), with Martin Short and Annette O'Toole. From Nov. 25: "Three Men and a Baby" (Leonard Nimoy), with Tom Selleck, Steve Guttenberg, and Ted Danson.

Theatre 2: Through Nov. 24: "Made in Heaven" (†). From Nov. 25: "Three Men and a Baby" (Leonard Nimoy), with Tom Selleck, Steve Guttenberg, and Ted Danson.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

Theatre 1: "Hope and Glory" (†).

Theatre 2: Through Nov. 19: "Barfly" (†). From Nov. 20: "Nuts" (Martin Ritt), with Barbra Streisand and Richard Dreyfuss.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"House of Games" (David Mamet), with Lindsay Crouse and Joe Mantegna.

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)

Theatre 1: Through Nov. 19: Theatre closed. From Nov. 20: "The Last Emperor" (Bernardo Bertolucci), with John Lone.

Theatre 2: "The Whales of August" (†).

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)

Theatre 1: "Less than Zero" (†).

Theatre 2: "Suspect" (†).

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"The Princess Bride" (†).

Loews New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)

Theatre 1: "Cry Freedom" (Richard Attenborough), with Kevin Kline, Penelope Wilton, and Denzel Washington.

Theatre 2: "The Running Man" (Paul Michael Glaser), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and Maria Conchita Alonso.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Anna" (†).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Fatal Attraction" (†).

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)

Through Nov. 19: "Death Wish 4: The Crackdown" (J. Lee Thompson), with Charles Bronson.

From Nov. 20: To be announced.

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)

Theatre 1: Through Nov. 24: "Fatal Beauty" (Tom Holland), with Whoopi Goldberg, Sam Elliott, and Rubén Blades. From Nov. 25: "Planes, Trains and Automobiles" (John Hughes), with Steve Martin and John Candy.

Theatre 2: "The Running Man" (Paul Michael Glaser), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and Maria Conchita Alonso.

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)

Theatre 1: Through Nov. 19: "Cross My Heart" (Armyan Bernstein), with Martin Short and Annette O'Toole. From Nov. 20: "Nuts" (Martin Ritt), with Barbra Streisand and Richard Dreyfuss.

Theatre 2: Through Nov. 19: "Less than Zero" (†). From Nov. 20: To be announced.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Theatre 1: "La Vie Est Belle" (directed by Benoit Lamy and Ngangura Mweze; in French), with Papa Wemba.

Theatre 2: See listings under "Revival Houses."

Bleecker St. Cinema I and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)

Theatre 1: Through Nov. 19: (Separate admissions) "Hail! Hail! Rock 'n' Roll" (Taylor Hackford), a documentary about Chuck Berry; and "Hypothesis of the Stolen Painting" (Raoul Ruiz; in French). From Nov. 20: "Jean Renoir, the Boss;" and "The Rules of the Game" (1939; Jean Renoir; in French), with Marcel Dalio and Nora Gregor.

Theatre 2: The 20th International Tournée of Animation.

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)

Theatre 1: Through Nov. 19: "Slamdance" (Wayne Wang), with Tom Hulce and Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio. From Nov. 20: "Nuts" (Martin Ritt), with Barbra Streisand and Richard Dreyfuss.

Theatre 2: "House of Games" (David Mamet), with Lindsay Crouse and Joe Mantegna.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through Nov. 19: "Hiding Out" (Bob Giraldi), with Jon Cryer.

From Nov. 20: "The Hidden" (Jack Sholder), with Michael Nouri and Kyle MacLachlan.

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)

Theatre 1: "Barfly" (†).

Theatre 2: Through Nov. 19: "Made in Heaven" (†). From Nov. 20: "Sign o' the Times" (Prince), with Prince.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)

Theatre 1: "My Life as a Dog" (†).

Theatre 2: Through Nov. 19: "I've Heard the Mermaids Singing" (Patricia Rozema). From Nov. 20: "Dark Eyes" (†).

Theatre 3: "Matewan" (†).

Theatre 4: Through Nov. 19: "Blind Trust" (Yves Simoneau; a Canadian film, in French). From Nov. 20: "Loyalties" (Anne Wheeler).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)

Theatre 1: Through Nov. 24: "Hello Again" (Frank Perry), with Shelley Long, Judith Ivey, Gabriel Byrne, and Corbin Bernsen. From Nov. 25: "Three Men and a Baby" (Leonard Nimoy), with Tom Selleck, Steve Guttenberg, and Ted Danson.

Theatre 2: "Cross My Heart" (Armyan Bernstein), with Martin Short and Annette O'Toole.

Theatre 3: Through Nov. 19: "Death Wish 4: The Crackdown" (J. Lee Thompson), with Charles Bronson. Nov. 20-24: "Made in Heaven" (†). From Nov. 25: "Flowers in the Attic" (Jeffrey Bloom), with Victoria Tennant.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)

Through Nov. 19: "The Princess Bride" (†).

From Nov. 20: "Cinderella" (1950), a full-length Walt Disney animated film.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Cry Freedom" (Richard Attenborough), with Kevin Kline, Penelope Wilton, and Denzel Washington.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
"The Wannsee Conference" (Heinz Schirk; in German).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Gaby: A True Story" (Luis Mandoki), with Liv Ullmann, Norma Aleandro, and Robert Loggia.

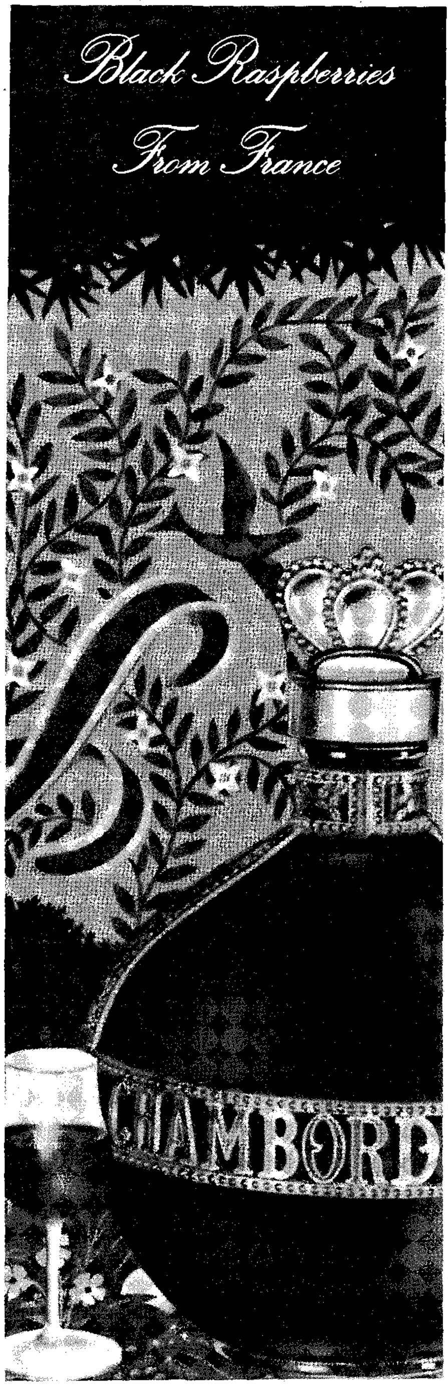
New Carnegie, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)
"Dirty Dancing" (†).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
"The Glass Menagerie" (Paul Newman), with Joanne Woodward, Karen Allen, and John Malkovich.

Carnegie Screening Room, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (757-2131)

Through Nov. 19: "Long Live the Lady" (Ermanno Olmi; in Italian).

From Nov. 20: "A Boy from Calabria" (Luigi



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Comencini; in Italian), with Gian Maria Volentè.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Maurice" (†).

Cinema 3, *2 W. 59th. (752-5959)*
Through Nov. 19: "Someone to Watch Over Me" (†).
From Nov. 20: "Barfly" (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Fatal Attraction" (†).

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Jean de Florette" (†).
Theatre 2: "My Life as a Dog" (†).
Theatre 3: "Dark Eyes" (†).

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "The Funeral" (†).
Theatre 2: "Sammy and Rosie Get Laid" (†).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Nov. 24: "Barfly" (†).
From Nov. 25: "Housekeeping" (Bill Forsythe), with Christine Lahti.

Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "The Princess Bride" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 24: "Siesta" (Mary Lambert), with Ellen Barkin, Gabriel Byrne, and Julian Sands. From Nov. 25: "Three Men and a Baby" (Leonard Nimoy), with Tom Selleck, Steve Guttenberg, and Ted Danson.

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 19: "Hello Again" (Frank Perry), with Shelley Long, Judith Ivey, Gabriel Byrne, and Corbin Bernsen. From Nov. 20: "Nuts" (Martin Ritt), with Barbra Streisand and Richard Dreyfuss.
Theatre 2: "Suspect" (†).
Theatre 3: "Baby Boom" (†).
Theatre 4: "The Running Man" (Paul Michael Glaser), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and Maria Conchita Alonso.
Theatre 5: "Cry Freedom" (Richard Attenborough), with Kevin Kline, Penelope Wilton, and Denzel Washington.
Theatre 6: Through Nov. 24: "House of Games" (David Mamet), with Lindsay Crouse and Joe Mantegna. From Nov. 25: "Planes, Trains and Automobiles" (John Hughes), with Steve Martin and John Candy.

Metro Cinema 1 and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 19: "The Hidden" (Jack Sholder), with Michael Nouri and Kyle MacLachlan. From Nov. 20: "Cinderella" (1950), a full-length Walt Disney animated film.
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 24: "Made in Heaven" (†). From Nov. 25: "Barfly" (†).

Columbia Cinema, B'way at 103rd. (866-7500)
Through Nov. 19: "Cross My Heart" (Armyan Bernstein), with Martin Short and Annette O'Toole.
From Nov. 20: "Flowers in the Attic" (Jeffrey Bloom), with Victoria Tennant.

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "Less than Zero" (†).
Theatre 2: "Hope and Glory" (†).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 24: "Made in Heaven" (†). From Nov. 25: "Fatal Beauty" (directed by Tom Holland), with Whoopi Goldberg, Sam Elliott, and Rubén Blades.
Theatre 2: "Hiding Out" (Bob Giraldi), with Jon Cryer.
Theatre 3: Through Nov. 19: "Like Father Like Son" (Rod Daniel), with Dudley Moore and Kirk Cameron. From Nov. 20: "Nuts" (Martin Ritt), with Barbra Streisand and Richard Dreyfuss.
Theatre 4: Through Nov. 19: "Weeds" (†). From Nov. 20: "Date with an Angel" (Tom McLoughlin), with Michael Knight, Phoebe Cates, and Emmanuelle Béart.
Theatre 5: "Suspect" (†).
Theatre 6: "Less than Zero" (†).

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
Through Nov. 24: "The Hidden" (Jack Sholder), with Michael Nouri and Kyle MacLachlan.
From Nov. 25: "Three Men and a Baby" (Leonard Nimoy), with Tom Selleck, Steve Guttenberg, and Ted Danson.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, Seventh Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "The Running Man" (Paul Michael Glaser), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and Maria Conchita Alonso.
Theatre 3: Through Nov. 19: "The Running Man." Nov. 20-24: "Teen Wolf Too" (Chris Leitch), with Jason Bateman. From Nov. 25 (tentative): "The Hidden" (Jack Sholder), with Michael Nouri and Kyle MacLachlan.
Theatre 4: Through Nov. 19: "Hello Again" (Frank Perry), with Shelley Long, Judith Ivey, Gabriel Byrne, and Corbin Bernsen. From Nov. 20: "Cinderella" (1950), a full-length Walt Disney animated film.

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
Through Nov. 24: "Fatal Beauty" (Tom Holland), with Whoopi Goldberg, Sam Elliott, and Rubén Blades.
From Nov. 25: "Planes, Trains and Automobiles" (John Hughes), with Steve Martin and John Candy.

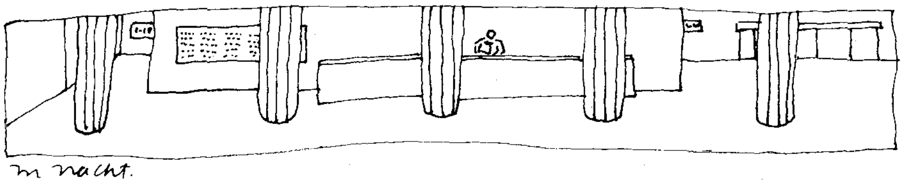
Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
Through Nov. 19: "Cross My Heart" (Armyan Bernstein), with Martin Short and Annette O'Toole.
From Nov. 20: To be announced.

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "The Sicilian" (Michael Cimino), with Christopher Lambert.
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 19: "Steel Dawn" (Lance Hool), with Patrick Swayze and Lisa Niemi. From Nov. 20: "Flowers in the Attic" (Jeffrey Bloom), with Victoria Tennant.

Warner, 7th Ave. between 42nd and 43rd. (764-6760)
Through Nov. 19: "Death Wish 4: The Crackdown" (J. Lee Thompson), with Charles Bronson.
From Nov. 20: "Sign o' the Times" (Prince), with Prince.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Nov. 19: "Kings of the Road" (1976; directed by Wim Wenders; in German), with Rudiger Vogeler and Hanns Zischler.
Nov. 20-21: "Honeymoon" (1985; Patrick Jamain), with Nathalie Baye and John Shea; and "The Return of Martin Guerre" (1983; Daniel Vigne; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Nathalie Baye.
Nov. 22: "Love on the Ground" (1984; Jacques Rivette; in French), with Geraldine Chaplin and Jane Birkin; and "The Nun" ("La Religieuse;" 1965; Jacques Rivette; in French), with Anna Karina.
Nov. 23-24: "The Last Detail" (1974; Hal Ashby), with Jack Nicholson, Otis Young, and Randy Quaid; and "8 Million Ways to Die" (1986; Hal Ashby), with Jeff Bridges, Rosanna Arquette, and Andy Garcia.
Nov. 25-26: "Funny Face" (1957; Stanley Donen), with Audrey Hepburn, Fred Astaire, Kay Thompson, and Michel Auclair; and "Breakfast at Tiffany's" (1961; Blake Edwards), with Audrey Hepburn, George Peppard, Patricia Neal, Martin Balsam, and Mickey Rooney.
Nov. 27-28: "Stop Making Sense" (1984; Jonathan Demme), with Talking Heads; and "Swimming to Cambodia"



(1987; Jonathan Demme), with Spalding Gray.

Film Forum 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through Nov. 19: "Pickup on South Street" (1953; Samuel Fuller), with Richard Widmark, Jean Peters, and Thelma Ritter; and "The Big Heat" (1953; Fritz Lang), with Glenn Ford, Gloria Grahame, Alexander Scourby, and Lee Marvin.

Nov. 20-26: "Crime and Punishment" (1935; Pierre Chenal; in French), with Harry Baur; and "The Man from Nowhere" (1937; Pierre Chenal; in French).

From Nov. 27: "8½" (1963; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, Sandra Milo, and Claudia Cardinale; and "L'Age d'Or" (1930; Luis Buñuel; in French).

Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)

Nov. 18: "Beat the Devil" (1954; John Huston), with Humphrey Bogart, Jennifer Jones, Gina Lollobrigida, Robert Morley, and Peter Lorre; and "We Were Strangers" (1949; John Huston), with John Garfield, Jennifer Jones, and Pedro Armendariz.

Nov. 19: "A Night at the Opera" (1935) and "A Day at the Races" (1937), both films directed by Sam Wood, with the Marx Brothers.

Nov. 20-21: "Blue Velvet" (1986; David Lynch), with Kyle MacLachlan, Isabella Rossellini, Dennis Hopper, and Laura Dern; and "The Naked Kiss" (1965; Samuel Fuller), with Constance Towers.

Nov. 22: "Three Brothers" (1982; Francesco Rosi; in Italian), with Philippe Noiret, Michele Placido, and Vittorio Mezzogiorno; and "Il Bidone" (1955; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Broderick Crawford, Giulietta Masina, Richard Basehart, and Franco Fabrizi.

Nov. 23: "Lili Marleen" (1981; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Hanna Schygulla and Giancarlo Giannini; and "Lola" (1982; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German).

Nov. 24: "Diary of a Country Priest" (1950; Robert Bresson; in French), with Claude Laydu and Nicole Maurey; and "Au Hasard, Balthazar" (1966; Robert Bresson; in French).

Nov. 25: "The Asphalt Jungle" (1950; John Huston), with Sterling Hayden, Jean Hagen, Louis Calhern, and Sam Jaffe; and "In This Our Life" (1942; John Huston), with Bette Davis, Olivia de Havilland, George Brent, and Dennis Morgan.

Nov. 26: "It's a Wonderful Life" (1946; Frank Capra), with James Stewart, Donna Reed, and Henry Travers; and "Pot o' Gold" (1941; George Marshall), with Paulette Goddard and James Stewart.

Nov. 27-28: "The Mosquito Coast" (1986; Peter Weir), with Harrison Ford; and "Picnic at Hanging Rock" (1975; Peter Weir), with Rachel Roberts and Dominic Guard.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Nov. 18: "No Man of Her Own" (1932; Wesley Ruggles), with Carole Lombard and Clark Gable; and "Our Blushing Brides" (1930; Harry Beaumont), with Joan Crawford and Robert Montgomery.

Nov. 19: "The Criminal Code" (1931; Howard Hawks), with Walter Huston, Phillips Holmes, and Constance Cummings; and "Crime and Punishment" (1935; Joseph von Sternberg), with Edward Arnold and Peter Lorre.

Nov. 20-21: "Casablanca" (1942; Michael Curtiz), with Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains; and "The Maltese Falcon" (1941; John Huston), with Mary Astor, Humphrey Bogart, Sydney Greenstreet, Elisha Cook, Jr., and Peter Lorre.

Nov. 22-23: "Band of Outsiders" (1964; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Anna Karina, Sami Frey, and Claude Brasseur; and "Breathless" (1959; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo.

Nov. 24: "The Last Picture Show" (1971; Peter Bogdanovich), with Timothy Bottoms, Jeff Bridges, Cybill Shepherd, Ben Johnson, and Cloris Leachman; and "Nickelodeon" (1976; Peter Bogdanovich), with Ryan O'Neal, Burt Reynolds, Tatum O'Neal, and Brian Keith.

Nov. 25: "The Barefoot Contessa" (1954; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Humphrey Bogart, Ava Gardner, Edmond O'Brien, and Marius Goring; and "But Not for Me" (1959; Walter Lang), with Clark Gable, Carroll Baker, Lilli Palmer, and Lee J. Cobb.

Nov. 26: "The Star" (1953; Stuart Heisler), with Bette Davis, Sterling Hayden, and Natalie Wood; and "I Could Go On Singing" (1963; Ronald Neame), with Judy Garland, Dirk Bogarde, and Jack Klugman.

Nov. 27-28: "It's a Wonderful Life" (1946; Frank Capra), with James Stewart, Donna Reed, and Henry Travers; and "A Christmas Carol" (1938; Edwin L. Marin), with Terry Kilburn, Reginald Owen, Gene Lockhart, and Leo G. Carroll.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Theatre 1: Nov. 19 at 3 and 6:30: "Islands" (1986; directed by Albert Maysles, Charlotte Zwerin, and David Maysles), a documentary. . . . ¶ Nov. 20 at 2:30: "Whither Germany?" (1932; Slatan Dudow; in German, with no English subtitles). . . . ¶ Nov. 20 at 6: "Isn't Life Wonderful" (1924; D. W. Griffith; a silent film), with Carol Dempster, Neil Hamilton, and Helen Lowell. . . . ¶ Nov. 21 at 2: "Just Waiting" (1975; Stephen Dwoskin); and "Berlin: The Symphony of a Great City" (1927; Walter Ruttmann; a German silent film, with German intertitles). . . . ¶ Nov. 21 at 5: "The Berliner" (1949; Robert A. Stemmle; in German, with English subtitles), with Gert Fröbe. . . . ¶ Nov. 22 at 2: "M" (1931; Fritz Lang; in German, with English subtitles), with Peter Lorre. . . . ¶ Nov. 22 at 5: "Just Waiting" and "Berlin: The Symphony of a Great City." . . . ¶ Nov. 23 at 2:30: "Isn't Life Wonderful." . . . ¶ Nov. 23 at 6: "Menschen am Sonntag" (1929; Robert Siodmak; a German silent film, with French and Dutch intertitles); and "Emil und die Detektive" (1931; Gerhard Lamprecht; in German, with no English subtitles). . . . ¶ Nov. 24 at 2:30: "Menschen am Sonntag." . . . ¶ Nov. 24 at 6: "Whither Germany?" . . . ¶ Nov. 28 at 2: "The Edge" (1967; Robert Kramer). . . . ¶ Nov. 28 at 5: "Ice" (1969; Robert Kramer).

Theatre 2: Nov. 20 at 3: "The Vanishing American" (1925; George B. Seitz; a silent film), with Richard Dix and Lois Wilson. . . . ¶ Nov. 20 at 6:30: "Redskin" (1929; Victor Schertzinger; a silent film), with Richard Dix and Jane Novak. . . . ¶ Nov. 21 at 2:30: "Wings" (1928; William A. Wellman; a silent film), with Clara Bow, Richard Arlen, and Gary Cooper. . . . ¶ Nov. 21 at 5:30: "The Sorrows of Satan" (1926; D. W. Griffith; a silent film), with Adolphe Menjou, Ricardo Cortez, and Lya de Putti. . . . ¶ Nov. 22 at 2:30: "The Canadian" (1926; William Beaudine; a silent film), with Thomas Meighan. . . . ¶ Nov. 22 at 5:30: "The Docks of New York" (1928; Josef von Sternberg; a silent film), with George Bancroft, Betty Compson, and Olga Baclanova. . . . ¶ Nov. 23 at 3: "Wings." . . . ¶ Nov. 23 at 6:30: A program of films by Christoph Janetzko, who will be present. . . . ¶ Nov. 24 at 3: "The Sorrows of Satan." . . . ¶ Nov. 24 at 6:30: "Redskin." . . . ¶ Nov. 27 at 3: "Army" (1944; Keisuke Kinoshita; in Japanese, with English subtitles), with Kinuyo Tanaka and Chishu Ryu. . . . ¶ Nov. 27 at 6:30: "Outcast" (1948; Keisuke Kinoshita; in Japanese, with English subtitles), with Yoko Katsuragi. . . . ¶ Nov. 28 at 2:30: "A Record of Youth" (1951; Keisuke Kinoshita; in Japanese, with English subtitles), with Akiko Tamura. . . . ¶ Nov. 28 at 5:30: "The Yotsuya Ghost Story, Parts 1 and 2" (1949; Keisuke Kinoshita; in Japanese, with English subtitles), with Kinuyo Tanaka.

Museum of Broadcasting, 1 E. 53rd St. (752-7684)—Through Feb. 6: A retrospective of the television performances of Jackie Gleason. The schedule of performances is complicated; our best advice is to phone the museum for titles, schedules, and ticket information. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Reel Pieces: Film as Collaborative Art—A series of films and lectures. Nov. 19 at 8:15: "Never Cry Wolf" (1983; Carroll Ballard), with Charles Martin Smith. Mark Isham, composer, will be present. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 996-1100.)

Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. (662-2133)—"The Joyless Street" (1925; G. W. Pabst; a silent film), with Greta Garbo. Original organ score written and played by Lee Erwin. (Nov. 23 at 7 and 9.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(Unsigned notes are by Pauline Kael; others are by Terrence Rafferty.)

Anna—Sally Kirkland plays a Czech actress named Anna Radkova—once her country's leading film star, during the brief period of cultural freedom that ended in 1968, and now, in her forties, just another struggling actress in New York, desperate enough to take a job understudying all seven roles in an Off Broadway show. The conceit of the movie is that Anna has a kind of understudy in her own life, a lovely Czech country girl (played by the model Paulina Porizkova), who moves in with her and effortlessly achieves all the American-style success that has eluded the older woman. The script (by Agnieszka Holland, from a story by Holland and the director, Yurek Bogayevicz) occasionally suggests some sort of meditation on history and identity, though for the most part the film is content to be a vehicle for Kirkland, who laughs, cries, etc., in an accent that Meryl Streep would be proud of. The performance is a tour de force, but the movie doesn't add up to much. Bogayevicz, whose background is in theatre, does best in a handful of backstage scenes and a funny audition sequence; outside the theatre, he seems to have some very peculiar ideas about where to put the camera. Also with Robert Fields and Stefan Schnabel. Music by Greg Hawkes, of the Cars.—T.R. (68th St. Playhouse.)

Baby Boom—Diane Keaton gives a glorious comedy performance that rides over many of the inanities in this picture by the monarchs of yup: the writer-producer Nancy Meyers and the writer-director Charles Shyer. Their subject is the feminist as darling. Keaton is a Manhattan management-consulting firm's Tiger Lady until she's entrusted with the care of a baby girl. Then, her single-minded concentration gone and her status diminished, she quits, moves to a farmhouse in Vermont, meets a calm, steadying Gary Cooperish veterinarian helpfully named Cooper (Sam Shepard), and starts a venture that turns her into the biggest employer in town. Soon she's a tycoon, rejecting astronomic offers to sell out. Keaton is smashing: she's an ultra-feminine executive, a wide-eyed charmer, with a breathless ditziness that may remind you of Jean Arthur in "The More the Merrier." With Sam Wanamaker, Harold Ramis, James Spader, and Britt Leach. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/19/87.) (Loews 84th Street Sixplex. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema; through Nov. 19. . . . ¶ Loews 34th Street Showplace; through Nov. 24.)

Barfly—The sixty-seven-year-old L.A. poet Charles Bukowski wrote this semi-autobiographical script about his heavy-drinking skid-row days just after the Second World War, when he was a scrappy young man, in his mid to late twenties—a budding writer who was beginning to be published. But Mickey Rourke, who plays the role, imitates the tortoise movements of the battle-scarred survivor Bukowski, the writer-philosopher, the sage. This howler gives the movie a comic boost. Rourke twinkles with amusement at doing Bukowski, and the two principal women (Faye Dunaway as a burned-out drinker, Alice Krige as the wealthy publisher of a literary magazine) twinkle back. The movie, though, is big on life affirmation. The hero isn't afraid to lose a fight or to hit bottom. And he isn't tempted by security. Offered the guesthouse on the publisher's estate, he snubs her; he calls her world "a cage with golden bars." (Of course, she's infatuated with his integrity.) Waking in her bed, he gets up saying, "I belong on the streets. I don't feel right here. It's like I can't *breathe!*" He goes back to his grimy haunts, where—we're supposed to believe—the real people are. This might be a film about the leader of a religious cult which was made by an altar boy. The director, Barbet Schroeder, wanting to please the Master, inadvertently exposes Bukowski's messianic windbag sensibility at its most self-satisfied. You wouldn't guess at Bukowski's talent from this movie. With Frank Stallone, J. C. Quinn, Jack Nance, and Fritz Feld. Cinematography by Robby Müller. (11/2/87) (Art Greenwich Twin. . . . ¶ Coronet; through Nov. 19. . . . ¶ Regency; through Nov. 24. . . . ¶ Cinema 3; starting Nov. 20. . . . ¶ Metro Cinema; starting Nov. 25.)

Dark Eyes—Directed by Nikita Mikhalkov and shot in Italy and the Soviet Union, it amalgamates several short stories by Chekhov and is the kind of movie that is referred to as a "broad tapestry." It features obviousness and mugging—each in almost unprecedented amounts. Everything in it is overacted, is too slow and too close. And everything—the peasant merrymaking, the bands of gypsies who sing, the servants who are humiliated, the decadent rich who go to spas and take mud baths—provides us with a moral lesson. Marcello Mastroianni is the weak, self-hating Romano, who tells the story of his wasted life: how he became the spoiled pet of his rich wife (Silvana Mangano), took mistresses (Marthe Keller is one of them), and at a spa was touched by the seriousness of Anna (Elena Sofonova)—Chekhov's woman with the little dog—and, on the pretext of opening a factory, followed her to Russia. Mastroianni won the best-actor award at Cannes for his performance in this massive hunk of Italo-Russian kitsch. When he's Romano, it's as if he were putting on a classroom exhibition of how to turn yourself into another person—he shows the class every bit of calculation. It's exemplary; it's horrible. The script is by Alexander Adabachian and Mikhalkov, with the collaboration of Suso Cecchi D'Amico. In Italian. (10/5/87) (Lincoln Plaza. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting Nov. 20.)

Dirty Dancing—Set in a Catskills resort in the summer of 1963, this bright dance musical is about the role that dancing had in the embryonic counterculture. It's also a girl's version of that old phony: the-summer-I-grew-up-and-everything-changed. In the boys' version, the hero typically came down to earth with a jolt. But this is a girl's coming-of-age fantasy: the seventeen-year-old heroine, Baby (Jennifer Grey), ascends to spiritual and sensual perfection. For Baby, a doctor's daughter, the change occurs as the result of self-discovery through dancing and then through her sexual initiation and her full and open commitment to the resort's working-class dance instructor, Johnny (Patrick Swayze). Too many life lessons are learned in this bubble-headed, retro vision of growing up in the sixties, and its wish-fulfillment aspect makes Baby and Johnny and all their dirty-dancing friends pure of heart—it defuses any possible explosiveness in the material. But the director, Emile Ardolino, and the choreographer, Kenny Ortega, use the dancing to bring out the sensual dreaminess of the songs, and the screenwriter, Eleanor Bergstein, writes light, rumpled dialogue that helps you over the hooey. With Cynthia Rhodes, Jack Weston, Jerry Orbach, Honi Coles, Lonny Price, Kelly Bishop, and Jane Brucker. (8/24/87) (New Carnegie.)

Fatal Attraction—A primer on the bad things that can happen if a man cheats on his wife. There's sometimes a fine line between sexiness and craziness, and the hero (Michael Douglas), a Manhattan corporate lawyer—a settled married man—isn't hip enough to catch the danger signals when he lets a woman book editor (Glenn Close) talk him into going with her to her loft. Once this woman begins behaving as if she had a right to a share in the lawyer's life, she becomes the dreaded lunatic of horror movies. But with a difference: she parrots the aggressively angry, self-righteous statements that have become commonplaces of feminist fiction, and they're so inappropriate to the circumstances that they're the proof she's loco. They're also the director Adrian Lyne's and the screenwriter James Dearden's hostile version of feminism. Basically this is a gross-out slasher movie in a glossy format, and it enforces conventional morality (in the era of AIDS) by piling on paranoiac fear. With Anne Archer as the beautiful homebody wife, Ellen Hamilton Latzen as the bright little daughter, and Stuart Pankin as the clowning pal. Tip-top editing by Michael Kahn and Peter E. Berger. (10/19/87) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Tower East, and Loews Paramount.)

The Funeral—This 1984 comedy was the first film written and directed by Juzo Itami; the second was "Tampopo." "The Funeral" isn't as exuberant and recklessly imaginative as the movie that followed it, but it's a funny and intelligent work in its own, more deliberate way. An Altman-like take on an Ozu theme, the film follows a large, extremely modern Japanese family through the ordeal of arranging a traditional religious funeral. Crowded together for several days in the country house of the deceased, the bewildered relatives seem like actors in a poorly rehearsed classical play, on an unfamiliar stage—bumping into each other, blowing their lines, looking anxious and miserable. Itami orchestrates their discomfort with real visual wit, and the genuine grief that lies beneath his characters' farcical panic emerges clearly and unsentimentally. With Nobuko Miyamoto and Tsutomu Yamazaki (the stars of "Tampopo"), and Ozu veteran Chishu Ryu. Cinematography by Yonezo Maeda. In Japanese.—T.R. (Cinema Studio.)

Hope and Glory—A great comedy about the blitz. In this autobiographical film, the writer-director John Boorman has had the inspiration to desentimentalize wartime England and show us the Second World War the way he saw it as an eight-year-old—as a party that kept going day after day, night after night. Boorman lets his characters say the previously unsayable. Bored with crouching indoors during the nightly raids by the Luftwaffe, the dimply blond fifteen-year-old Dawn (Sammi Davis), the eldest of the three Rohan children, runs outside, watches the firefighters at work on a blazing house, and dances in the Rohans' postage-stamp-size front garden. "It's lovely!" she calls out. The large cast includes Sebastian Rice Edwards as the eight-year-old Bill, Geraldine Muir as his little sister, Sarah Miles as his mother, David Hayman as his father, Ian Bannen as his grandfather, and Susan Wooldridge, Derrick O'Connor, and Jean-Marc Barr as the Canadian jokester. (10/5/87) (Baronet, and Olympia.)

Jean de Florette—The setting is Provence in the early nineteen-twenties. As the hunchback Jean de Florette, an educated, nature-loving city fellow who has learned about farming from books, Gérard Depardieu wears "GOOD MAN" in capital letters across his wide brow; in smaller letters we can read "He has poetry in his soul." Jean has a devoted wife (Elisabeth Depardieu), who used to sing in opera, and a delicate little daughter named Manon. And for slightly over two hours we watch him trudge across the land he has inherited hauling two barrels of water that are fastened across his hump. When there's no rain, his plants shrivel and his rabbits die, and it's agonizing for us, because we know that there's a spring of fresh mountain water on the land. His neighbors—the prosperous, greedy old peasant César Soubeyran (Yves Montand) and César's dull-witted nephew, Ugolin (Daniel Auteuil)—have hidden the spring under a load of cement, so that Jean will be forced to sell out to them. Adapted from the first volume of Marcel Pagnol's two-part novel "The Water of the Hills," published in 1963 (it was derived from a picture he made in 1952). The story of Jean de Florette is completed in the film "Manon of the Spring" (see below). The director, Claude Berri, who did the adaptation with Gérard Brach, aimed for fidelity to the novel; he has said that it was his task to give the material "a cinematic rhythm," but "there was no need for

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imagination." That's what *he* thinks: The wide-screen cinematography is by Bruno Nuytten. In French. (7/13/87) (Lincoln Plaza.)

Less than Zero—Bret Easton Ellis's fast-lane best-seller about alienated L.A. rich kids—their heartbreaks, their nosebleeds—has been turned into a wildly overwrought Hollywood melodrama: "Valley of the Dolls" in supersaturated colors. Thanks to screenwriter Harley Peyton, who gives Ellis's free-form narrative a "classic" (i.e., simple) structure, and director Marek Kanievska, who heats up the book's icy style with feverish visual effects, the movie is terrible in a completely different way. It isn't dull, though: it has the lurid, hyper pace of a B picture, the earnest moralism (anti-drug) of a TV movie, and the sleek surface of an arty commercial. All this, plus a couple of strenuously awful performances by Andrew McCarthy as the straight-arrow hero and Jami Gertz as his cokehead girlfriend. (Over all, his readings and facial contortions are the more grotesque, though Gertz has one stupefying moment during a big sex scene, in which she thrusts her strong jaw out so far that we expect her to turn into a werewolf.) As Julian, the most self-destructive of the kids, Robert Downey, Jr., has the worst role and performs with heroic lucidity; at times, he almost convinces us there's something real going on in this demented movie. Also with James Spader and Tony Bill. The flashy cinematography is by Ed Lachman.—T.R. (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Gemini, Olympia, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ 86th Street East Twin; through Nov. 19.)

Made in Heaven—It's about finding perfect love, losing it, and stumblingly trying to recover it—in another life. Timothy Hutton and Kelly McGillis have a love literally made in Heaven; when their souls are returned to earth in newborn babes, they have a spiritual need to find each other, though they don't remember the love they shared. This whimsy might have been semi-appealing if it had been worked out more ingeniously—if the scenes took some shape, if they didn't dither and sag. And if McGillis, who's meant to be the sort of lyrical, ethereal creature that Jennifer Jones used to play, weren't pure granite. The director, Alan Rudolph, is reported to have had differences with the producers; there were three—Raynold Gideon, Bruce A. Evans, and David Blocker—and since Gideon and Evans wrote the script he may not be fully responsible for the film's randomness. A batch of smart performers give it some flavor around the edges: Mare Winningham, Ann Wedgeworth, James Gammon, Maureen Stapleton, David Rasche, and Amanda Plummer. And Hutton has a nice, cowlicky quality in the comedy scenes. With two uncredited performances: Ellen Barkin as a Luciferian temptress (it's a mistake), and Debra Winger (who's married to Hutton), almost unrecognizable in a red punk hairdo, with pasty makeup and a deep, hoarse voice, as Emmett, the fellow who manages things in Heaven. Hutton clearly has more rapport with this weirdly androgynous Emmett than he has with McGillis. (Heaven is actually Charleston, S.C., with some special effects.) (11/16/87) (Art Greenwich Twin; through Nov. 19. . . . ¶ Manhattan Twin, Metro Cinema, and Criterion Center; through Nov. 24. . . . ¶ 23rd St. West Triplex; Nov. 20-24.)

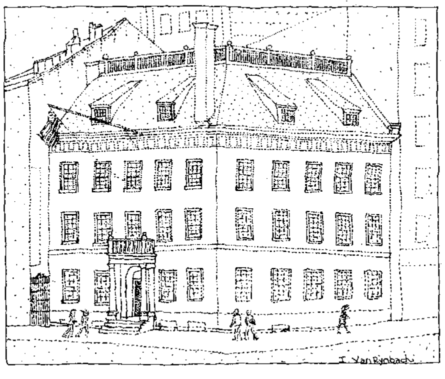
Manon of the Spring—Will Fate settle the hash of César Soubeyran (Yves Montand) and his cretinous nephew, Ugolin (Daniel Auteuil), the Provençal farmers whose treachery caused the death of gentle, hunchbacked Jean de Florette? Of course it will. To keep us awake while we're waiting for the inevitable, this concluding half of Claude Berri's adaptation of the Marcel Pagnol novel "The Water of the Hills" serves up pretty much the same menu as "Jean de Florette" (see above): changing seasons (exquisitely shot by Bruno Nuytten), Montand looking sly, Auteuil gaping, wiry peasants and fat shopkeepers shouting at each other over bottles of vin ordinaire. Ten years after the hunchback's death, his daughter, Manon—whose fierce gaze at the end of the first film seemed to promise an icy, satisfying revenge—has grown up to become a ravishing, dewy-eyed blond nymph, played by Emmanuelle Béart. She looks as if she's modelling a line of designer goatherds-wear for *Elle* or *Marie-Claire*, and her very contemporary sexiness might make us a little suspicious of the ostentatious purity of this big-budget period drama. In French.—T.R. (Plaza.)

Matewan—This true story of a bitter, courageous strike by West Virginia coal miners in 1920 is almost stirring enough to survive the primitive and ponderous movie technique of its writer-director, John Sayles. The film aims for the simplicity and emotional purity of folk music—an effect that, in movies, is not so simply achieved. Sayles may be taking his populist, blue-collar aesthetic a bit too far: hard work and decent feeling, even in the service of a great subject, aren't always enough. "Matewan"—rousing as it sometimes is—would be a more convincing, even a purer, tribute to American labor if its honest sweat and blood were adulterated with more of an artist's cunning. With Chris Cooper. —T.R. (Quad Cinema.)

Maurice—With James Wilby, Hugh Grant, and Rupert Graves; directed by James Ivory. (9/21/87) (Paris.)

My Life as a Dog—Lasse Hallström's film is a gentle, episodic narrative of a twelve-year-old boy (Anton Glanzelius) growing up in nineteen-fifties Sweden. Ingemar, a lively but sensitive kid, gets passed around from household to household when his mother becomes seriously ill. At its best, the movie is very shrewd about the ways children protect themselves from disorienting, and even traumatic, experiences. Hallström's naïveté as a director gives many of the dramatic scenes a touching straightforwardness. But that same quality sabotages the comic passages with a tone of heavy, self-satisfied whimsy. In Swedish.—T.R. (Quad Cinema, and Lincoln Plaza.)

The Princess Bride—The director Rob Reiner doesn't have the craft to bring off the kinetic daredeviltry he tries for, and the movie is ungainly—you can almost see the chalk marks it's not hitting. But it has a loose, likable slobbiness. Set in the late Middle Ages in the mythical kingdom of Florin, the picture, from a script written in 1973 by William Goldman, and based on the 1973 novel that he wrote for his children, is an affectionate composite parody of the high points in adventure movies: the duels, the feats of strength, the rope climbing, the black-masked heroes, the swamps, the dungeons with medieval Rube Goldberg torture machines. Cary Elwes, who has a gift for giddy slapstick, is Westley, the blond farm boy who goes to seek his fortune so that he can claim his true love, blond Buttercup (Robin Wright). The cast includes Chris Sarandon, Wallace Shawn, Mandy Patinkin, all seven feet five and five hundred and twenty-five pounds of the French-born wrestler André the Giant, Christopher Guest as a smarmy six-fingered sadist, and, in scenes that are show-biz bliss, Billy Crystal and Carol Kane, wearing makeup that adds centuries to them, as the retired Miracle Max and his nagging crone, Valerie. These two give the movie a lift that puts it all into perspective. It's *shtick* softened by childlike infatuation. Peter Falk appears in the framing device. (10/19/87) (Gramercy, Beekman, and Embassy 72nd St. . . . ¶ Guild; through Nov. 19.)



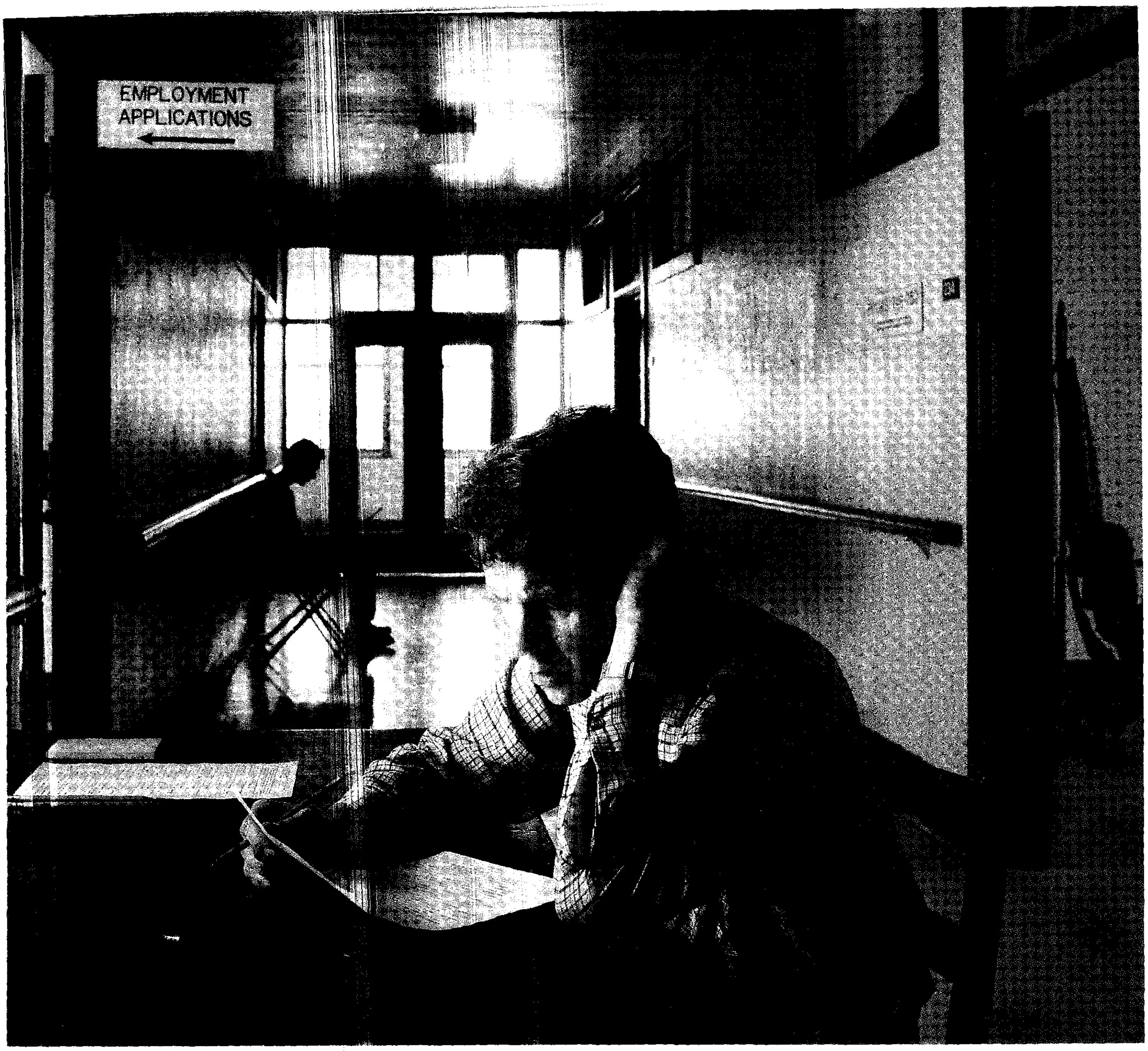
Sammy and Rosie Get Laid—This second film by the director Stephen Frears and the writer Hanif Kureishi, who made "My Beautiful Laundrette," has so much going on that it keeps losing track of what it's about. Sammy (Ayub Khan Din) and Rosie (Frances Barber) and their friends are Third World bohemians who live in a decaying, racially mixed part of London. Sammy's father, Rafi (Shashi Kapoor), who was a minister in the repressive government of Pakistan and is fleeing threats on his life, thinks he can return to the courteous, law-abiding England he remembers from thirty years before. He comes from the airport straight into a race riot—the movie is his nightmare experience of the new London. Houses and cars have been set on fire and we are supposed to see the flames as a destructive-creative element. (Sammy explains the rioting in the streets to Rafi: "Rosie says these revolts are an affirmation of the human spirit. A kind of justice is being done.") What we see is an apocalyptic carnival that's like street theatre. At times, it's as if Swinging London had come back as a race riot. Made in a documentary manner as stylized as a Hollywood musical, the movie is hyperconscious of art, of politics, of itself, and at times it's exasperatingly affectless. At its best, it's playfully Godardian, as in the sequence with the screen split horizontally and three multiracial couples stretched out on top of each other, and the Ghetto Lites singing a reggae version of "My Girl." There are two marvellous performances: by Kapoor, and by Claire Bloom, as a woman he deserted long ago. Wendy Gazelle is likable as an American photographer; Roland Gift (of Fine Young Cannibals) is dimply. (11/16/87) (Cinema Studio.)

Someone to Watch Over Me—With Tom Berenger, Mimi Rogers, and Lorraine Bracco; directed by Ridley Scott. (11/2/87) (34th St. East, and Cinema 3; through Nov. 19.)

Suspect—Is there a piece of casting more ineffably Hollywood than Cher as a busy, weary public defender? She's all wrong for this role: her hooded, introspective face doesn't give you enough—she needs a role that lets her use her body. With the camera on her steadily here, you might be watching a still picture. This laboriously set-up thriller has her defending a deaf-mute (Liam Neeson) accused of murder, in a Washington, D.C., courtroom, before a rigid, cold-eyed judge (John Mahoney). It's impossible to know how we're meant to interpret the lame-brain job this lawyer does at the trial. She'd be lost if one of the jurors—a young lobbyist (Dennis Quaid)—didn't do the detective work that helps her out. Probably the director, Peter Yates, and the scriptwriter, Eric Roth, were just so proud of not having made the woman a bimbo that they didn't notice they'd made her a lummox. The way Washington is shot it looks like a shopping mall. With Joe Mantegna, Philip Bosco, and E. Katherine Kerr. (11/16/87) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Gemini, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

Weeds—With Nick Nolte, directed by John Hancock. (11/2/87) (Criterion Center; through Nov. 19.)

The Whales of August—This is the sort of movie in which dignified old people study the horizon and ask each other, "Have you seen the whales?" It doesn't take much imagination to figure out that those whales are going to stay offscreen for the duration. Bette Davis and Lillian Gish aren't so lucky. Playing a pair of sisters who live together on the Maine coast, they're trapped before our eyes, trying to give a semblance of reality to writer David Berry's clunky, fake-Chekhovian conceits. They get no help from Lindsay Anderson's direction: the rhythm he imposes on the film is punishingly slow, and has the cruel effect of making us irritable and impatient with his elderly characters. Endangered by Anderson and Berry, the actresses somehow manage to escape with their dignity.—T.R. (Cinema II.)



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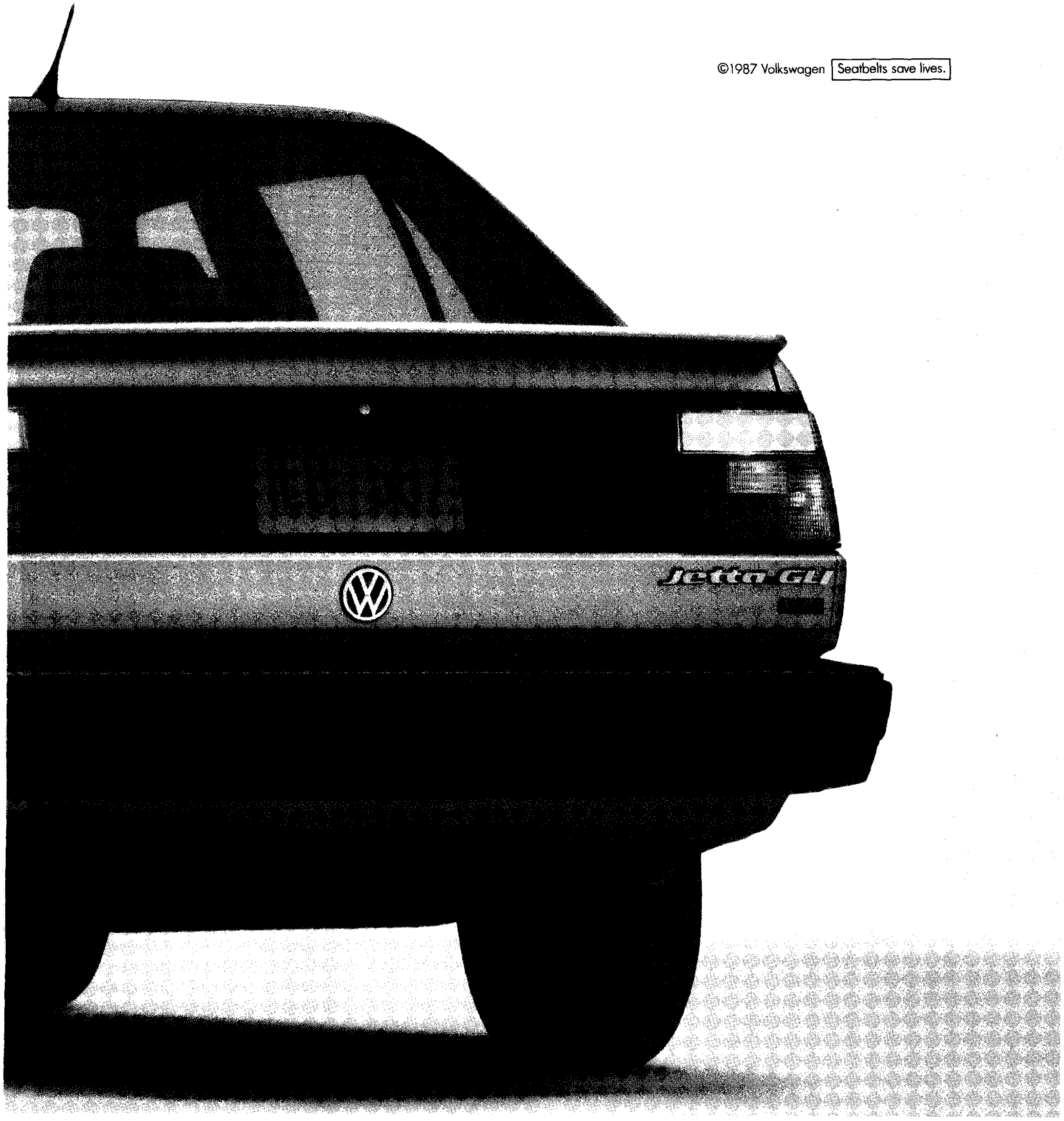

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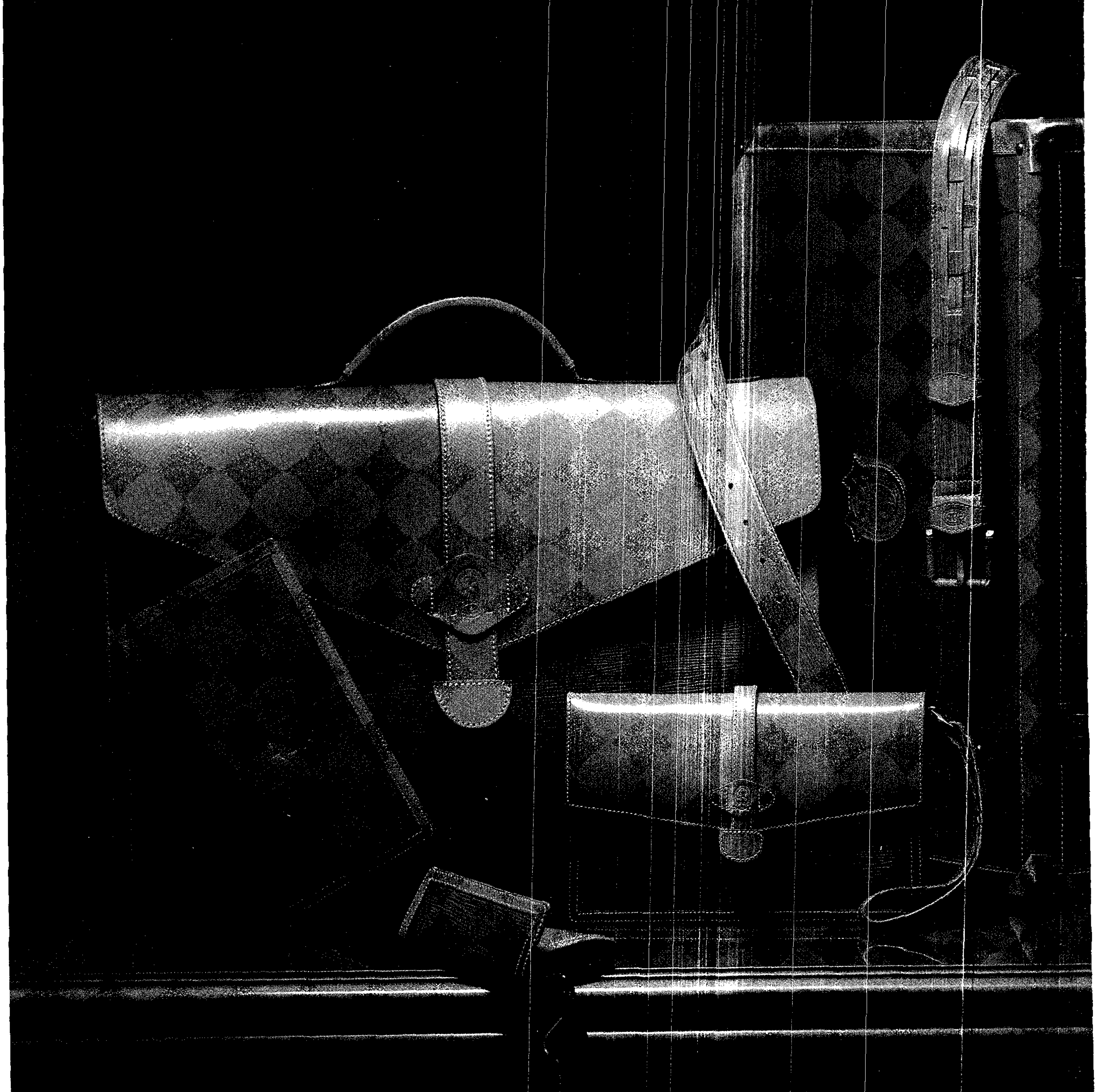

Shown: The Californio line. Part of the extensive Lladró leather collection. Lladró 225 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10010

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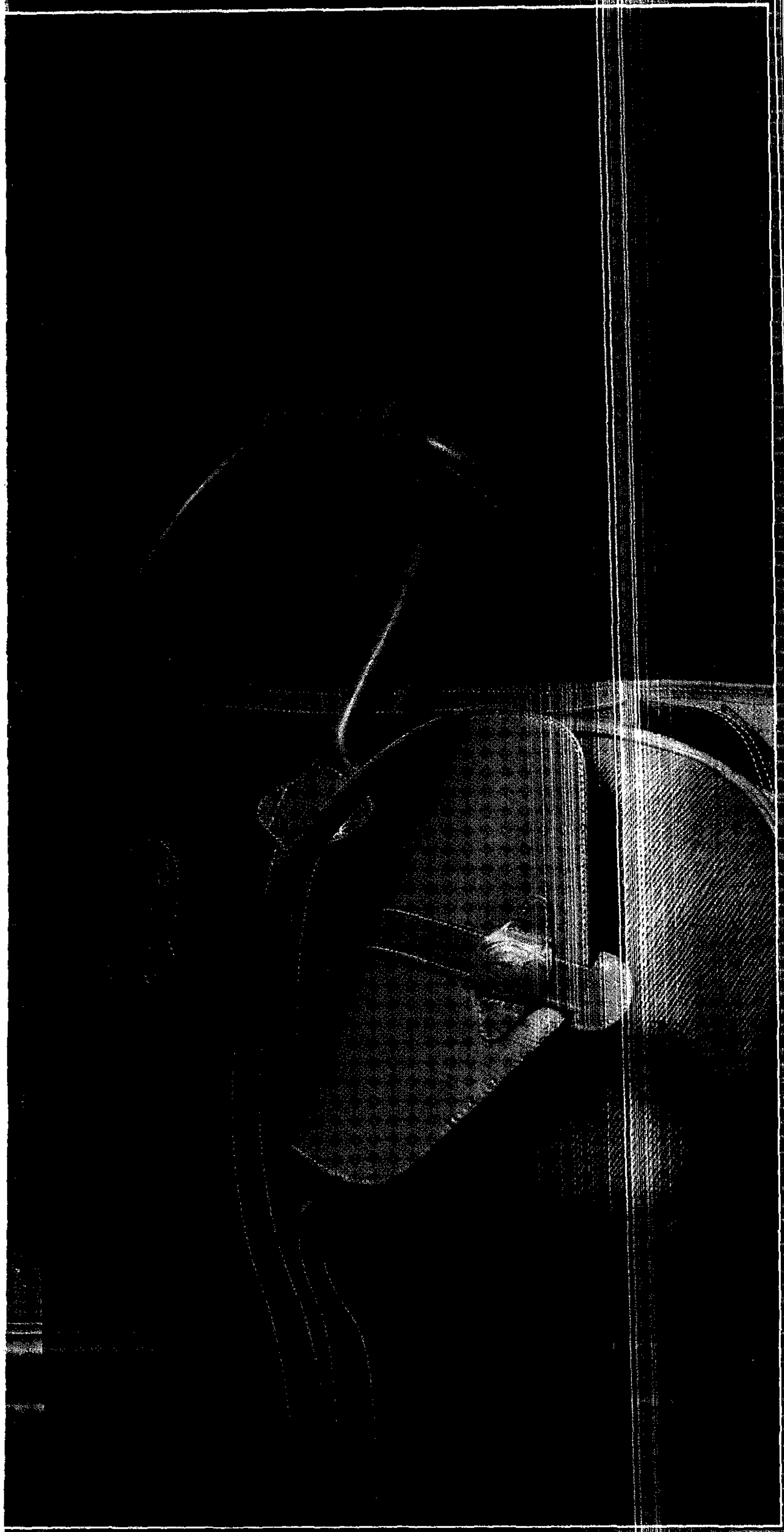

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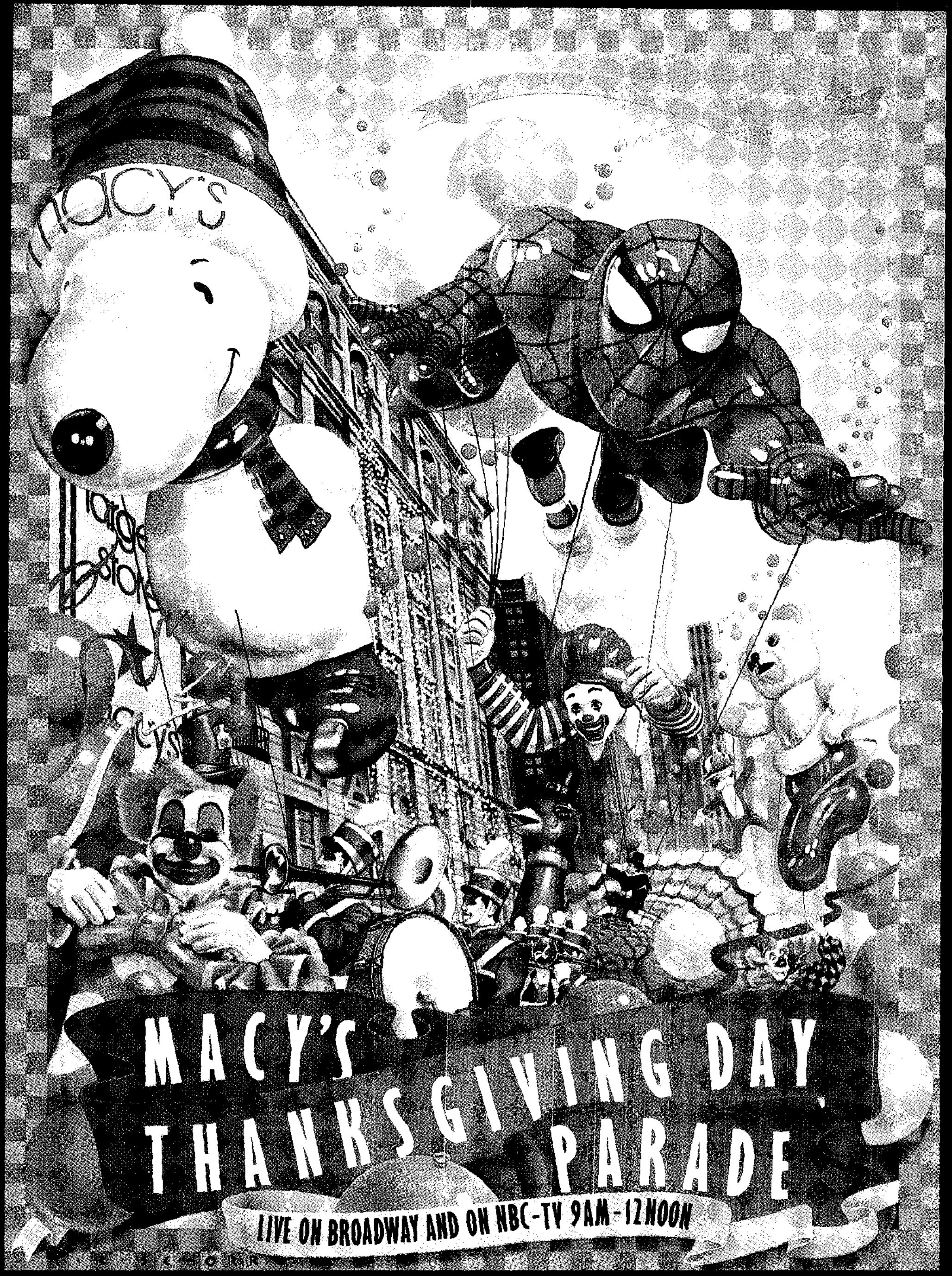
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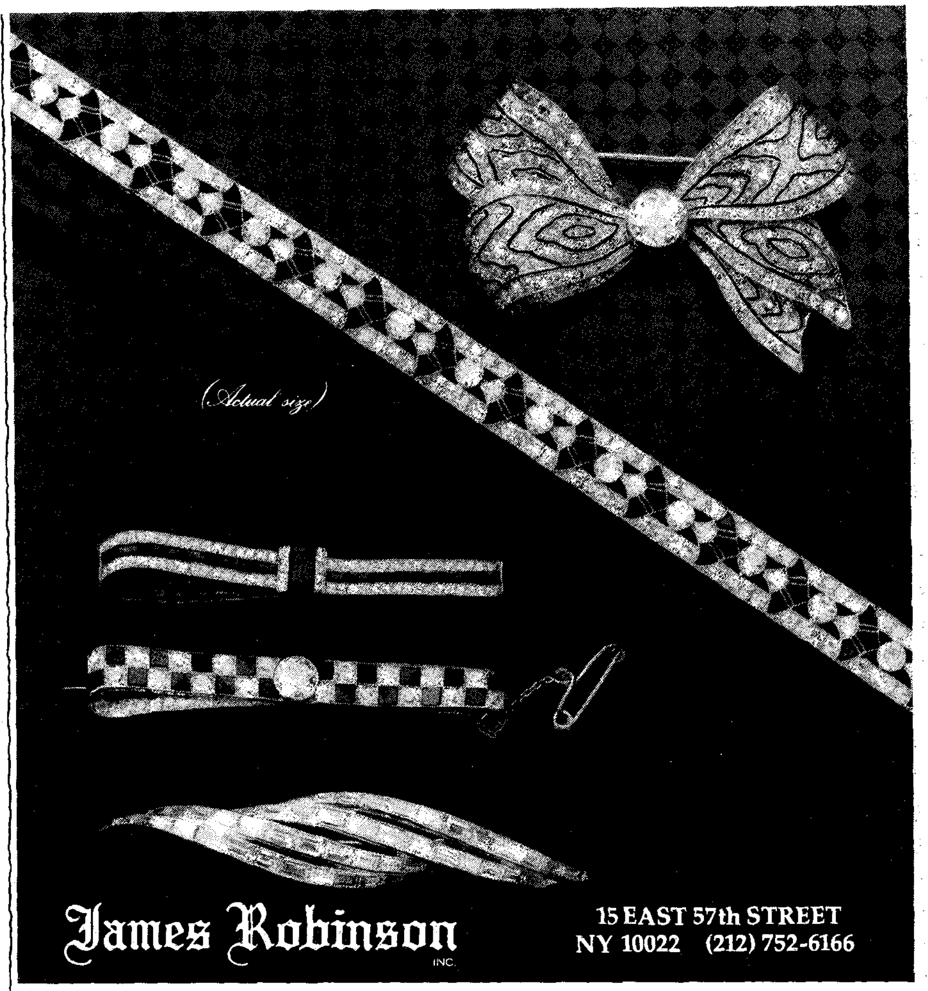
$950; toasters are from $65 to $165 (this for a snappy Toast-O-Lator: the bread goes in one end and emerges from the other, like a train going through a tunnel); original, two-speed Waring blenders are $85. What may be the best-looking breadbox ever, a simple chrome half-moon with a black knob on the door, is $85 if it's still there. There is plenty of cocktail equipment—including a shaker and six glasses with pink elephants superimposed, for $110. Two sophisticated lamps—one a rectangular pillar of brushed chrome, the other a column of chrome rings, like the Michelin-tire man; both with period shades—are $285 and $95, respectively. Clocks, jewelry, and cutlery abound. There's an entire case of novelty salt and pepper shakers, from peapods ($22) to the Statue of Liberty and the Empire State Building on a tray ($45); but the star of the collection is a red-and-white plastic lawnmower with black wheels: as the mower rolls along, the salt shaker and the pepper shaker bob up and down alternately; $48. It's just as well there's nothing except the vanity stool to sit down on, because this store is so upbeat that customers tend to loiter.

Wallengren/USA, 75 Thompson Street, is both a gallery and a store, with a roster of some thirty artisans on tap. The high quality of the craftsmanship is apparent, even if the beauty sometimes escapes the eye of the beholder. A very large crackle celadon bowl ($400) and three celadon vases ($300 and $350), made by a Chinese couple in upstate New York, have classic, stylized shapes so close to perfect that at first they appear machine-made, God forbid. A thirty-inch wrought-iron candlestick on three curved legs with scroll feet is slender, graceful, and not to be confused with other wrought-iron candlesticks; $250 a pair. A latticinio bowl and plate will prompt the word "Spirograph" rather than "latticinio" to surface in most people's minds, and both pieces are as mesmerizing as the toy, if somewhat grander; $450 and $600. Not everything here is solemn. There is an oval ceramic planter with casually applied wavy blue and terra-cotta lines that satirize gingham and country checks; $375. On the subject of checks: before leaving SoHo, don't miss what has to be the loudest blanket in town, at Ad Hoc Softwares, 410 West Broadway (Spring). It's multiple houndstooth, and is it ever: red, green, blue, black, and white predominate, but there are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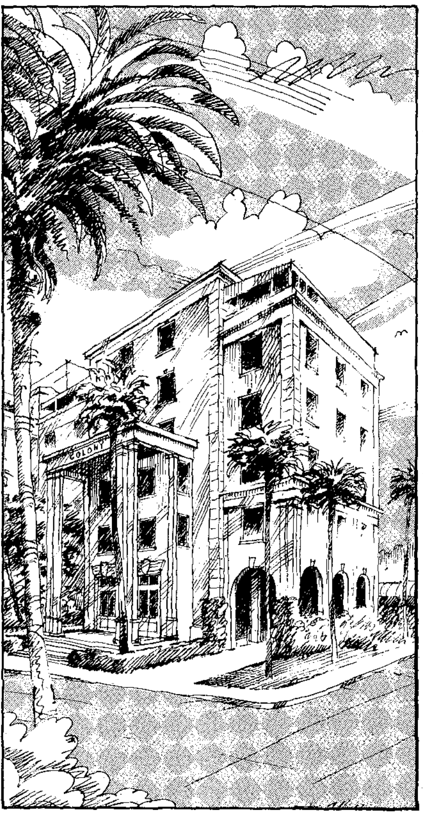

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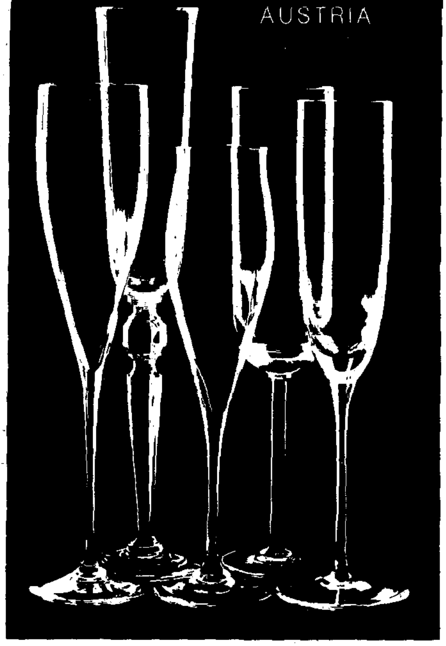

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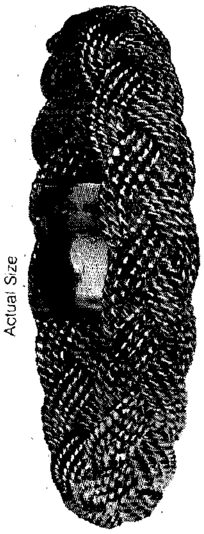
also pastel touches, and just about every other color except brown. It's a hundred-per-cent virgin wool, has a one-inch red twill binding, and would knock the socks off anyone; $189 or $245, depending on size.

ONCE upon a time, there was a television producer named Dan Mack, who made a small Adirondack chair for his child. It was so light that she could push it around as a walker, or put it on her head, and sometimes she even sat in it. Soon he began to produce more chairs and less television, until he found he couldn't mix the two, and chose the woods. This was eight years ago. It's been on-the-job training, and very slow going, he says. Chairs are his love, but he now makes other kinds of rustic furniture—tables, beds, mantelpieces. He likes wood with character—maple, hickory, and ironwood, all of which he gets from Sterling Forest, and white cedar, from Vermont. He uses saplings and small branches, and though the result is more substantial than twig furniture, there is a fairy-tale quality about it. The backs of the chairs sometimes have a wishbone effect, sometimes a branching effect, and there's also the Frank Lloyd Wright effect. The backs are surprisingly comfortable to lean against, because Mr. Mack has learned how to select and position the branches so that there are no protruding knobs. (Before he mastered this, he used to say firmly, "Trees don't grow like that.") The wood is usually stripped, and most of the seats are Shaker webbing—he prefers the visual and material economy of Shaker work to the Adirondack style, where more is better. Chairs are from $1,100 to $1,600; beds, from $1,600 to $2,700; tables, from $800 on up. The furniture is on view in his upper West Side shop, by appointment only. Telephone: (212) 866-5746.

A LOT of people may be drinking straight-up Martinis out of those stemmed glasses, but, to judge by the plethora of teapots in the marketplace, just as many are drinking tea—possibly a consequence rather than a coincidence. The Morgan Library has an entire table dedicated to tea: J. P.'s Special Blend ($13.95 for a small tin); "The London Ritz Book of Afternoon Tea" ($10); infusers ($2 to $8), pots, napkins, tea cloths. Lord & Taylor has a few antique English silver teapots on stands (for the Sterno); from $550 to $700. Adrien Linford, 1320



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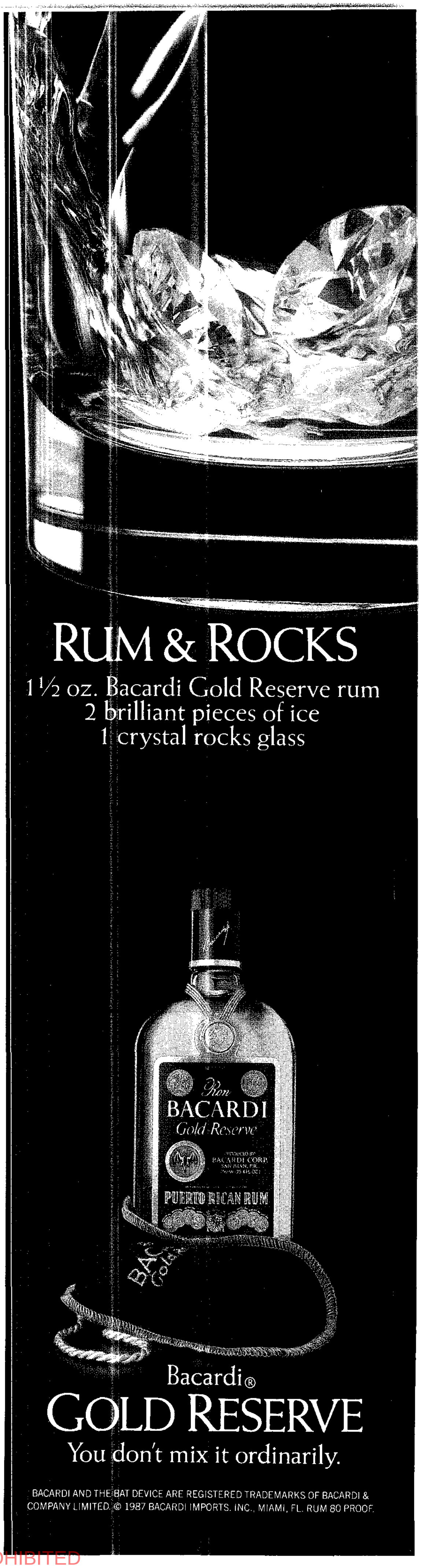
Madison Avenue (93rd), is a new shop, with a theme: coffee, tea, and sweets. The idea is to sell both the comestibles and the appointments—a loosely interpreted idea that allows the management to include all manner of tableware, such as Angela Cummings' glasses, which come in two patterns, Knot and Twist. The Knot is at the point where bowl and stem join; the Twist refers to the stem, which is slightly skewed where it meets a square base. There are six glasses, ranging from the cordial ($12.50) to the goblet ($14.50), and they would look dandy on any table. They also look expensive. Some old and new favorites are sold here—Rosenthal, Swid Powell, David Tisdale (the anodized-aluminum man), Dorothy Hafner. Although Hafner's Eclipse, porcelain with a sort of collage of hand-painted, colorful patterns, could be daunting when laden with food, the linen napkins in this pattern are quite another matter. They would enliven an austere table—one of those black-and-white tableaux. They're four for $98. This store is roomy and laid-back; it would not come as a surprise if they actually served tea.

Most of the merchandise is white at Wolfman-Gold & Good, 484 Broome Street (Wooster) and 142 East 73rd Street, and this goes for a china footbath with ram's-head handles and a relief of grapes and garlands. These days, footbaths are used for flowers, but by the time Christmas rolls around they may well revert to their original use; $275. A one-man, stackable silver-plated teapot (or coffeepot, for that matter), sugar, and creamer set would be ideal for a breakfast tray, where there never seems to be quite enough room for anything more elaborate than a Continental breakfast; $65. A French variation on this consists of a white ceramic sphere: the top half is a pot, the bottom a cup. The two handles are pale blue and green, respectively, and the spout is pumpkin; $50. What's called a Classic Candle, meaning a candle with a shade that descends as the candle burns, has a low brass base and a brass top that holds a matt-black paper shade; $27.50, with candle. A twelve-inch glass hurricane shade, with base and a fat white candle, is $15. This store also sells French lace by the yard, in four patterns—Doves, Les Chats, Rose, and Belle Fleur. It comes in two widths—twenty-three and thirty-five inches, for $12.50 and $19.50, respectively. Inch-wide, scalloped trim is $2 a yard, and for a fee of $7 per panel the store will run up curtains to order. A six-foot string of small, bright-red lacquered apples makes a big splash for $22.50.

The North River Pottery, 107 Hall Street, Brooklyn, is Ragnar Naess, who studied for three summers with Marguerite Wildenhain, a student in the first Bauhaus class. He lives and pots in his row house, and has a following: his work is in permanent collections, both public and private. Functional stoneware is his line: bowls, vases, jars, platters, casseroles, and teapots, some with finely detailed patterns, all high-fired, thin-walled, and dishwasher- and oven-proof. He is partial to blue-green glazes and desert colors. (He identifies the colors by number, because, he has observed, colors—particularly shades of blue and green—are subjective.) "I wish to make beautiful objects that will fit unobtrusively into people's simplest daily rituals," he says. The word "unobtrusive" does not apply to all of Mr. Naess's work, however, and especially not to his teapots. His Organic, Animated-Cubist, Mosquito, and other odd teapots are all part of his aptly named Mad Hatter Teapot series. Those in the Organic group are modelled on the seed pods, decaying vegetables, fruits, and wood found at the end of the season. One such teapot has a barklike handle, spout, and lid; another has a chocolate-brown lid that resembles the top of a pomegranate. The teapots range in size from a simple one-cupper, without texture or feet ($40), to a rococo twelve-cupper ($1,000). For everyday use, the simple ones are probably the most satisfactory. A four-cupper shaped like the bottom of a ship's decanter, with a cane handle and unincised, has a solid, smooth serenity that makes you want to warm your hands around it; $50. Telephone: (718) 636-8608, in case Mr. Naess has gone to market. (After January 1st, he joins the stable at Wallengren/USA.)

Although Simon Pearce has a workshop in Quechee, Vermont, where he blows glass, he also has a store at 385 Bleecker Street (Perry), which concentrates on his glass, his father Philip's black-and-white pottery, and his brother Stephen's terra-cotta-and-white pottery. This store gives shelf space to artisans from outside the family, too—even those in the same line of work as the Pearces. A case in point is Richard Batterham, who pots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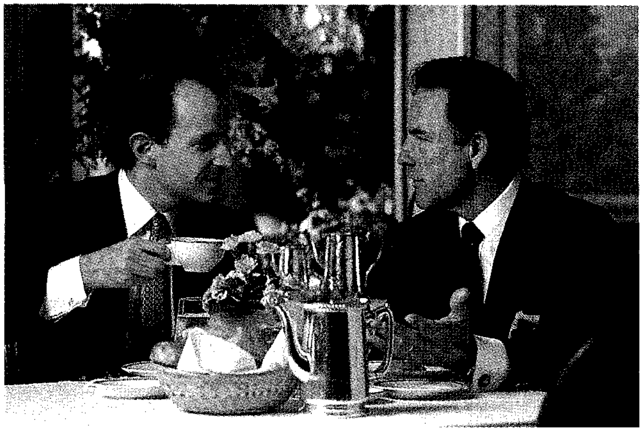

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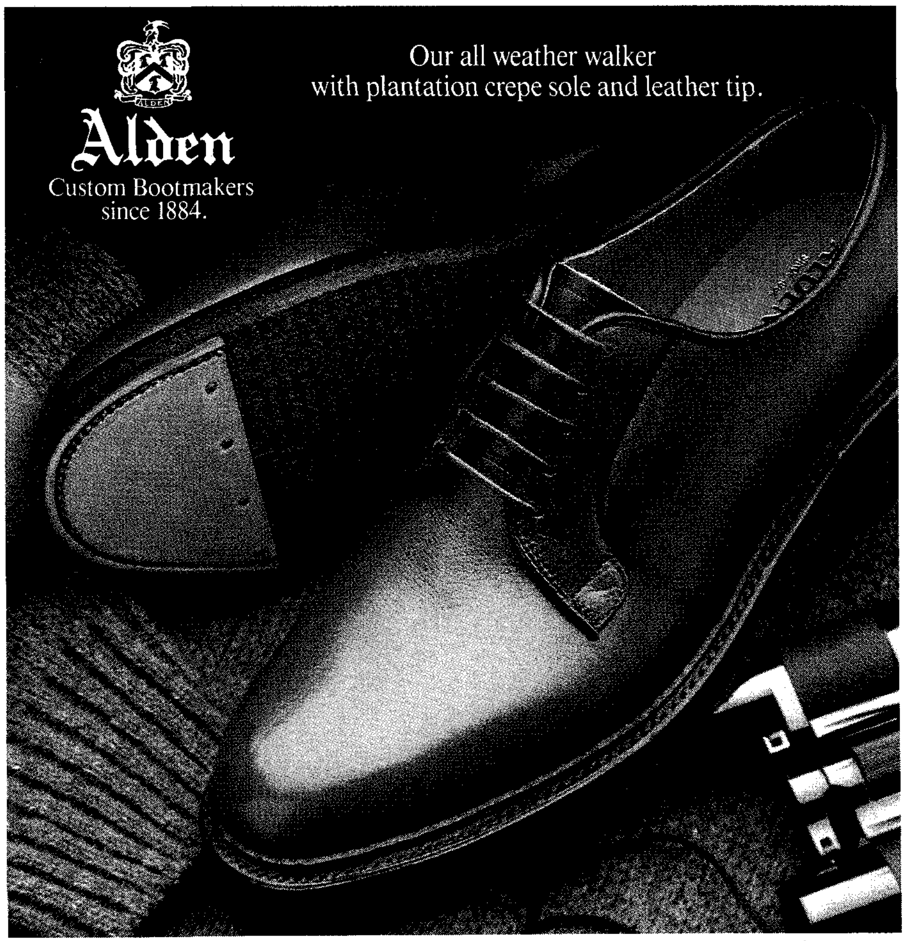

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in Dorset, England. He fires his kiln only five or six times a year, because he works according to the rhythm of nature, from which his pattern and rhythm of work emerge. (Potters often talk like this.) He makes simple bowls, jugs, and dishes, and, of course, teapots; the influence is Cambodian and Korean—particularly the color, a greenish putty. A fifteen-inch bowl is $120; four lidded cannisters are $48, $80, $140, and $220; teapots are $58, $68, and $100. He prices each piece individually, on the basis of what he thinks of the result. William A. Phipps is a Londoner who swims in the Thames every Saturday all year round and makes absolutely stunning flatware of Britannia silver (which has a higher silver content than sterling). It is the plainest, heaviest silver imaginable, relieved only by the curved handles of the spoons and forks and the pleasing curve of their bowls and tines. In spite of the heft, the balance is exactly right, and the cutlery feels good in the hand. A serving spoon and fork are $500 each, but he will make any piece of flatware. To order only, from Spink's, in London, or from Simon Pearce. Don't hold your breath. Less stratospheric in price are Simon Pearce's candle globes, for outdoors as well as indoors—a design he worked on for a restaurant he opened at his mill in Quechee. It consists of a votive candle in a small, round glass, set in an oversized brandy snifter; $50. His new, urn-shaped vases are $69; turned into lamps, they are $110, not including the shade. Wooden plate racks to hang over the kitchen sink have been around for years, but there is a family-size, two-decker model here with thirty-one slots on each level; $87.50. This is about as pleasant a store to shop in as there is.

For the authentic English Country Kitchen Look, stop in at Kelter-Malcé, 361 Bleecker Street, which recently acquired a collection of yellowware. There is everything from a foot warmer ($65) to an 1870 flower-decked, curve-necked flask ($450), with the majority of the pieces of a more useful nature: mugs (from $65 to $90); pitchers (from $35 to $125); molds, including an eel mold and a bunch of grapes (from $75 to $125); storage jars (from $35 to $300); bowls (from $85 to $550 for a nest of seven).

DOCUMENT boxes, obviously meant for things other than old income-tax returns, are all over the place this year, possibly a result of the anti-clutter movement in some quarters. Conran's has shiny red ones made of heavy cardboard, with metal studs; from $2.45, for a small one, to $16.10, for one that is file-drawer size. Jenny B. Goode, 1194 Lexington Avenue (81st) and 11 East 10th Street, has fancier ones in a rose or paisley pattern; from $20 to $40. (This shop also has a set of six black-and-white rebus dessert plates, *en français*, with the answers on the back; $85.) Barneys' Chelsea Passage has a collection of Andrée Putman's lacquered cardboard boxes in black, maroon, or gray, in four sizes; from $22 to $60. Some others come in two patterns—dark green with feathers, or a grapevine pattern—and three sizes; from $50 to $80. For storage of a different kind, consider the glass jars here, four, six, and eight inches high. They have silver-plate tops, with knobs, and there isn't an adult who couldn't find a use for one, two, or three. They fly out of the store for $25, $30, and $35. Mottahedeh has reproduced some Swansea pottery—blue-and-white seashells and sea grasses, edged in dull gold—that is both lovely and reasonably priced; a round dinner plate is $18.50, the quatrefoil $37.50. A Haviland demitasse cup and saucer, copied from a service made for Rutherford B. Hayes in 1879, are artfully engineered as well as beautiful. A raised strip of sea-foam-green bamboo twists around the white cup to form a handle, and the saucer has a twist of bamboo to hold the cup in place; here and there are faint gold daubs. Unfortunately, they come in a presentation case (these always look like the inside of a coffin), and, at $150, they do not fly out of the store. Fine white linen placemats and napkins with a border of dull gold or gunmetal silver have a subdued-festive air; $16 for the placemat, $22 for the napkin. Fringed, non-boudoir wool throws—dark green with a purple border, red with navy, or navy with camel—cost $225.

Frank McIntosh, another shop for those who are more comfortable off the cutting edge, has expanded across the aisle at Bendel, and there is slightly more elbowroom—although not enough, because it has taken on more merchandise, including (we were happy to note) some of Richard Bennett's fine pottery. Bennett's work has been mentioned in this column twice in the past, but has not been available in New York in recent years. He uses stoneware clay for strength, a porcelain slip for delicacy, and classic

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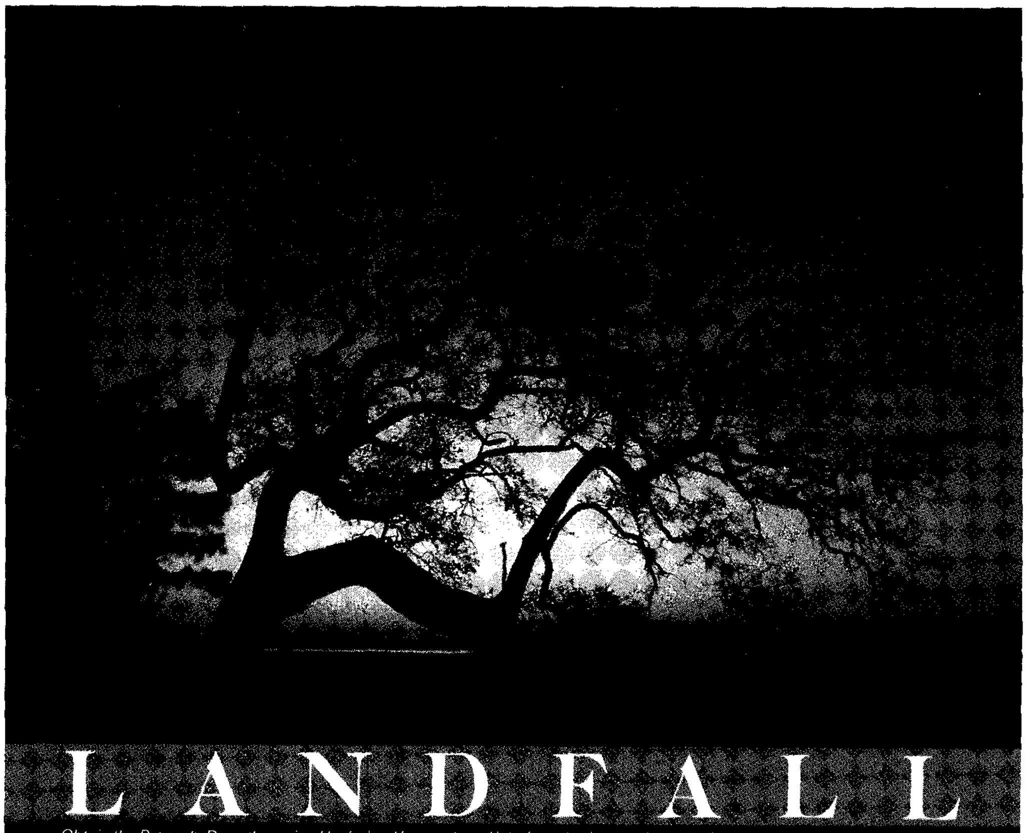

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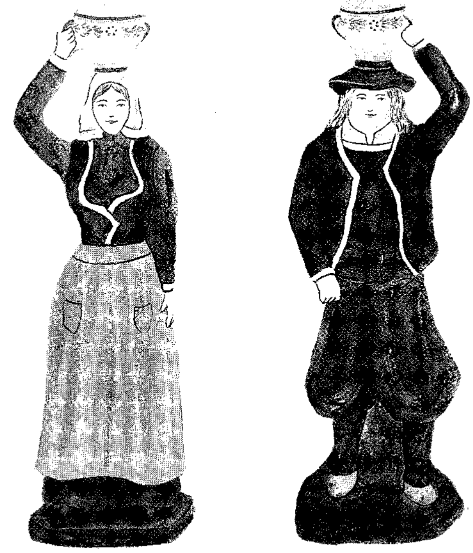

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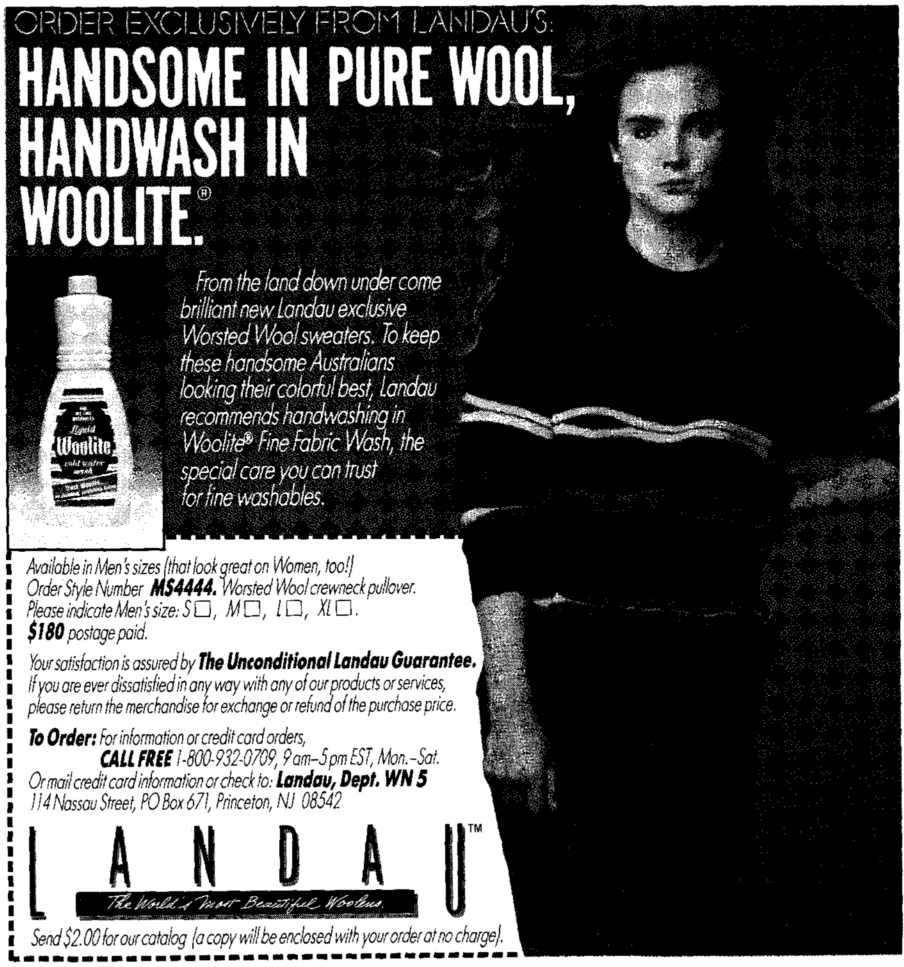

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shapes for timelessness; and his pottery is to be used. The glazes are purple (closer to mauve), turquoise (closer to celadon), and amber (a lacquerlike tortoiseshell brown). In many of his pieces, a misty mountain landscape appears beneath the glaze; this is a hallmark of Bennett's, who learned his craft in Japan, where he still maintains a workshop. In this country, his base of operations is the Great Barrington Pottery, in Housatonic, Massachusetts. He has two new shapes, square and octagonal, and the plates and platters come in five sizes—from five inches to seventeen inches—and cost from $25 to $550. A place setting, consisting of two plates, a bowl, and a mug, is $200. Also new are large versions of two vases that Bennett designed some time ago and that he says are his "visions of Oriental shapes." One he calls Curved Slab (convex), the other Angular Slab (concave). They have small, squared tops like the ones on whiskey decanters, come ten or thirteen inches high, and anyone who raises flowers would lose his mind over them. Frank McIntosh carries the thirteen-inch convex model only; $375. Swedish glass is another departure for this shop. A hand-blown Old-Fashioned glass without a weighted bottom, resembling a small tumbler, is $22. Bedside-table carafes shaped like a cone with the top cut off are $35. Non-Swedish-glass plates are $8.50 and $10 each; a bowl is $4. A couple of wacky, wildly colored teapots—one a triangle, the other a square—are $75 and $100, respectively. Some striking, if not exactly heavy-duty, papier-mâché scroll trays in mustard or pale green come from the Philippines. The decoration varies: two off-center bands of color, such as purple and turquoise; or a parrot; or the outline of a mountain. The scrolls on each end serve as handles; $35 and $40. Those handy Oriental trays with the bamboo gallery have been lacquered in red, black, dark green, purple, eggplant, or white, and sell for $24 apiece. (Unlacquered, they sell for $3.95 apiece at the Third Avenue Bazaar or any of its cousins.)

SOINTU, where everything used to be black or white or silver, has gone out on a limb this year with some celadon porcelain, based on a Chinese formula and Chinese forms. (A chemist at the Victoria and Albert broke down the glaze of a Ming fragment in order to find out what the ingredients were.) There are very subtle brushlike indentations in the glaze and no handles on the cups; a dinner plate is $40. A large serving spoon and fork of polished stainless steel have handles like the backs of Frank Lloyd Wright chairs, with Mackintosh and Hoffmann overtones, and are terrific-looking; $75 a pair. A glass pitcher, by an Englishman named Stephen Newell, if it were of leather might have been on Robin Hood's table. It has a soft, improvised look; $100. Andirons resembling low totem poles and made of the narrow-gauge iron railroad track used in silver mines are $195 a pair. A steel wine rack with a black or white baked-enamel finish, for showing off the Haut-Brion, consists of a long, hollow rectangle with holes in two opposite sides. The necks of the bottles fit in the holes either straight or at an angle (for red wine). It holds twelve bottles and costs $30. A shipment of small, witty black aluminum clocks designed by Sointu has recently arrived from England. The faces are roughly three inches in diameter, and they all have quartz movements. The Pendulum clock is ten and a half inches high and numberless, with little black squares marking the quarter hours; $90. The Clock Tower is three by six inches, with, once more, those little squares at the quarter hours; $115. But the Alarm clock, modelled on the dear old Westclox, rests on two hollow-scroll bases and has twelve black Arabic numerals; $50. There isn't room to swing a cat in Sointu, but every inch is made to count.

On the West Side, Contre-Jour, at 190 Columbus Avenue (68th), another small, stylish, gallerylike shop, displays a handpicked and usually handwrought collection of modern designs. It has its share of broken-marble, oxidized-copper, and concrete candleholders, and numberless clocks, but the merchandise is not as outré as the name of the store implies (although there *is* a two-and-a-half-foot frame of rusty steel with a single candleholder attached to one side, yours for $190). In silver plate, there's a tray with handles ($105); a pitcher in a thirties design with six bands circling the top ($125); and copies of an Orient Express service, which range from $7.50 for a demitasse spoon to $150 for a six-cup coffeepot. Copies of Josef Hoffmann crystal stemware, slender and elegant, are from $120 to $160 a pair.

Giles & Lewis, 464 Columbus Avenue (82nd), has designer furniture and accessories, both trendy and classic. It carries some of the Swid Powell tableware, including the new Cityline—less expensive than the regular line of Swid Powell porcelain. Of the eight designs, Gwathmey/Siegel's Gotham, a spinoff of Gwathmey/Siegel's popular Tuxedo, is the snappiest; $25 for a dinner plate, $65 for a four-piece place setting. The Mickey peppermill (you twist the ears), in silver plate, is $125. (Bloomingdale's, among many other places, carries a lot of the Swid Powell collection.) A two-foot copper fish poacher lined with stainless steel, designed by Richard Sapper and Roger Vergé, costs $775, but at least it doesn't have to be retinned. Copies of the old Georg Jensen Pyramid tableware, in silver plate, are $238 for a five-piece place setting; a New Wave aluminum placemat, with one corner folded over, has a baked-on green enamel finish and punctured designs (EAT, for example), and is $32. Here one can find a small, round glass table with a wrought-iron triangle base ($275), an aluminum side chair weighing eleven pounds ($175) that also comes in a hundred and seventy colors ($20 extra, and a minimum order of twelve), licensed reproductions of Saarinen furniture (a round marquetry dining table is $13,500), or a folding triangle table with a marble top broken into three pieces ($700). Take your pick.

AND now for some practical presents: The Pottery Barn has a well-designed, sturdy beechwood stepladder, three feet high, but that's not all: the fourth step is a platform, with an extension topped by a tray—a boon for the acrophobic. It comes from Italy, and is good-looking enough to leave out, although it does fold up; $225. MOMA has a couple of designer frying pans (Richard Sapper again, this time with the brothers Troisgros), made in Italy by Alessi after seven years over the stove. They are steel, with black iron handles and slanted sides, and they look like drawings of frying pans. They are also shallow, which is good for omelettes, and they have a nice balance and feel to them, as well they might; $60 for one seven inches in diameter, $75 for the ten-inch. Missoni's Futurist beach towel is a knockout; $135. D. F. Sanders, 386 West Broadway (Spring) and 952 Madison Avenue (75th), has a cork-shaver, in various colors, to use on corks that refuse to go back into bottles; $1.50.

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ments by David Tisdale can be found at MOMA. Made of tinted anodized aluminum (what else?), there are four models—a ringed circle, a star, a sphere, and a triangle pendant—and they cost from $9.50 to $18. Sointu has silver-plate tree ornaments based on BMW, Ferrari, Porsche, and Mercedes hubcaps; $12 each. The Morgan Library fills a small shopping bag with a baker's dozen packets of gift-wrapping paper, all in solid colors except for the baker's; $3.50. And, as usual, it will have John Julius Norwich's annual "Christmas Cracker," twenty-four pages of esoteric miscellanea that strike Lord Norwich's fancy; $4.50. The Pottery Barn has a eucalyptus wreath, twenty inches across, for $28, and oversized socks from Maine in three different designs (Tree, Hearts, and Camel), for $29.50 each. The housewife's delight, a white plastic Christmas-tree-cleanup bag, can now be found here. Before trimming the tree, put the bag around the base; when it's time to take the tree down, pull up the bag; $2.50. Williams-Sonoma, which now owns the Pottery Barn, will be opening a store at 20 East 60th Street on November 23rd—tidings of comfort and joy for many. The New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park West (77th), sells a wonderful cotton Santa Claus bag, with old-fashioned Christmas scenes printed on it, for $14.95, and an unadorned red-and-black checked sock for $5. Twigs, 399 Bleecker Street (11th), has been turning out custom-made garlands and swags for both corporate and private clients over a period of five years. Paul Bott, the owner, takes Christmas seriously; he approaches it with pleasure, he says. His aim is to combine all the sights and smells of Christmas except poinsettias. He uses fruits and berries, fresh flowers (in little vials of water), dried flowers, ribbon, and gold eyeshadow as well as greens. He also does opulent Baroque topiaries and trees. He needs at least a week's notice, and he charges by the foot. Telephone: (212) 620-8188, or deck the halls yourself. At Christmastime, there is a lot to be said for the Loving-Hands-at-Home Look.

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"They're all as original as I can make them," he said of the songs. "I try not to recycle anything, but lines like 'He's our cat, we love him and that's a fact' do appear more often than they probably should. 'Cat' and 'fact' rhyme. Nothing I can do about that."—*Chicago Tribune.*

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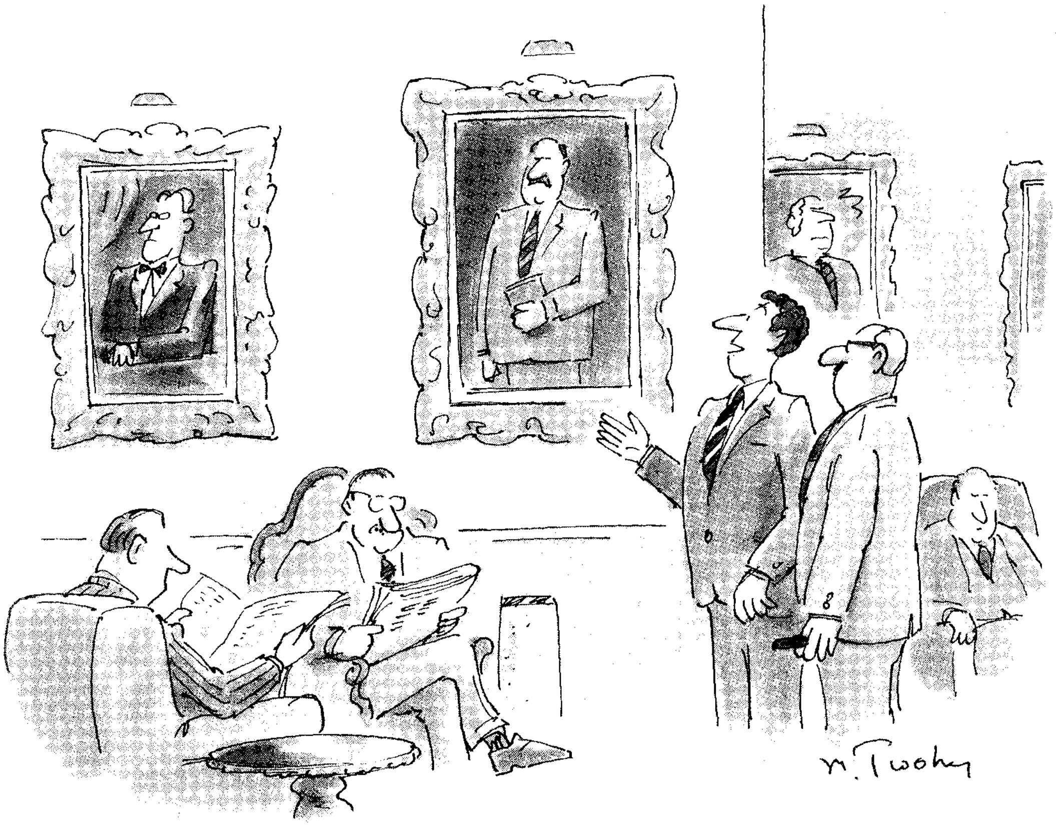
I HAVE one grandchild. The population explosion in my case has come down to one firecracker kid. But on a recent visit my only child's only child put her arm around my neck and asked me if I knew how many grandparents she had. I, of course, said she had four. Her proud correction was that she had fifteen.

Fifteen?

Her mother and father are not married to each other now but are to other people, so that the basic parent count at the moment is four, which, since each of the four has two living parents, means an active grandparent population of eight. Active? Of those eight grandparents, two couples have divorced and each has remarried, adding four grandparents, making twelve—eight steppies and the primary quartet. Everybody's doin' it, so to speak. Then we have the child's then one surviving great-grandparent—a great-grandfather (my ex-father-in-law)—and his second wife: the thirteenth and the fourteenth. My grandchild's stepmother's mother has a sister she regards "as a twin," and my granddaughter seriously includes that step-great-aunt and will not put her in a lesser category. Fifteen.

Naturally, such a group is necessarily in flux: the child's great-grandfather died not long after she told me her grandparent count; but I have since heard that two in the child's line may be getting a divorce and marrying again, adding four and losing none, since the child surrenders no one and so far no one has surrendered her.

My granddaughter's family awes me—*Look at all the people*. Her family is a family in a wholly other dimension from anything I know. If I set up in my mind a genealogical chart on which a single horizontal line holds all fifteen grandparents, with the relatives by blood printed in red and the ones by marital increment in purple—well, how can I squeeze in all the *connections*, all the operative lines (lines?—wheels, spheres, starbursts) of family, the flung and whirling chains of family? It would require dozens of sheets of paper and elaborate cross-references and specially allocated colors for such details as particularly close exes and closely attached and affectionate steps, and it would need new kinds of signification for cousins by marriage when two or more marriages are concerned: A present wife's ex-husband's first cousin is what to you? And to your granddaughter? Such connections may mean more than silent blood does. And the charts should indicate this as well as what *type* of families are involved, Thanksgiving and High Holy Day Get-together clans or Close-knit or Summer-property-sharing tribes or We-see-each-other-only-at-weddings-and-funerals units. The child's sprawling and far-flung and farfetched family tree has in its branches such treasures as my present wife's first husband's mother's famous rabbinical father, a quite mystical rabbi. I have a lot of mystical rabbis through my real mother. (I am adopted.) Well, then, I can imagine my granddaughter, Elena—named after my present wife, Ellen (one of the steppies)—saying to her step-cousin, if that is the term for my step-grandson (whose name is James Harper Willis), "My great-grandfather on my maternal grandfather's side was more mystical than your great-great-grandfather on your maternal grandfather's side." I don't think it will be in those words. Who knows in what sort of slang that social caste will be talking in five years? What social caste? My step-grandson is through his father—my stepson-in-law—a descendant (father's father's mother's father) of Zachary Taylor, the twelfth President, one of whose daughters married Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederacy. And my granddaughter, through her stepmother's stepfather's father's second wife (I'd better check this: she might be the only wife, but I think she's a step; at any rate she wasn't on Elena's list of fifteen), may be descended from John Tyler, the tenth President, who became President on the death of William Henry Harrison, Old Tippecanoe (Zachary Taylor was Old Rough and Ready), and who was married twice, to a Letitia Christian and a Julia Gardiner. (This step-great-grandmother's maiden name was Tyler, and the young people in the family who mentioned the tie had heard that the Tyler



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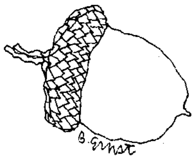
connection was to someone famous. She herself says that she is an eleventh-generation descendant of Oliver Cromwell, through, the legend is, at least one illegitimate connection, which is what one expects in a Puritan line.) I suppose many modern families have such ties to various American Presidents and Vice-Presidents, but how many children have such ties to two Presidents maybe, one of whom was also a Vice-President and was disowned by both political parties? Since there is no money and no blood inheritance in common between the two children, maybe it shouldn't be called *family*—maybe it is a *joke*—but what if the children become close, and what if the joke becomes central to this new clan, or whatever it is if it is not a family: their ties to the history of the country through the Presidency and Vice-Presidency and Presidency again of the United States?



But with such numbers of relations, such ties are inevitable; nearly everyone in the U.S. perhaps has such ties now if they look. Perhaps our money society is dying in certain ways, breaking down here and there, scatteredly, in just these ways: breaking down in matters of caste.

What *is* the social caste of a step-grandmama who was a night-club singer and of one who was a schoolteacher and of one who was an ex-softball semi-pro as well as an ex-rich woman and a novelist? Or of a grandmama of the blood who did public relations for Cartier—she hated having among her duties to wear, on occasion, a very great deal of good jewelry to lunch, in the line of getting publicity for the store—and who in the course of a contemporary grandmama's career acted on Broadway in a modern version of "Hamlet" set in Southern California and written by Elmer Rice (it was called "Cue for Passion": a smart-aleck remark was "It's about pool in L.A.")? She furthermore was the editor of a magazine called *New Ingénue*—surely one of the worst imaginable names for a magazine—and she was a vice-president of a cosmetics house; and in the early nineteen-fifties, when she was pregnant with the mother of the child under discussion, she did commercials for a baking company in Tucson, Arizona, and was photographed sitting behind a table, holding a bag of cookies. She was known then as Miss Purity Biscuit. *What is her social caste?*

One problem here is that society—as a whole, and *society* society, or whatever the term should be—and what money means and what sums are involved and what is thought of as social position change so much and so often and so thoroughly in this nation of change that giving family names and jobs and listing marriages and describing summer houses and ascribing colleges won't tell my granddaughter or anyone in my granddaughter's generation much about what the families' social castes *were*.

After all, what social climbers and society bystanders and readers and social leaders now alive remember the social rank of the old New York *Tribune*? And its circulation? Its editorial clout? Or the plays and status of Elmer Rice? The *Tribune* (later the *Herald Tribune*) was my granddaughter Elena's great-great-grandfather Brown's paper: he was its managing editor and a force in the old Republican Party in the days when the most spiritually presentable, articulate Republican figure was the soul of the Industrial Age, post-Civil War Wasp Ascendancy. The Union League Club was originally a bunch of anti-slavery radicals; he was one of them. That was Gaffer Brown's club, and he was also in the Century Club when it was raffish; but as the Gaffer's son, Larry Brown, said to me, "Unless you're trying to get into a country club, who *cares*?"

On the Democratic Party side, the onetime father-in-law of a brother-in-law of one of my first cousins was Henry Morgenthau, who was in Roosevelt's Cabinet during the Second World War, when I was old enough to notice. How many other people remember Henry Morgenthau? Is a connection to Henry Morgenthau a social haymaker or is it a dud now?

I suppose it depends on whom you are talking to. I have another cousin, an investment-fund manager, whose fund management was the best in the country for a year not too long ago. He told me that, or maybe he said second-best, I don't remember. His name, for a year, had a strenuous effect on people on Wall Street: *You're related to him!* What is he recommending? Nursing homes? Toy stores? He once told me his first wife was a Hemingway, a granddaughter or a grandniece: I forget which. Sometimes he says Ernest Hemingway was the best man at his first wedding.

Sometimes he says it's not something he wants to talk about. His sister is married to a man who owns a newspaper and whose mother gave money for a poetry prize; so they remain a good connection. These cousins are first cousins to me by adoption but by blood are third cousins (but they're not sure that's true). Are my granddaughter and I then related to Hemingway? Is this a valid concern?

Nor do my granddaughter's female ancestors' professions, college backgrounds, marriages, and charities describe the quality of the women, which is, or was, obvious enough in life. You can't mark on a chart *beautiful*, or *grotesque*, *bad-tempered*, or *wonderful to know*, *brilliant talker*, or *famously snobbish*, or *awfully nice all in all*. And some of the connections that affect me won't affect her but are odder than you might think; for instance, the resemblance between my first mother and my first wife and my first nursemaid. One line of that nursemaid's family and one line of my first wife's mother's family came from what is described in the family's talk as *a small village near Stuttgart*. It might be the same village. Most of my real mother's relatives died in the war or in the camps. My ex-mother-in-law said she didn't want to know about her German ancestry, the collateral lines; she was snobbish toward her background. She wanted to be a Wasp (by Wasp I mean specifically Anglo-Saxon); she was anti-Semitic, but she was anti-Nazi, including Nazis related to her.

Her sister, my first wife's aunt—Elena's great-great-aunt—was a former (nineteen-thirties) member of the Communist Party and married, first, the quite good Japanese-American painter Yasuo Kuniyoshi, one of whose self-portraits, this one in golf knickers, is reproduced in blurred yellow and black as half of a diptych by David Salle shown recently at the Whitney. This great-great-aunt said that Kuniyoshi was a descendant of a line of Japanese painters and that Kuniyoshi's pictures then, thirty-five years ago, were more valuable in Japan than here. One book says Kuniyoshi was the son of a dried-chestnut and cereals dealer who was later reduced to pulling a cart. He was highly regarded in the nineteen-twenties and thirties. That great-great-aunt also said he was insufferably conceited and lonely. That aunt married a man named Shubert, an ex-labor lawyer, who became one of the founding figures of the Sheraton Hotel

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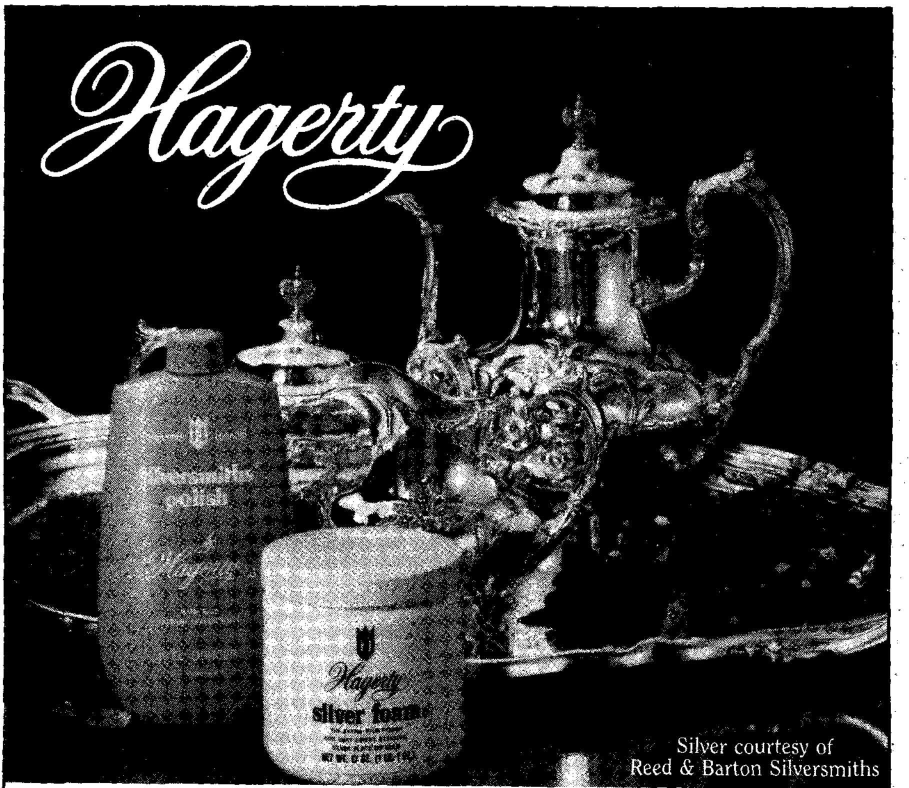

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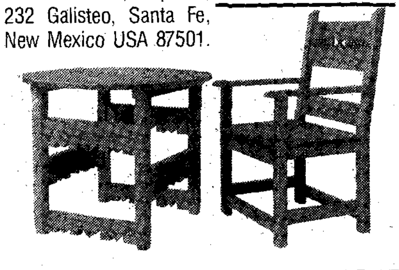

chain. I don't know how Elena will feel but I can't see a Sheraton Hotel sign without remembering Irvine. He had a cousin who was a critic for the *Times*, a man named Taubman, and that cousin's son is now a reporter on the *Times*. Elena's great-great-aunt was a painter, not one whose work I like, but she had a very interesting collection of paintings by her contemporaries (Marsh, Demuth, Stuart Davis, Pascin, Peggy Bacon, Julian Levi), some of which are now in the Whitney. I remember another self-portrait of Kuniyoshi in a golf outfit, but maybe it was a seated woman and a bowl of stuff on a table. We used to change my daughter's diapers on a couch under it.

So far as I know, that woman, Katherine Schmidt, is the only woman who was a painter in any of the family lines. She said she had much less of a chance to be recognized as an important painter because she was a woman. When I knew her she painted only pictures of crumpled paper bags. She also had a collection of the bloodier Audubons (ones with snakes menacing nests, ones with slain rabbits borne aloft by hawks or eagles); she explained that those were cheaper and "just as good as the sweet birdie ones."

THE number of houses that have been in the family, and the number of apartments—that, too, is a difficult topic. The house I was born in still stands, in Staunton, Illinois (a small town: pop. four thousand and some)—a wooden house with wooden awnings over two second-floor windows. The house doesn't really have a second floor: the windows and their wooden awnings are small-town *jeu d'esprit*, or fake. That house is abandoned, or was the last time I saw it, three years ago, when I was doing a piece for the *Times* on the current state of small towns in Massachusetts and the farm belt. The piece was never finished. The house and the land were being used to store old Pabst beer trucks and discarded bar signs—the large kind that used to hang outside over the front doors of bars in the countryside: signs eight or nine inches thick, with red, white, and blue translucent glass with a lot of light bulbs inside. Lit, they were visible at great distances in the flat landscape in the dark, a vivid element in night scenes in Illinois and Missouri in my youth. It was those signs that were stacked in what had been the living room. My daughter was born in the town of La Plata, Maryland, not far from Washington, where her maternal grandparents kept a country place, three hundred acres, and grew tobacco, and were weekend and summer gentry. Her first home was a 1717 house with large rooms, one of them dating from 1670, *maybe;* it was a funny-looking house, wooden and crooked on its knoll. My granddaughter was born in New Jersey; her mother was living in Frenchtown, which is on the Delaware River. My granddaughter's father was born in London; his parents lived in a semi-detached house there. Her stepfather was born someplace in Wisconsin—maybe Oshkosh; I don't know in what sort of house he first lived as an infant. The child's great-great-grandmother and grandfather lived in the block of houses next to St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, the block with a common garden hidden from the street; and then, when that neighborhood began to go bad, in a house on Hicks Street, in Brooklyn Heights—those buildings still stand, and I occasionally see them. Her great-grandfather, Larry Brown, dreamed of going to Annapolis—hence the place he later bought in Maryland: he was a gentleman farmer with a place not far from Annapolis, and he did some sailing on the Chesapeake. Larry said his bedroom on Hicks Street had a view of New York Harbor, and he looked at the ships every morning and every evening, when he woke and when he went to bed. In those days the boat and ship and ferry traffic in New York Harbor was immense, liners and tugs and coastal shipping and river vessels from the Hudson Valley. He said that in fog and drought the boats moved like blind men. He said that his family had insisted he go to Harvard, and he had, and then he'd led mostly a landlocked life, except he did buy a sixty-foot Nova Scotian fishing schooner when he was fifty, which he painted black and named the Falcon and sailed, as I said, on the Chesapeake, although not very far or very much or without mishap. But it looked very impressive, full-rigged, among all the powerboats and the sailing dinghies.

I lived as a child in a house in Alton, Illinois, which had a view of the Mississippi at a point where the river used to be sort of a mile wide (except in flood, when it covered the whole world), and I watched the boat and barge traffic when I was little. I wanted to be a river pilot before reading Mark Twain on the subject. I'm afraid that on first seeing the Bosporus I said, "It looks like the Mississippi." Some houses have been built blocking that childhood view, and that old house's lawn has been remodelled, straightened, like a nose. I suppose it's not like having a family that comes from one place. The child will probably not want to see all or most or perhaps any of the family's houses.

AND family stories, biographies, photographs—the child might drown if she ever starts being interested in them. The terms will seem so strange to her: There is the great-great-aunt in my line who married a man because he tangoed well and "he had wavy hair that never got mussed, so I thought he wasn't vain, but it was just that his hair stayed combed." There is the great-grandfather who killed a Ku Klux Klansman, "shot his face off," when the guy came with a mob—a small mob; it was a small town—to hang a black man the great-grandfather had taken under his protection: he and the black man were ex-boxers, ring mates. Does this count as a murder in the family? There is the story of her mother's great-grandmother's brother who sold a recipe for making yeast to a man named Fleischmann. And the one who sold land on Thirty-fourth Street to a pig farmer, who unloaded it later to a fool who knew nothing about farming, named R. H. Macy. The cousin who is a fund manager tells how among the fortunes he didn't make is one when he sold his Xerox stock in 1959. (His voice changes pitch noticeably when he speaks of this.) And so on.

The child's present step-great-grandmother's first husband: among his businesses was the ownership of a swimming club in Philadelphia that had a pool several hundred yards by several hundred yards—a square lake with two islands in it. That woman was my granddaughter's real great-grandmother's—my ex-mother-in-law's—best friend: perhaps her only friend. I knew briefly one of my grandchild's great-great-grandmothers—that is to say, the mother of the mother of the mother of the mother of the child: I presume this is the line of descent that will interest the child most. So my ex-mother-in-law's mother is the farthest back in that line that I can go. Her name became my daughter's middle name, Emily. The primordial Emily grew up in Xenia, Ohio, and lived there until she came to New York with her husband to "have

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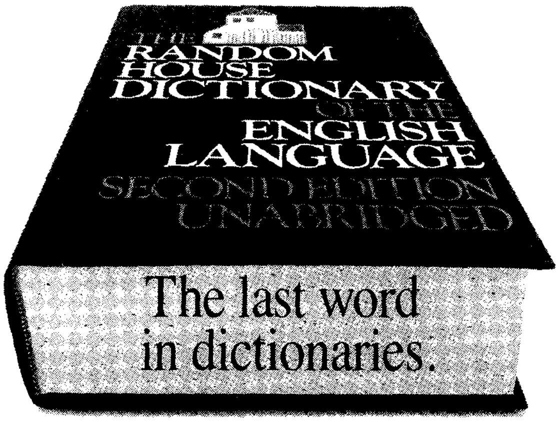

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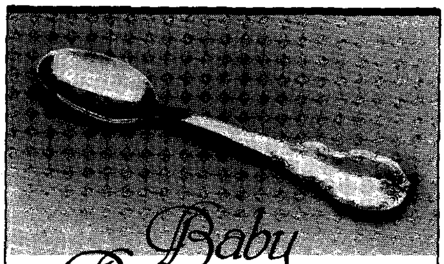
a good time": family legend. They must have been pretty sure of their looks and manners, their ability to joke, dance, entertain, and drink—their big-city merits. This was around the turn of the century. "They had been bored in Xenia and they wanted to meet Mrs. Astor." The family historians, over drinks, talked in this way which I am imitating. That great-great-grandfather was a partner in Consolidated Laundries until he was forced out, his son-in-law told me. A few years back, a building for the laundries still stood on the East Side, not far from the river. Their name was Schmidt—German for Smith. My granddaughter's mother's mother's mother, Anne, a very good-looking ex-Barnard girl turned modern dancer—comic dancer, a satirist—was described by *nearly everyone* as "difficult." ("Anne was difficult, you know," John O'Hara, the novelist, said to my first literary agent, who quoted him to me. "Edna St. Vincent Millay was the queen of the village, and Nancy Hale was the wild card—she danced on tables at parties and was much admired—but the best-looking of them all was Annie Schmidt. But she was difficult. . . .")

My ex-father-in-law, my granddaughter's great-grandfather, and his sister-in-law Katherine, Elena's great-great-aunt, were the chief family historians for me. He believed style—real style, social American style—consisted of scaring you by how honest he could be; he said that that was "ruling class" style (Katherine when she did it said that it was a woman's clear-eyed realism plus her Socialist Realism). He said to me, "Annie's not difficult. She's on the cold side, and she's dumb." He stayed married to her; he said he found her too attractive to leave; she was a lousy cook and when company came he did the cooking. Annie's mother, the primary Emily, said to me that her daughter was "cold" and "not very smart." She seemed amused. (She said her other daughter, Katherine, was a "red spider.") She and the others warned me because they didn't want me to be upset by her or her talking to herself or to her dogs and birds or by her anti-Semitism and her politics. When drunk, after a few beers—she drank beer—she would say, "Robert A. Taft is a great man, and a country that doesn't appreciate him is on the road to hell." She always partly meant to be funny. Taft was the leading conservative figure back then, before Barry Goldwater, and he was from Ohio, as she was.

ANNIE'S husband, Larry, was the only man *I* knew who talked about family and was truly interested in it, except for one rather heavy boy I'd met at Harvard, who had a dead great-uncle who had founded the American Field Service and had known Isabella Gardner and Henry James. (He had also known a man named Sleeper, who fell in love, my friend said, with Tom Mix and gave *him rubies*. The same boy's grandmother told me that T. S. Eliot, when he was twelve years old, spied on her and her husband-to-be "when we were sparking. . . . In that family, we always thought his sister Ada was the one with the talent.") These were people who had summer houses in places where the police kept the public from the beaches. Larry was fearless and amiably, drunkenly mean about family. My pudgy college friend boasted in a kind of high-flown way: "Mrs. Jack Gardner, do you know what that means, *she was the most interesting woman of her time!*" "Yeah? Prove it." I saw Annie a few times thirty years ago with her best friend, who was to be her successor, a younger woman, a *nice* woman, blond—Annie said of her, "She hasn't done anything interesting so she hangs around me. . . . She's a social inferior but she is as sweet as the day is long." With a straight face she called her a social inferior.

Annie embarrassed everybody all the time. She was a terrific athlete and remained good-looking up to her death, in her early seventies. She used to say all the women in her family died in their early seventies. My ex-wife said of her mother, "Well, she died on schedule: seventy-two." Larry said all of Annie's family was good-looking, "but after seventy no one's good-looking, so those women die." She looked good going off the diving board in her fifties, I *will* say. People were afraid to get into a conversation with her because she was so loony and made them feel so loony. She asked me on our way to the swimming club if she could introduce me without using my last name. "A lot of people are unhappy about Jews," she said, "and I want to be polite." "Are you going to make up a name for me?" No, she was just going to say, "And this is Harold," which she did, and I would murmur, "Harold Brodkey: a Jewish name." And she would say in front of these



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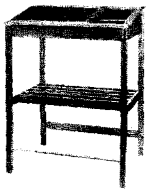

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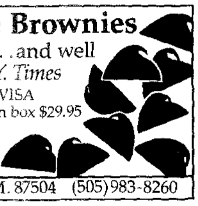

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other people, "You don't have to do that!" I would say, "Yes, I do." No one seemed all that upset by the byplay, but I don't really know.

I said to my first wife, Annie's daughter, that I didn't think Annie and I had ever exchanged a single glance of human warmth or joint affection or even a look of mutual amusement. My first wife said, "She's like that; I never exchanged a glance like that with her, either." Larry said, "I warned you she was a cold woman." She was a great shock to me—an ex-comic (and romantic) performer with no humor and no sentiment. She and her sister, Katherine, the one who had been married to Kuniyoshi, used to fight over who had ruined whose clothes that the other borrowed when they were both adolescents, about the time of the First World War. They did this every Christmas when they got drunk. Larry and my then wife said that was a form of sarcastic family warmth. Everyone always said that Annie really had feelings even if you never saw them. Katherine said, "I never saw her show a minute's warmth, ever." Larry said, "But it's nice when she's happy." When she was amused or pleased, she did send off rays of light. But if she looked you in the eyes her eyes were still blank. Larry said of her, "I don't think anyone ever *liked* Annie."

But a number of people loved her. He said he did. Diana Trilling, in a conversation about beautiful women, said as the last word on the subject that the most genuinely beautiful woman she ever saw was someone she saw at summer camp when she was practically a child, a young woman who came to visit the counsellors, a woman who became a comic dancer and then married *very socially*—some such phrasing as that—and I said, "I think that was my ex-mother-in-law. What was her name?" It was Annie, of course. Her daughter said that Annie's snobby mother-in-law—this would be one of Elena's grandmother's grandmothers, Gran-gran Brown—had said to Annie at dinner in front of the family (but family dinners in the summer house in Maine were twenty-five or thirty people) that if she couldn't talk sense she shouldn't try to talk to sensible people, and that Annie had cried then; but that, otherwise, her mother was impervious to any sorrow other than irritation and never cried in her daughter's lifetime, not once, only that time in Maine.

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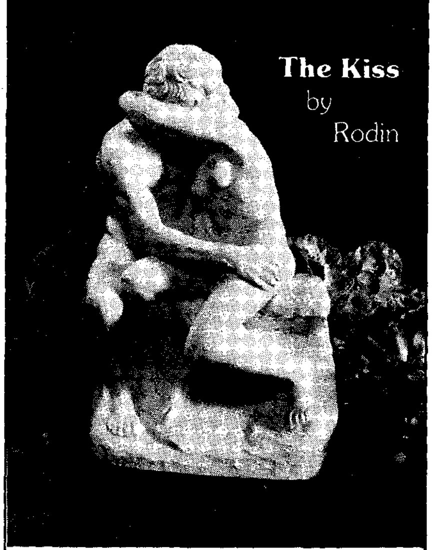

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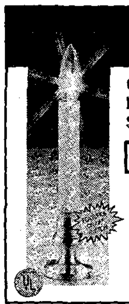

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nobody who is a quite marvellous *somebody, has her own family line;* and there is the one she married into the first time she married, all those ancestors and children. Those lines, added on to Annie's various lines, through Xenia and back to Stuttgart and on from there in the collateral lines, are not publicized as family lines but *are* family lines and must include several thousand people, all of them in my granddaughter's family trees, or family forest. Annie's successor's children from her first marriage have married and have children: those families, acquired by marriage, if they are added in, don't the lines of connection become continentally immense?

LARRY told me that the woman who made Annie cry, his mother, was a greater snob than Annie, "in the days when being a snob in the U.S. meant something: we were on our way to having a class of gentlemen." I imagine her a dowager. Larry said she was better born and was much, much richer than Annie, and "a determined woman," one who got away with looking down at the Rockefellers as nouveau-riche Baptists until the nineteen-twenties, when she had to give in: "The Rockefellers mattered to more people than she did—she cut her losses." She had five surviving children and two who died (the first, a boy, at age two; the seventh, a girl, at age seventeen): "Three of us married well, I married for fun. The fifth married a renegade Amishman." The Amishman, if, indeed, that is what he was, was shy and somewhat shamefaced and likable. Larry's brother married a woman I liked whose father ran a steel company: Allegheny Ludlum. I wasn't paying attention when Larry talked about the others. I liked the name Allegheny Ludlum and the phrase "steel company."

Larry said that because of his upbringing under his rigid, ambitious, social mother he had never been able to be truly happy a day in his life, and his daughter—my first wife—said she had never enjoyed a moment with Gran-gran, her grandmother on Larry's side. She'd loved her maternal grandmother, Annie and Katherine's mother.

According to Larry-late-at-night—the two of us—the dowager had complained that her granddaughter's affections had been stolen by someone negligible and sentimental and middle-class. "We're not a good-looking family, and I married Annie to bring looks into the family! So, of course, we had the *only* attractive grandchild, and they fought over her." This is close to what he actually did say, I think. But it was a prejudiced account. About his mother, what Larry said was "My mother was mean. . . . We had mean childhoods. I drink. I drink a lot; it's not a problem, but it is an expense. . . . I drink to forget that bitch." Ruling-class talk, maybe sincere, maybe half sincere, maybe mostly style.

Larry *said* he was a member of the ruling class, "and we call a spade a spade." His siblings were scared of him. Larry said, "I can never write fiction—I'm not a liar." He considered his family line to have some American distinction "of a stupid kind: only a fool would want to be guided by it; and only the fools and failures in the family so far have been guided by it—look, we never had a Secretary of State, or a really intelligent man, or one of the big fortunes, one of the great crooks. And we weren't ever good-looking. All we had was shrewdness. And luck in who we married." His mother was a Backus and (Larry said) a Noyes, a good Backus and in the second-best line of the Noyeses. (I knew a woman in the literary world who was a Noyes; she said her family was of the third-best line without my having said what my granddaughter's great-grandfather had said to me, so I presume this is a common way of talking about Noyeses.) Larry said, "The Noyeses aren't Mayflower—the Browns are Mayflower—but the Noyeses got here soon enough that it's no scandal. They know their place." He was drunk and maybe ironic and maybe not. Larry said those families were related to the Adamses, the Byrds, and the Crowninshields. He said, "None of that matters, if any of it is true: in the line I'm in, most of the family were poor ministers and teachers and small farmers—not *rustics* but educated—until the Civil War. Then we finally got a smart thief in the family. He believed in Lincoln's star, and he enlisted. He was a paymaster in an upstate New York regiment, and he came back with enough money to be a Republican and to start a newspaper. He wound up owning a piece of a feeder-line railroad that Commodore Vanderbilt had to have for the Central. He got a good price, and we entered the ruling class." This country has no *ruling* class, I said. The rulers are an accidental crew drawn from all over. He said, "Well, we started having advan-

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tages that we threw away over three generations."

About my family line with its claim of rabbis and scholars, he said, "Once language gets into a family it never gets out. Take my father and me. Take my grandfather who made the money—when the railroad got going, you notice he started a newspaper, in Rochester. Editorials are sermons. And my father and I went right back to being preachers in our way." His father, Larry said, had been the most famous editor of his time but is not remembered now. Incised in the stone of the outside walls of the Brooklyn Public Library are a number of deeply unimpressive poems of his. Larry wrote for *The National Review* and, before his politics changed, for *The Nation* and *The New Republic*, or so he said. I can't prove it. He said he started on the radical left and ended on the radical right. He wrote a fourteen-hundred-page-in-manuscript refutation of Oswald Spengler, denying that the decline of the West was inevitable. For a while he couldn't find a publisher, which he blamed on the decline of the West. Eventually he found a publisher and refuted Spengler in a shortened version. He wanted two things, he told me every time I saw him: to be Secretary of State and a great thinker like Carlyle or Spengler. "It's little enough to ask," he said.

Life had promised him other princedoms, ones he did not want. He was, in general, in the late hours, after drinking all day, more his mother's son than he liked, rigid, ambitious, cold, and bitter. He said he had little affection, in retrospect, for the crooked paymaster in the Civil War who had established the family: "He was a lousy writer. What I would like to be is descended from a heterosexual Walt Whitman who married Abe Lincoln's daughter: now, Abe Lincoln was a nobody, but he could write."

Lincoln represented to Larry the actuality of an American great man. Larry said that Lincoln was, so far, the greatest American: "You want to get ambitious people to enlist, you form an Abraham Lincoln Brigade. Abe Lincoln is entwined with my family's history. Lincoln's election was the beginning of the greatness of the *Tribune*—see how the lines come together. Lincoln's best ally in New York State was Roscoe Conkling, the upstate Republican boss—do you know what my father's name was? Roscoe Conkling Ensign Brown—*inside, outside, upside down*. We used to tease

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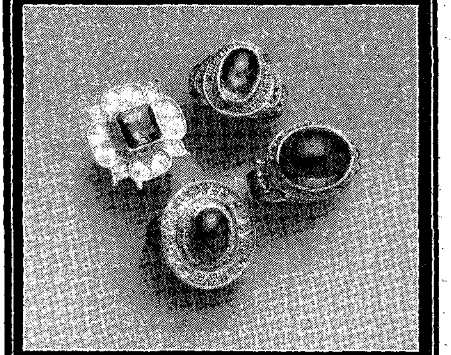

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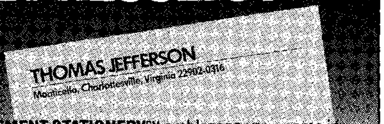

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him. You see how it all fits together? You see how I was cheated of my rightful heritage?"

"No." I never did see, either. These connections requiring asterisks on a chart and footnotes will perhaps be real presences to my granddaughter; she knew Larry, she liked him—he was one of the elements of her life, realer, maybe, than some of the images in color on the TV sets she watches when she is at any of her grandparents' houses.

MY granddaughter's grandmother—my ex-wife—explained to me once, long ago, that in her view birth meant nothing, or very little: "You have to have held on to the money—the newspaper, the railroad—you have to still be close to Lincoln, and Lincoln still has to be President. Otherwise, it's just a waste of time. What you have is what you have." Larry tried to make it clear to me: "Stories about family aren't enough. Anglo-Saxons don't talk. They just assess your resources." Larry said, "It's not just having a newspaper—only a really powerful paper matters." His daughter tried to explain to me in what way she and Larry were poor: "The Rockefellers are rich, Harold. Only the richest are rich—everyone else feels overshadowed." Larry said, "If it's not the most money, it's not enough—people are proud. You know, socially the seven deadly sins are virtues. It's all reversed. Every last sin is a social virtue if you do it right. You have to be proud. You have to be good at being angry. Think about it. You better approve of gluttony if you want to dine out. If you won't be lazy, you get on everybody's nerves."

Some family letters survived from Colonial days and the Revolution, including one from a man named Parley Brown, who was held by the British in a prison camp on Long Island. In sweet phrases, he wrote to his wife that he loved her and dreamed every night of the bread she made. Part of the letter was about what to name their son, who was Elena's grandparent ten generations back or so. Most of the early houses in that family have disappeared. The biggest one in any of the families was that of the Browns in Maine. Larry said, "We could sleep thirty, and did. My father put in a rose garden on the ocean rocks with walls to keep the dirt out. But all my brothers and sisters complained about how much it cost; they worried it was eating up the inheritance."

The rose garden, my ex-wife said, had been very fine in the sea light, and it had been wonderful to be small, she said, and to walk through a white gate into a space with walls around it higher than your head and to be out of the seacoast wind and among blossoming roses and their odors in the salt sea air. Gaffer—her grandfather—she'd liked. He was a good man, and it showed in the garden—it was pretty the way nothing else was in Seal Harbor, she said. Larry said the Rockefeller place next door to his mother's house was hideous, and the Ford place was worse. He said, "People made Gaffer sad." Elena's grandmother, during her days in the theatre, said, "But I never had a good moment in that house, not one."

"Why not? Why do you and your father always say *not one*?"

"Well, my hair was dark, and all my cousins were blond, and they laughed at my mother because she was so good-looking and so stupid and mean; and they thought we were poor, although we were the smart ones and knew nicer people—famous people. We had a good time. I didn't like my grandmother at all. She was a bitch. And no one could have a good time around her."

"I don't believe you."

"But you don't know! No one wanted to have a good time! They wanted to be mean!"

All those family dinners? The guests? All of it? All the time?

"Yes. You don't understand. That's all they do. That's how they like it."

Larry said, "It's interesting but it's no fun to be from distinguished people."

How many pages would it take to chart the Backuses and the Noyeses and the Browns in their ramifications? A hundred, I think. The ancestry and the collateral lines. Then the five surviving children of the tough Bertha Backus Brown (I see where Henry James got his names), my ex-wife's father's generation and their marriages and their spouses' family lines, and their children, my ex-wife's cousins and their marriages and their children, and their children's marriages? Who do you suppose would not be connected to them by now? After all, as an example, everyone connected to me, a sizable number, from two distinct families, is connected to them now—through marriage.

"If you listed everyone you were connected to, you would see you were connected to a lot of people you

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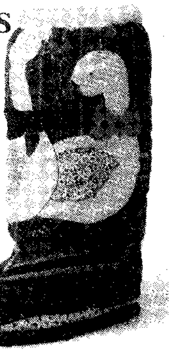

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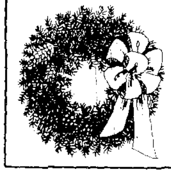

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wouldn't want to know. It's all boredom. And illnesses. And money—what else would it be?" Larry said. "Families are for the second-rate." Larry said, "I'm a fascist. But I would never be an anti-Semitic fascist. Jews add brains to the stew. I interviewed Trotsky—there's a man who could stir things up. You know what killed my mother? Boredom. She gave too many society dinners; she went to too many; she spent too many evenings in the company of society dullards; I swore I would never have a society dentist at my table, and I haven't. I know why my mother's mind went."

Gaffer had his ashes scattered in the rose garden, "but the wind was blowing, and most of them blew out into the water. I said to Annie, 'He finally got away from Mother.' "

CHAINS of relation: step-chains: we are *related by marriage* (for the time being)—modern circumstances dictate modern usage: we are *cousins of a sort*, and *You're from Mary's family from her second stepfather* and *Some people we're related to through my cousin's wife's mother, an aunt by marriage, an aunt three times removed*—we acknowledge some of this American reality. This is who many of us now are.

We simplify. My ex-wife, in her version of Larry's conversational style (and his style was a version of his mother's ruthlessness, probably), said, "The only part of a family I think of as family is the part with money and brains and power, if I like them." She practiced a kind of stylish ruthlessness. I think of her as a young person I knew once who is distinctly present again in Elena's manners and in Elena's voice.

Someone in one of the family's families when I told him about Elena and her ancestry remarked, "My family are all crooks—crooks and shopping centers." The man who said it didn't mean it; or, rather, he didn't apply it to the grandmothers. "I *loved* my grandmothers."

"Would you have shared them with a stepbrother?"

He paled. He shook his head.

"When I think of my family, I think of the ones who were the *good* lawyers," a lawyer said.

These networks of modern connection are embarrassing, partly because of the joke involved in the abundance of family branches compared with old family lines before 1900. And that is partly a matter of mortality—mortal-

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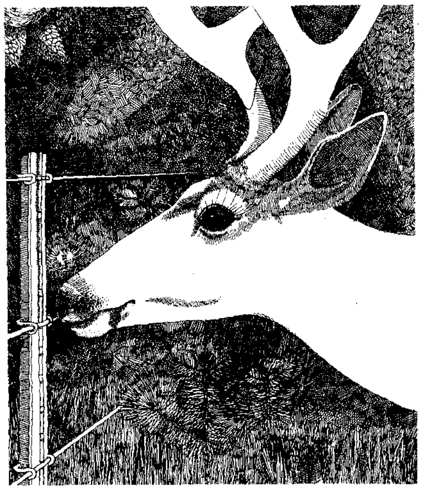

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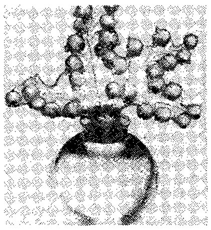

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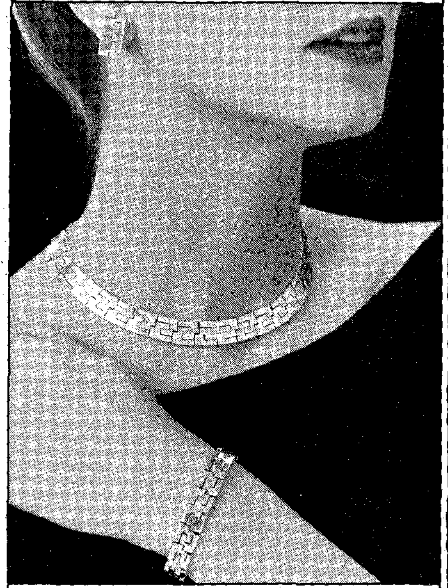

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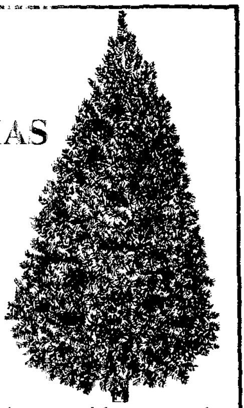
ity rates and modern medicine and the germ theory. Virginia Woolf is often quoted as having said that human nature changed in 1910; that was about the time women and children had begun to survive in larger numbers, and everything did change then, obviously, or almost everything, as you would expect in the recession of death. Men lived longer, too. Death lost its central place as a family reality and was replaced by marriage and divorce as the grounds of the most common family grief, at least for a while, between wars.

What used to be "families" are oddly lost and blurred inside the constellations of the various new kinds of connection and relation; and no one yet knows what to make of these networks or of this new reality, except to live it. But how are you to stay informed or even begin to be informed about these family immensities? How are you to get and keep and file all the useful and necessary information? Few members of the family like to write letters. Letters used to be filled with family gossip. One falls back on long distance, or did before the "Reach Out and Touch Someone" campaign made the idea repugnant. I used to settle down on two or three Sundays a year and call around the country, but the emotional distances often had grown immeasurably since the last call. People I thought I knew well were inclined to tell me what their children were doing and omit themselves, as if to recede into embarrassed privacy about themselves as older people. But the news about their children was usually heavily edited. When the children answered the phone, they often complained darkly or spoke harshly of their lives and then were unknowingly contradicted when their parents gave me the more social or highly edited report they thought suited the social—telephone—moment. The most embarrassing moments occur when one is out of date about who is living and who is dead, and who has a brain tumor since you spoke last and who is well. A cousin I liked began by saying, "Hi. How are you? It's good to hear your voice." I said, "It's good to hear your voice. What's new in your neck of the woods?" "Well, I'll tell you: I have cancer of the liver and I'm terminal." A woman cousin said, "I'm getting a divorce. I'm crazy from it. You want to hear about it?" A lot of family gossip is about face-lifts. A lot of family talk is mockery of each other's lives. The cousin who was terminal said, "There's a lot of warm feeling in the family. Everyone's being good to me. There are a lot of good moments still. I'm trying to be strong." He was making social talk in the way talking on the telephone to relatives he hadn't seen for a while led him to. How much will telephone talk be part of my granddaughter's sense of family?

Not long ago, on a trip West, I had a drink with yet another relative, one with a beard, a purposefully Abraham Lincoln look-alike but short-legged. I wonder what Larry would have thought of that. A right-wing nut, he runs a mail-order seed business, with the seeds supposedly from famous locations—Mount Vernon, for instance, Calvary, Valley Forge, Verdun. In one of my collateral lines is a man who teaches crossbow shooting. Homosexuality, lunacy, suicide, wig-wearing—the usual things, we have those.

MY first wife's aunt, who left her pictures to the Whitney, was one of those ex-Communists who live very well, as she pointed out; and she told me she had "bedded" *Bunny* Wilson and *Dos* Dos Passos and a number of painters from that era, and that she had turned Dreiser down. But you can't include lovers and spurned would-be lovers, I guess, in a family tree. That aunt snarled promptly at me when I was first published, "Don't get uppity! You don't look like Faulkner and you don't write like Dos." She was snobbish toward me because, with my background and my ambitions, I wasn't interested in being a Party member. She spent years waiting for her passport to be revoked. Someone on a plane once recognized me from a photograph in a magazine and told me she had seen my mother by adoption when, in her childhood, she had gone to visit an aunt in Alton, Illinois: "Doris Brodkey was the most beautiful girl I ever saw in my life, and if she lived there I thought there must be a good reason; so I always wanted to live there; and I do. I live two houses from where Doris Brodkey lived." "Why, you're almost a relative," I said.

I feel an irritable awe, awe and mockery, at this jumbled family that I never thought about until I started writing this, which was after Elena told me she had fifteen grandparents. A niece of Doris's told me of the daughter of yet one more relative, not a Brodkey, this one a kid in her twenties, caught at the airport smuggling "two million dollars' worth of cocaine.



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The dogs sniffed it out. They bribed the judge and the police with the cocaine and the child is on probation. Very contrite. Couldn't be sweeter. I don't think she meant any harm."

Family crime—crime in the family: no one will tell me much now because I might write a piece like this one. So I go light on crime here, not being up to date in the matter.

And the charitable ones, the saintly ones, the noble-souled ones—I have left those out, too. Actually, there aren't many of them now in the family lines I know about. My granddaughter cannot look back at a saintly group. Or, rather, not since child mortality fell, in the early nineteen-hundreds. Before then, we had saints and mystics in all the branches, Gentile and Jewish, Amish and Japanese, and maybe in the rest. Larry said virtue was dull and that he never gave to charity and he hoped to go to hell for it: "I'd rather hear myself scream in hell and talk in words than sit in silence and stare at God."

No one in the family has kept a journal that I know about. We don't transcribe phone calls. The family history does not exist, I realize. I use some family history in what I write but not reliably.

I can't remember that it was ever mentioned to me when I was young that I was my second mother's second cousin. I was told I was of no blood relation but that may have been by my grandmother, who actually was not a blood relation of mine. I was related to her dead husband, Doris Brodkey's father, who, for some reason, took his wife's name when he married her, rather than the reverse. Perhaps he hadn't been very real to that grandmother.

MY granddaughter's sense of family perhaps depends on fate—and who becomes famous and to what extent, and who has the money. Perhaps she will be like a countess I met once, who, having become poor, stopped using her title, saying, "I am in no position to boast." Perhaps it depends on what profession my granddaughter enters. My sense of the hugeness of her family is new to me, and perhaps it can't be a family—we don't all have the same name and we didn't go to the same schools and we won't be buried in the same graveyards; and so perhaps we won't exist for her in any way as a family used to exist for its descendants.

Well, we all know, or some of us

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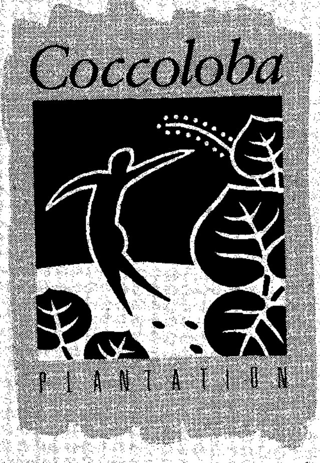

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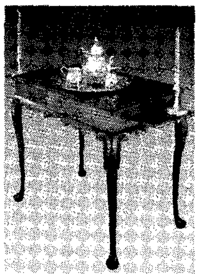

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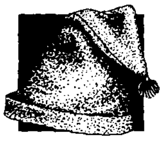

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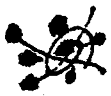
do, that America is very strange. If I consider my friends, there is absolutely no social order to be discerned at all. One told me recently that in his family a distant cousin is now married to a woman reputed to be the richest in the world. He finds that an irritatingly bourgeois tie. Certainly my granddaughter, while not the inheritor of all the ages, is heiress to a mess of stories and a hundred discarded houses and the blood of many somewhat noted people. And of much sadness. And of many jokes. And of so much cultural oddity. Such a menu of nurture. Such human deprivation.

If she wants a family crest, I suggest this. Her great-grandfather Larry was the man who (but only a few people now alive will know what I am talking about) thought up the stunt (accredited to a circus promoter) in which the circus promoter put a midget on J. P. Morgan's lap at a congressional hearing into the stock-market crash of 1929. It was part of a move to discredit Hoover and the Republicans and Big Money and High Finance, in order, Larry said, to create the climate for economic reform. That is, the midget was part of a political stunt Larry thought up and carried out in his radical-left phase. That J. P. Morgan's grandson was at Harvard when I was, and I see him occasionally in New York; but I always forget to ask him if he knows about the midget. Larry claims he was the one who saw that the midget was necessary if the country was to trust Roosevelt and not J. P. Morgan. He had the savoir-faire to be ruthless—"that's what being ruling class is for," he said. "You do what you have to do." When I was young, the event was still famous and often referred to; and the photographs of the midget on the lap of the great financier appeared often enough that it was part of my sense of the age. And there is Larry in some of the photographs, perhaps overseeing this demystification of the most powerful money figure of the time. What will this mean to my grandchild when she is twenty? J. P. Morgan is not a legendary financier anymore, is he? I could tell her he was someone like Ivan Boesky but honest, as such things go, couldn't I? But Elena will not have heard of Boesky. I could say an Episcopal-American Rothschild but that might not inform her, either. He was not actually the most famous J. P. Morgan; he was the son of the man who, when he died, having left a seventy-million-dollar estate, was eulogized by old Andrew Carnegie (who married at fifty-one and left one daughter), "And to think he was not a rich man." At any rate, I suggest that the scene with the midget be turned into a crest. It seems to me suitably American, bizarre and abstruse.



Larry became *a high-muck-a-muck*—Annie's term—in the Office of Price Administration during the Second World War, and a vice-president of a fairly large chemical company after the war, a chemical company because he had overseen the prices of their chemicals in a way they'd liked: this is his account—he was a muckraking high-muck-a-muck. He said, "I am angry that I had to become a crook in order to survive." He said, "This is a country of shame." He wanted to reform it. Larry said he helped build the case against Alger Hiss, whose son is an acquaintance of mine now and says his father's trial was not a tragic event in his life, merely something that happened and that he became used to.

As my first wife said, "There's never anything to boast of if you tell the truth. If it's there, it shines in your face." Our marriages and our descent give us a French branch and two or three Scottish ones and an Israeli contingent and Italian and Russian ties as well as the ones mentioned earlier. We are overrepresented in law and journalism. We have two sitting judges, two sitting editors, and one accountant for the Mafia. That, I'm afraid, is hearsay. It's a matter of his guard dogs, maybe. He does not live in the same state as the one whose attorney general is someone we are related to.

It is a family only in relation to that one child. She has in her lineage people who died in the camps and people who killed them. She has people from both sides of most of the American wars. And people on both sides of most of the political movements here and in Europe in the last hundred and fifty years. She is descended from suffragettes; and from reactionaries. Such a family as hers is not uncommon nowadays, is it? If it is common, what do you suppose it means for the psyche and for politics and belief? She has a great-uncle who, I think, is in the process of helping to found a new religious movement dedicated to world peace and mostly aimed at women; he claims to have seen the Virgin Mary in a vision while he was sleeping in a wooden pyramid in Denver, Colorado, and she told him that his line (which is also mine) was descended from her family. His religion has a program of pure water and famine relief in the Third World and faith in flying saucers and in the magic powers of pyramids. My granddaughter has a tie to the movie producer who did the nineteen-thirties Tarzan movies. We have in this tangle of families professors and C.I.A. connections and two ex-F.B.I. agents.

When I think of the lovers and ex-lovers, the friends and colleagues, the enemies and rivals of all the members of all the branches, I do, seriously, indeed believe we are the preponderant clan on the face of the earth. And if we are not that yet, a few more marriages will do it. I believe we are nearly everybody.

My granddaughter can boast someday, or, contrarily, she can be humble, that she is descended and connected as she is. Through her parents and step-parents she can find ready shelter in all fifty of the American constituent states and in at least five, and maybe seven, foreign countries.

Perhaps what we have done and are doing is trying a subtle adaptation in an era of massive danger to arrange for family survival . . . Ah, I am quite mad with genealogy and the genealogical idea. It really is very difficult for me to imagine anyone in the world, except for some tribesmen, to whom she is not at some distance related or attached through friendship and then relation—the networks of relations of friends and acquaintances and people who work for you and whom you're close to. I feel so permeated by the world and by relationships in the world and by relationships enlivened and made fraught by this no doubt ridiculous structure I have thought I detected and have tried to describe here and helped create by marriage and example that I don't quite know what to do except to think, My God, how bitterly and deeply I want the world to go on. —Harold Brodkey

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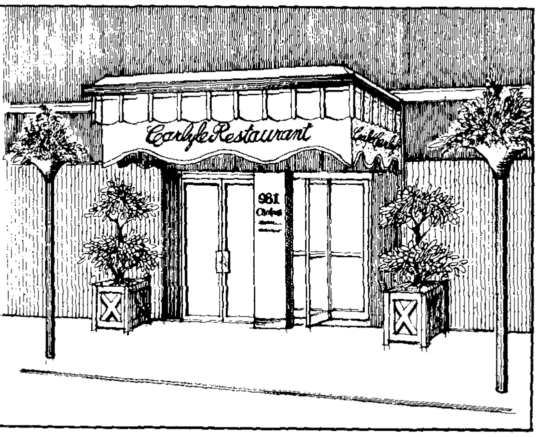


MUSICAL EVENTS

Symphony and Song

Hans Werner Henze's Fifth Symphony (1962) was composed for the New York Philharmonic. It is a brief, brilliant evocation of excited responses that Manhattan can inspire in a visitor. His Sixth Symphony (1969) was composed for the Cuban National Symphony. It cites a Vietnam freedom song and a Theodorakis song, and employs rhythmic elements of Caribbean music. The composer called it an attempt "to compose music against the bourgeoisie" on the part of "a bourgeois who had been supplying music to the ruling class for twenty years." Later, he turned against the piece and, in my view, underrated its merits. His Seventh Symphony, some fifteen years later, was composed for the centenary of the Berlin Philharmonic and was first played in Berlin in 1984. The Cleveland Orchestra played it a few months later. It came to New York last month, brought to Carnegie Hall, for two performances, by the Boston Symphony and Seiji Ozawa.

More than two decades ago, Henze recorded his first five symphonies with the Berlin Philharmonic (on Deutsche Grammophon). In a 1963 essay he wrote:

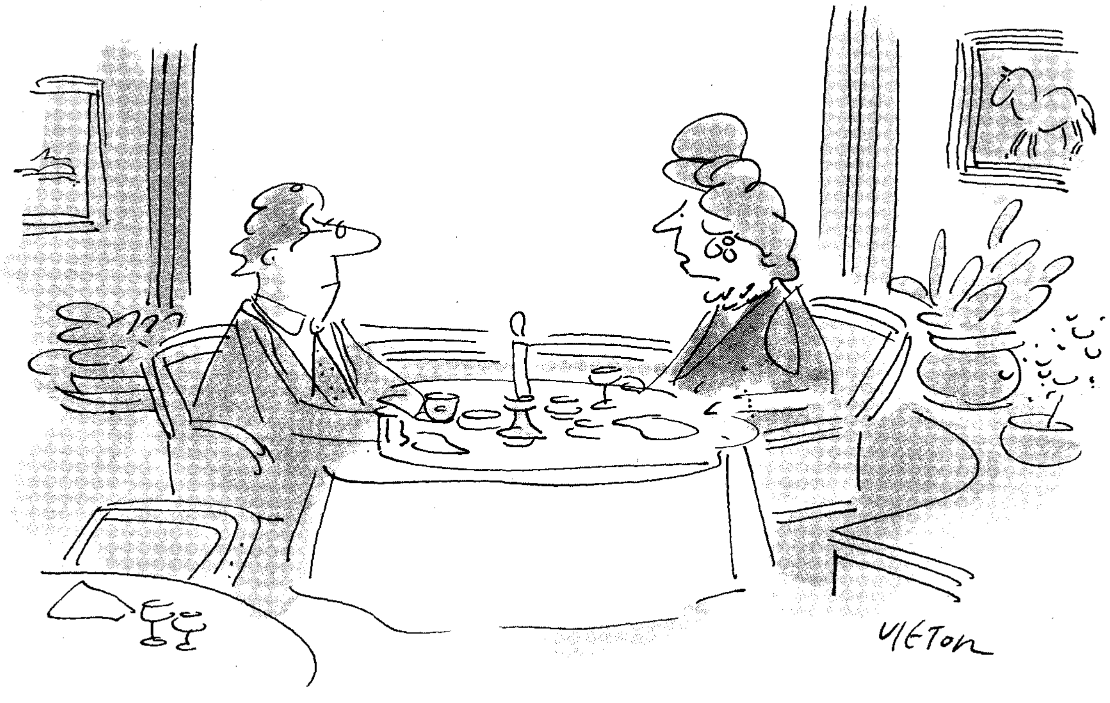
> In these five orchestral pieces called symphonies I have striven for the large forms that our tradition has taught us to regard as the vessels for absolute music at its broadest and highest. Today, as we know and yet are reluctant to admit, despite the evidence, these vessels are broken. . . . It is as if the musical language of today no longer has command over the old forms, or as if the old forms no longer possess any power over the new language.

Despite that, Henze wrote his symphonies and concertos, a song cycle in symphonic form ("Nachtstücke und Arien"), a symphony within an opera (the second-act finale of "König Hirsch," later extracted as the Fourth Symphony), an opera cast as a long five-movement symphony ("The Bassarids"). He ended the essay:

> Old forms appear to me, I can say, as classical ideals of beauty, no longer attainable, yet visible in the far distance, awakening memory like dreams. But the path toward them is obscured by the densest darkness of the age, the path toward them is the most difficult and the least possible. It seems to me the only folly worth living for.

Divisions, distinctions, and conflicts have ever given life to his music: between busy counterpoint and harmonized cantabile (in his phrase, "a North German polyphonic temperament projected into the arioso South"); self-indulgent sensuality of sound and sternness of structural plan; dwelling in romantic dreams of the past and tackling contemporary duties. He has spoken of picking up symphonic threads that Mahler dropped; he gathers them with hands that have worked skillfully and surely at what has happened in music since Mahler, in idioms both élitist and popular. Technically and temperamentally, he is a composer satisfying to anyone who tries to regard the modern world with clear eyes and ears yet values and readily retreats into sounds of the past; to anyone earnest about music and its moral role in society yet susceptible to music that is no more than charming and entertaining; to anyone who lives easily while trying not to remain concerned about those who don't. Henze understands, shares these dilemmas, and deals with them in his scores. Future historians will perhaps cite Babbitt, Birtwistle, Boulez, Carter, Stockhausen as composers who took music along uncharted ways during the second half of our century; and Britten, Davies, Henze, Shostakovich, Tippett as composers who, responsive to the past while open, Mozart-like, to the present, continued the great tradition, at once creating and reconciling.

Henze's Seventh Symphony is a big work addressed to the big orchestras that play, and to the audiences that attend to, symphonies by Beethoven, Brahms, Tchaikovsky, and Mahler. It is no soggy piece of neoromanticism. It is a modern symphony, uncompromising, difficult to take in at first hearing. There are four movements, in the traditional arrangement of allegro, slow movement, scherzo, and finale. The first movement, called "Dance," begins with a soft bassoon duet, gruff-timbred but marked "lively and spirited" and "tenderly onward-flowing." Horns, bass trombone, lower strings, other low instruments join in softly. Nearly three minutes pass before the sky brightens with a flutter of flutes in thirds, above a long string melody. Varying metres settle into 7/8 as the basic dance pulse, with the big second-subject melody steadied into 4/4. There are lovely episodes: the long melody sung by woodwinds—each note an intricately voiced chord—over string patterns; an enchanted "forest murmurs" stretch that



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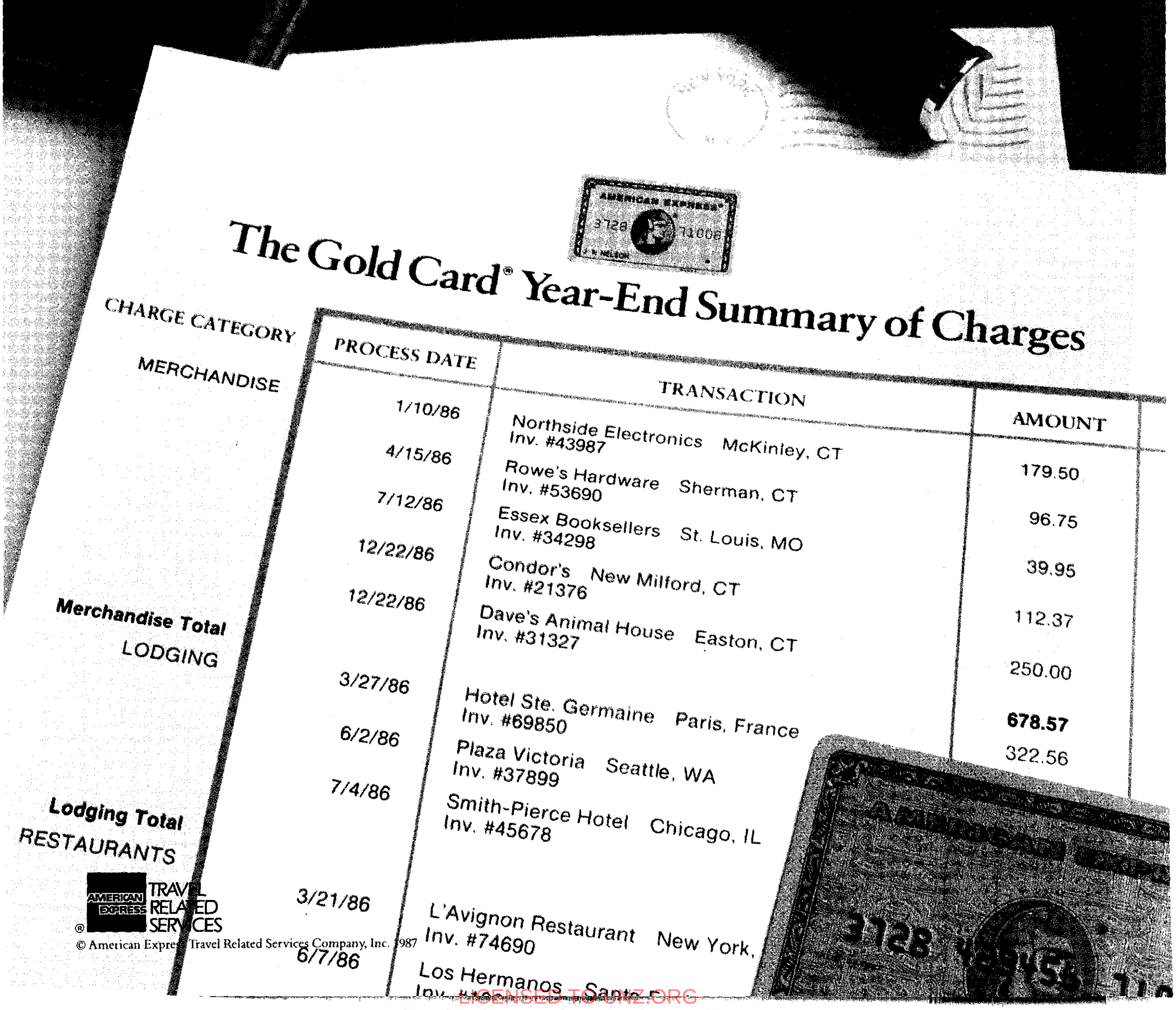

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swells into the powerful, sudden ending.

In the slow movement, the orchestra forms chamber consorts. Four cellos sing the first strain, four low flutes the second; later, there is a trio for two oboes and harp. There seems to be something of Monteverdi here. But six horns, playing six different, superimposed military rhythms, invade the lyricism, and conflicts ensue before the music reaches its quiet, A-minor close. The scherzo, "unyielding in motion," 3/4 throughout, is a murky danse macabre shot through with varied drumbeats hammered out against the basic pulse. The finale starts as a calm summer dream—a Hölderlin poem underlies it, we are told—but six shrill trumpets, united in a single fierce rhythm, disturb the calm. Attempts to recapture it fail. The symphony ends with a full-orchestra confusion—a controlled, precisely calculated confusion—suddenly cut short. An afterimage of shock lingers on, then fades into silence.

Henze is a prolific and fluent composer. This symphony, dated 1982-84, is richly, thoroughly, and carefully written—a summation of discoveries and ideas explored in the varied pieces of the years before his return to symphonic form. In an interview around the time of its première he disclaimed any intention of having set out to do what had not been done before; rather, he had sought "to give the most precise expression in the score of what I wished to say, sing, scream, or whisper." Yet he felt—and we can agree with him—that something new did emerge. He called the symphony "the opening of a door onto something different from what I had done before," and summed up the difference as "more landscape—more spiritual, psychical content [*mehr Seelisches*]—more openness."

In a program note he described this piece commissioned by the Berlin Philharmonic as the most "philharmonical" of his compositions—one in which every orchestral stop is drawn, every possible resource of "such a highly developed apparatus, such an artists' collective, with its uncommonly varied color range, acoustic richness and differentiation," is employed to carry the content of the composition. Prodigality—self-defeating prodigality, luxuriance of counterpoint until lyrical lines become mutually obscuring—is a charge Henze must be tired of hearing. In the Carnegie Hall performance of the symphony, there were clotted passages where one could *see* the strings playing away with vigor yet could hear nothing but the brasses. It was hard to know whether the composer, the conductor, or the new Carnegie sound was to blame. Or whether the fault lay simply in a listener listening not vigilantly enough. Henze compositions that once seemed texturally overelaborated—the cello concerto "Ode to the West Wind," the opera "The Prince of Homburg"—have clarified with time; things fall into place for both executants and listeners. After the first, arresting but somewhat baffling encounter, I found my way into the Seventh Symphony through a WCRB broadcast of a performance in Boston's Symphony Hall and through the score, which is published by Schott; and do not believe that the composer has miscalculated.

The published score suggests a duration of about forty-six minutes. Mr. Ozawa's performance lasted about thirty-seven—a puzzling discrepancy, for the conductor did not appear to be scampering. Indeed, his first movement seemed hardly dancy enough. We must hear other performances: Barenboim has conducted the piece in Paris, Simon Rattle has conducted it in London, and Henze himself has conducted it in Cleveland, Basle, Vienna, and Munich. News of a Deutsche Grammophon recording with the Berlin Philharmonic would be welcome. While symphony orchestras fill halls with Beethoven, Brahms, Tchaikovsky, and Mahler, we look to the phonograph for repeated hearings of rich new works that do not disclose all their content at once.

THIS year, the oratorio at the Maryland Handel Festival, held on the College Park campus of the University of Maryland, was "Israel in Egypt"—that astonishing work built in large part from materials that Handel took from the compositions of others and refashioned, restructured, into a towering, individual masterpiece. At a preliminary concert, two of the principal source works for "Israel" were done: a three-voice serenata by Alessandro Stradella, "Qual prodigio è ch'io miri," and an eight-voice Magnificat by Dionigi Erba, Handel's copy of which survives in the British Library. In print, they have long been known: Friedrich Chrysander published them in 1888 and 1889, as supplements to his complete Handel edition; Sedley Taylor set out the parallels in his 1906 study "The Indebtedness of Handel to Works by Other Composers." (Back in 1776, Sir John Hawkins had in his "General History of the Science and Practice of Music" reproduced the instrumental canzona by Johann Kaspar Kerll that Handel transcribed as the chorus "Egypt was glad when they departed.") It was fascinating to hear the works in their own right. In the serenata, two men, one sighing for love, the other scorning it, meet beneath a lady's window, argue, and are both dismissed by the lady. Each singer is accompanied by his or her separate orchestra, three-part or four-part; the little bands play now in alternation, now in conjunction. There is a hint that originally each man, with his instrumentalists, was in a moving coach. It is easy to see why the ingenious, frequently canonic music attracted Handel.

The Erba is a slight, striking composition with bold choral writing both homophonic and fugal, and fluent solos and duets. Ripples of startled, even amused, recognition ran through the audience as familiar "Israel" strains appeared in their earlier, lighter guise. (There were similar ripples at the first Maryland festival during Handel duets, to amorous Italian texts, that prefigure "And He shall purify," "For unto us a child is born," "His yoke is easy," "All we like sheep," and "O death, where is thy sting," in "Messiah.") Handel was not diminished; on the contrary. Who but he would have perceived in Stradella's score such apt musical imagery for flies, lice, and locusts, hailstones, fire running along the ground, and (in "But as for His people") sheep? In the usual phrase, Handel repaid his debts with interest, turning other men's good ideas into great music. The very greatest "Israel" choruses—"And the children," "He rebuked the Red Sea," "The people shall hear"—can still, so far, be claimed as (with the possible exception

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of one motif in the last) all his own invention.

Nicholas McGegan conducted. The Smithsonian Concerto Grosso played. The Stradella was delightfully done, with Julianne Baird as the ardent lover and Lorraine Hunt as the lady. Ned Barth as the scornful lover, a baritone in a bass part, lacked the full compass of his role. The Erba was bravely done, a single voice to a part, with Miss Baird and Miss Hunt the sopranos and Michael Chance and Derek Lee Ragin the altos—luxury casting! Before Stradella and Erba, the *quatercentenary* of Samuel Scheidt's birth (in Halle, also Handel's birthplace) was celebrated by the Chamber Singers of the University of Maryland Chorus, conducted by Paul Traver. They sang two beautiful Christmas pieces, "Resonet in laudibus" and "In dulci jubilo," and the tender, radiant "Ist nicht Ephraim mein teurer Sohn," which has melting, protracted sequences in its penultimate line and a sudden bright cadence.

The University of Maryland Chorus is the foundation of the festival. It was bold, sure, and supple in "Israel"—excellently firm and clear of tone, excellently balanced. Mr. Traver is a vital Handel conductor with an alert sense of rhythm and of pace through long spans. The Smithsonian Concerto Grosso contained some good wind players but can hardly compete with the best Baroque bands of our day; the string sound retained a hint of the wheeze of yesteryear (and Mr. Traver favored some episodes of bleached, non-vibrato playing that suggested—not ineffectively—Bartók rather than Handel). The soprano soloists were Miss Baird and Miss Hunt, in fleet, mellifluous concord. The perfectly polished alto was Mr. Chance. And when Miss Hunt launched the finale, Miriam's Song, "Sing ye to the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously!," the unaccompanied phrase rang out with fervor and splendor—gloriously. The oratorio was done complete. (Until recently, it was customary to omit Part I, the Funeral Anthem on the Death of Queen Caroline with its text adjusted to mourn the death of Joseph.) The opening chorus of Part II, "And the children of Israel sigh'd," was replaced by Handel's recitative setting of the words. It was interesting, for once, to hear this, but we lost a noble stretch of music, and the experiment need not be repeated. The performance (given with one intermission, after

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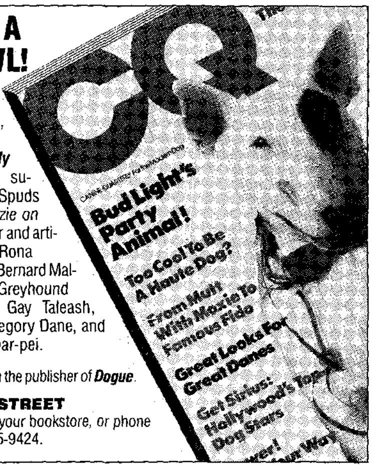

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Part I) lasted well under three hours.

This was the seventh festival. At the first and the fourth, "Messiah" was performed, and otherwise "Esther," "Deborah," "Athalia," "Saul," and now "Israel" have been heard in chronological sequence. "L'Allegro, il Penseroso, ed il Moderato" stands next in the series, or if that is skipped, as offering but a subaltern role for the chorus, then "Samson." Meanwhile, at the conferences that form part of the festivals, Handel scholars from all over the world have related their discoveries and perceptions. This year, John Roberts, archdetector and cataloguer of Handel's borrowings, revealed that the great borrower was also borrowed from—by Gluck, in "Issipile." Percy Young gave a lively account of how "editorial guidelines" formulated by Shakespeare and Handel editors over four centuries have changed little, while each crop of editors has trounced the results achieved by its predecessors. Jens Peter Larsen delivered the first American Handel Society Lecture: in effect, an old-style plea for performing the music plainly, more or less as written—a plea whose premises were rejected by the younger Handelians, except insofar as they related to excessive or unstylish decoration.

For the first time, an opera was performed: "Tolomeo," a revival of the university's April production, directed and conducted (from the harpsichord) by Mr. McGegan, which I reviewed earlier this year. The student performance, accompanied by the Smithsonian Concerto Grosso, deserved its showing to an international audience. Molly Donnelly, in the Senesino title role, was again affecting and beautiful. Jennifer Wynne Post, in the Cuzzoni role, sang with a finer focus than before. The vividness of Italian declamation had slipped a little (George Shirley, who insisted on it in April, has left the faculty), and some of the decoration was still crude—mere shooting into an upper octave. But the drama came across, to refute Professor Larsen's characterization of Handel's operatic characters as "plastic kings and queens." The Maryland students may have had an easier task with Handel in their two-hundred-and-fifty-seat hall than the Met will have with its "Giulio Cesare" next season, but there were lessons to be learned at College Park—about directness, pacing, integrity—not irrelevant to large-house Handel productions.

—ANDREW PORTER

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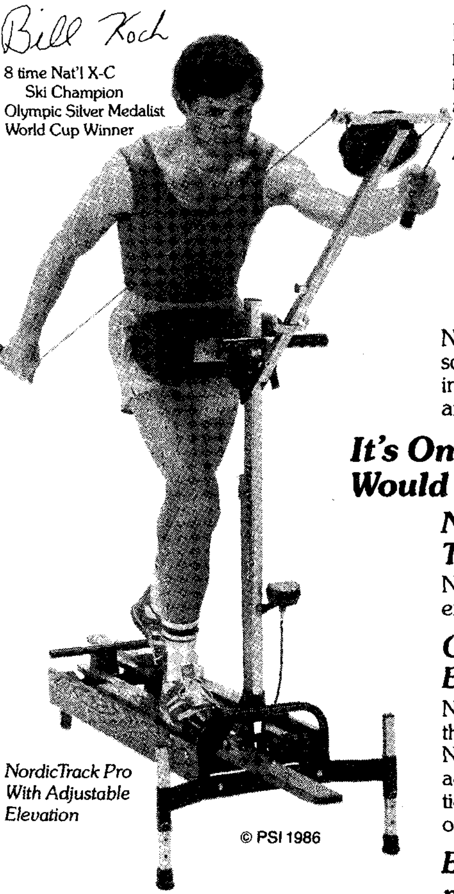

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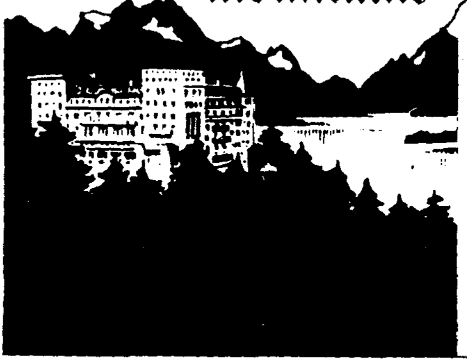

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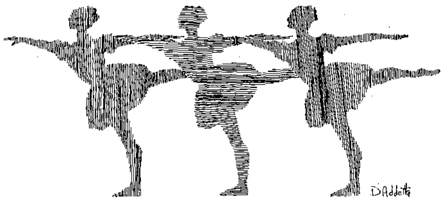
Footnotes in the Sands of Time

STRAVINSKY visualized the action of his ballets as he composed them, and he issued detailed instructions to his choreographers and worked alongside them in rehearsals. In 1969, he published a facsimile of his original musical sketches for "Le Sacre du Printemps;" to the precise verbal descriptions of scenes and dances which these sketches entailed he appended his "Notes to Nijinsky," indicating where in the music to set dance movement, what the main accents and phrase units were, and how to interpret them—even specifying whether the dancers should be men or women. Since Nijinsky's "Sacre" lasted only eight performances, we don't know how much of this dictation he actually took, or even how much of it was dictation; Stravinsky's notes, which he originally wrote into his own rehearsal score for Nijinsky's use, could have represented the choreographer's wishes as well as his own. In a letter written after the famously scandalous première, which took place in Paris on May 29, 1913, Stravinsky pronounced Nijinsky's choreography "incomparable," saying that except for a few things here and there "everything is as I wanted it." Later, he began changing his mind, and Nijinsky's reputation as a choreographer commenced the long downhill slide that lasted well past his death. Stravinsky's revised opinion held the choreography to be "of great plastic beauty but subjected to the tyranny of the bar." In his autobiography, published here in 1936, Nijinsky's contribution is reduced to "a very labored and barren effort . . . How far it all was from what I had desired!" By 1959, Stravinsky is telling Robert Craft that Nijinsky was "the least capable musically of my choreographic collaborators," and that Massine's version of "Le Sacre," produced in 1920, was "excellent—incomparably clearer than Nijinsky's," which he now recalls for its "knock-kneed and long-braided Lolitas jumping up and down."

Nijinsky's reputation was restored in one stroke when, a decade later, Stravinsky found cause to reverse himself again. Through Sotheby's, he had recovered his forgotten rehearsal score of 1912 with the choreographic indications that would presumably have governed Nijinsky's ballet, making it—to Stravinsky's mind, at least—the *most* musical of the many productions of "Le Sacre" that had accumulated by then. This was his final opinion on the matter. In delivering it only two years before his death, however, Stravinsky did not entirely dispel the black cloud over "Le Sacre." It took Richard Buckle's biography "Nijinsky," with its fearlessly outspoken views ("I acclaim 'Le Sacre' not only as a masterpiece, the climax of Nijinsky's career, but also as a seminal work, a turning point in the history of the dance, the ballet of the century"), to offset the effect of Eric Walter White's continuing to quote, in new editions of his "Stravinsky: The Composer and His Works," such damning recollections by the composer as the one in which he describes, for Craft's benefit, his rehearsals with Nijinsky: " 'I will count to forty while you play,' Nijinsky would say to me, 'and we will see where we come out.' He could not understand that though we might at some point come out together, this did not necessarily mean we had been together on the way." In 1975, Lincoln Kirstein, who had all along championed Nijinsky and "Le Sacre" (without ever having seen either), supported Buckle—whose views he had influenced—in handsome style, by coming out with a fresh evaluation of the ballet and its place in history and by including in the same volume, "Nijinsky Dancing," the analysis made of the choreography by Jacques Rivière in his review of the original production. This analysis, in which Rivière compares Nijinsky's methods with those of Fokine and credits the former with the discovery of a new means of expression in dance, is also quoted extensively by Buckle. Both as an eyewitness account and as an argument in behalf of the modernist aesthetic, it is indispensable to the case for Nijinsky's "Sacre." In Buckle's translation:

> Nijinsky makes the body itself speak. It only moves as a whole, as one block, and its speech is expressed in sudden bounds with open arms and legs, or in sideways runs with bent knees and with the head lying on one shoulder. At first sight it seems less skilful, less varied, less intelligent [than in Fokine's choreography]. Yet, with its wholesale displacements, its sudden turns-about, the way it comes to rest only to begin a frantic trembling on the spot, it says a thousand times more than the long-winded, facile, charming chatter of Fokine. The language of Nijinsky is infinitely detailed; it lets nothing get by; it penetrates into corners. No figures of speech, no pirouettes, no elliptical allusions. The dancer is no longer wafted by a slight, indifferent inspiration. No longer does he, in his flight, brush lightly against the world around him, he falls on it with the full force of his weight, leaving the imprint of his fall.



He is, in other words, a modern dancer, in the special sense of that term. As Buckle puts it, "Isadora had asked Nijinsky to have a child by her, and he had refused: yet their progeny are legion. Their names are Martha Graham, Doris Humphrey, Merce Cunningham, Antony Tudor, Paul Taylor . . ."

Rivière tends to see the music and the dance in "Le Sacre" as forming one unit; he writes as appreciatively of the novelties in Stravinsky's music as of the novelties in Nijinsky's choreography, but he doesn't make much of the way the two were related. In fact, the problems that existed for the choreographer of "Le Sacre" were without precedent. On rereading his annotated rehearsal score in 1967, Stravinsky confessed himself amazed by the degree of synchronization of music and dance he expected in 1913 and by the nature of the synchronization. "The dance," he observed, in the Preface to the facsimile edition, "is almost always in counterpoint to the music." It's an important statement, making his earlier complaint about Nijinsky in rehearsal mean that the two men were striving to keep together *in counterpoint*, not in some simplistic lockstep that, as an erstwhile critic of Nijinsky, he sought to condemn.

More than one reviewer saw in the "Notes to Nijinsky" the possibility of a reconstruction of the long-lost choreography. Stravinsky had hoped that the facsimile edition would lead to a staging, and Craft observed in a review of Kirstein's "Nijinsky Dancing" that the time was at hand: "Surely the New York City Ballet, which can hardly avoid the 'Sacre' during the approaching Stravinsky centenary, should recognize an obligation to present the Nijinsky version, as preserved in Stravinsky's and Dame Marie Rambert's promptbook scores. Thus, at last, justice might be done to Nijinsky's, as well as Stravinsky's, masterpiece." (New York City Ballet declined the invitation.) What Craft might not have known at the time was that plans to restore "Le Sacre" were already afoot. These plans have now culminated in a production by the Joffrey Ballet, which has been seen in Los Angeles and New York. I shall not recount the background of the project; its organizers, Millicent Hodson and Kenneth Archer, will shortly bring out a book telling all about how they, an American dance historian (Hodson) and a British art historian (Archer), met and merged their separate researches on Nijinsky and on Nicholas Roerich, the designer of the original production, and how they came to collaborate in realizing Robert Joffrey's long-standing desire for a remounted "Le Sacre." The difference between the Joffrey-Hodson-Archer project and what Craft envisaged is not slight; it is the difference between a scholarly endeavor and a theatrical one.

If George Balanchine or Jerome Robbins or Peter Martins had taken up the challenge of reconstituting "Le Sacre" (a prospect I find incredible), we would have had a ballet. Whether or not it did justice to Nijinsky would have been a question forever moot, since in order to revive any work, with or without notation, one must re-create its original dynamic, and that involves a certain superimposition of personalities, the present upon the past. The success of such a project must inevitably cast doubt on the purity of its conception. Then, too, there is the matter of the predisposition of energies. True choreographers are few, and all of them, consciously or unconsciously, work from patterns inscribed by choreographers past. This includes Nijinsky: the relation of his constricted body stance in "Le Sacre" to his performance in Fokine's "Petrushka" was noted long ago; his profilings in "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune," according to Kirstein, had important antecedents in the Maryinsky's "Egyptian" style. It follows that any choreographer capable of successfully reconstituting a thing like Nijinsky's "Sacre" is not likely to be interested in doing so and ought not to be asked; as well ask Picasso to reconstitute "The Last Supper."

Is the alternative, then, what we have from the Joffrey—some fragments of curatorship tentatively affixed to the stage? The Roerich drops and

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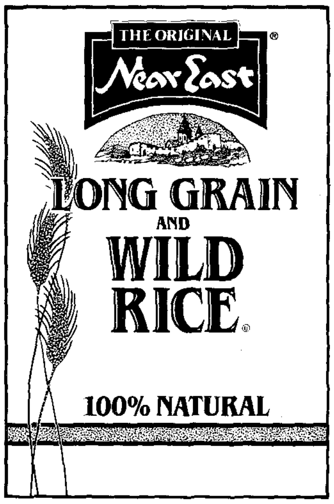

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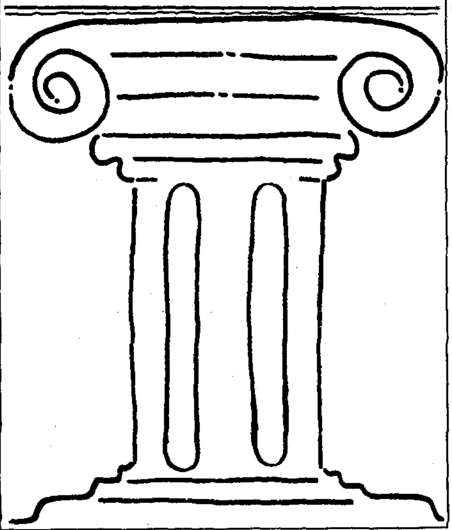
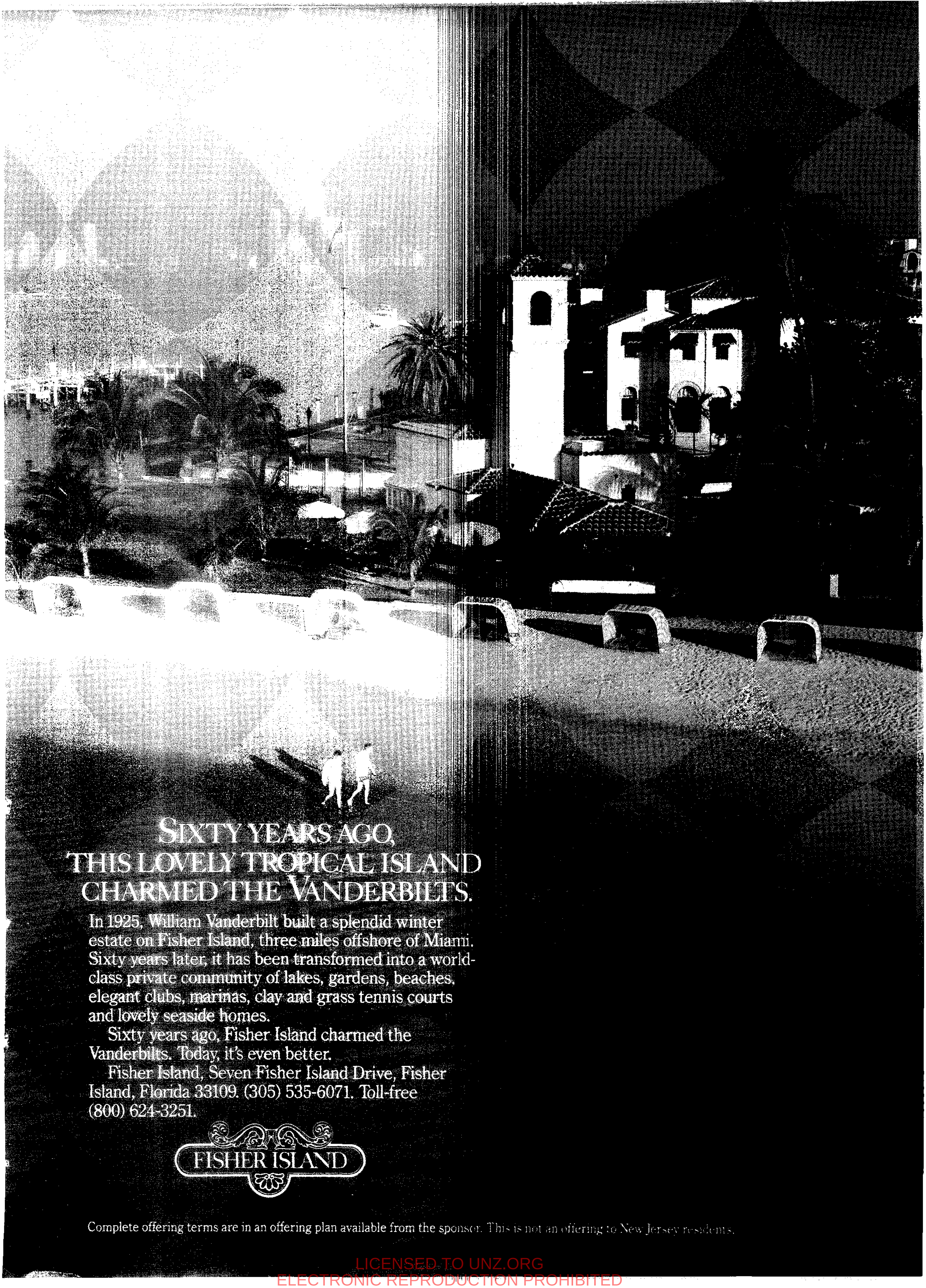


costumes furnish by far the more substantial part of this revival. That much could have been predicted, even though the violent colors and the fanciness of the costumes came as a surprise; I had expected more neutral tones—a look that matched the bleak, monolithic aspect of the music. The folkloristic literalism of the costumes is a reminder that the music is, at least in part, an impressionistic landscape—a view back to Stravinsky's Rimsky-Korsakov/Mussorgsky roots and to Debussyan scene painting. "Le Sacre du Printemps," as has been said many times, marks the divide between nineteenth- and twentieth-century music, and it looks both ways—it's Janus-faced. The rites of spring were literal evocations; with his next ballet, "Les Noces," Stravinsky forsook literalism and entered the world of theatrical ritual.

Archer's task of restoring Roerich hardly compares with the difficulties faced by Hodson. Like every good researcher, she appears to have harbored a theory, which in 1985 she defined as the idea that Nijinsky's choreography would turn out to bear some resemblance to the minimalist building-block constructions of contemporary postmodernists like Lucinda Childs and Trisha Brown. "For several years past," she wrote, "as I have worked to reconstruct the original choreography of 'Le Sacre,' I have been fascinated by the contemporary look of Nijinsky's dance. From the notes and memoirs of his collaborators and peers, from visual records and press clippings, from interviews with performers and spectators who have survived from the première, and talks with relatives and protégés of some who have not, I have collected clues to the choreography and plotted them, measure for measure, in my reconstruction book. Fragments of the lost masterpiece have gradually reassembled, and they shock me sometimes with their familiarity. I recognize these forms from the present." Nijinsky, then, would be not the first modern dancer, as Buckle would have him be, but the first postmodern dancer.

However, what Hodson has been able to provide by way of reconstruction is minimalist in quite another sense. Lucinda Childs and Trisha Brown do not work from folk-dance sources—at least, not in any consciously mythic way—and there is reason to believe that Nijinsky did: that he took Roerich's anthropological researches seriously and tried to put archaic forms of folk dance on the stage. The novelty of "Le Sacre" has been emphasized to such a degree that we've forgotten it was a whole folk-art museum to those who made it. This is one of the aspects of the ballet most in need of attention from the Joffrey restorers. Though the dances employ primitive motifs that correspond to Roerich's designs, there is scarcely a sign of Russian folk dance on the stage, and what we are given in the section called "Glorification of the Chosen One"—a kind of American Indian war dance—hardly takes its place. (Leaving the City Center, a friend murmured, "Some of it does look like 'Rose Marie,' doesn't it?" And some of it—the leaps with raised knee and upflung arm done by the Chosen One—looks like "Rodeo.") The balance between archeology and invention which is, in different ways, struck in the designs and in the music has yet to be glimpsed in the choreography. In the amount of guesswork that Millicent Hodson has to do, she confronts the same problem that Nijinsky faced in putting archeological material on the stage. To what extent must the naïveté of the subject be allowed to dominate its presentation? The answer, I would suggest, is in the music. In a recent article on Stravinsky, the musicologist Roland John Wiley, after noting that "Le Sacre" contains more folk tunes than "Firebird," and not anthologized folk tunes but "rough-hewn gems of music direct from the countryside," goes on to make the point: "And Stravinsky deploys them not in a flamboyant way, as in 'The Firebird,' but rather by integrating short, at times unmemorable fragments of a tune into the texture of the score. For most of 'Le Sacre' we do not realize that we are listening to folk music: the bits of theme are elements of a mosaic, counterparts in sound to the motives of peasant decorative art much in fashion at the time."

Millicent Hodson's list of resources sounds like a lot, but it isn't. She possesses the two key documents that Craft mentioned, and, thanks to Craft's generosity (but too late for the production), she now possesses a third—a facsimile of the four-hand piano score from which Stravinsky published his "Notes to Nijinsky." This is said to bear stave markings and other information that may clarify what Stravinsky meant by counterpoint, and the importance of that kind of clarity



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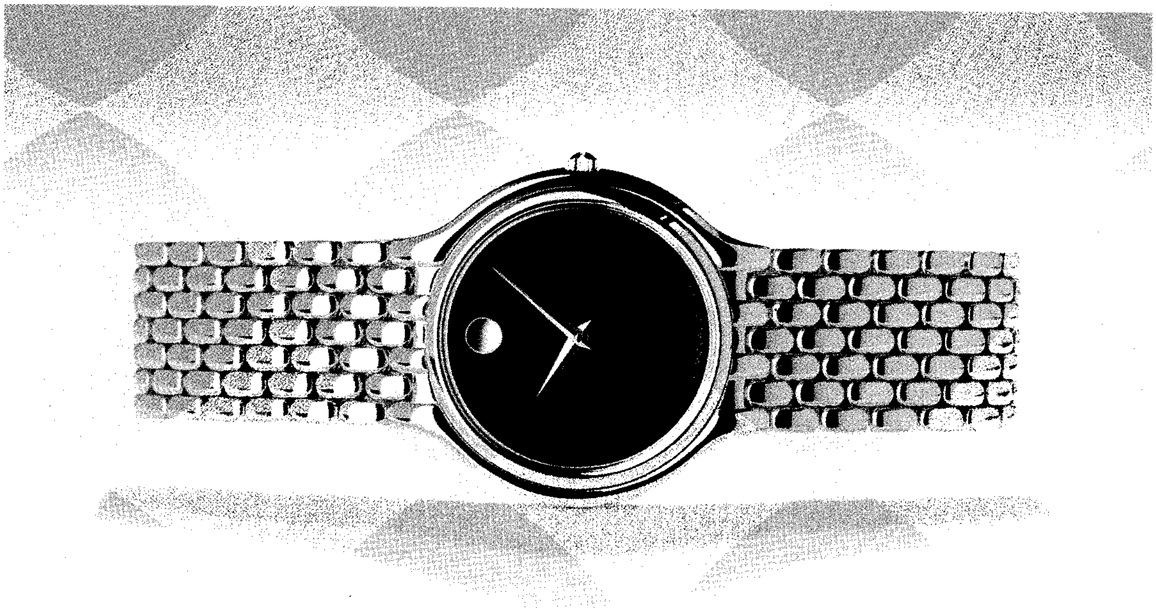

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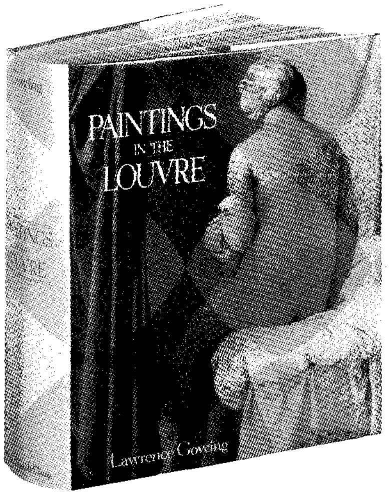
cannot be overestimated. If there is one element in Nijinsky's choreography that ought to be the focus of any attempt to revive it, that element is rhythm. We need an answer, at long last, to the question of how the dancing worked in relation to the beat. Hodson's steps are all over the lot rhythmically, sometimes on, sometimes off the beat. At no time do they apply the strict metrical pressure for which Stravinsky once abused Nijinsky; neither do they apply the sort of creative counterpressure for which he belatedly extolled him. There is at times a lot of confused motion that looks as if Miss Hodson had been unable to abandon her notion of a link to Judson-era postmodern dance. (Yvonne Rainer's comment on that aspect of the revival, at a seminar held by the Dance Critics Association, disposed of it neatly: "To deal with prevalent notions in art, Christian or pagan, was alien to my generation. Also, we were against following the dictates of music.") There is also a looseness in the weave of the choreography which suggests that the important part of the design has yet to be filled in. Nijinsky is known to have written down the steps of "Le Sacre" in his own notation, but the score hasn't come to light. Hodson has based the bulk of her work on Rambert's notations; it was this acquisition, Hodson has said, that persuaded her that a reconstruction could be staged. Marie Rambert was appointed by Diaghilev to assist Nijinsky in the "Sacre" rehearsals, and Hodson was able to interview her before she died, in 1982. Even if she had written down every step and accent, which she did not, there is still something wrong with the assumption that notation is a Rosetta stone that unlocks the mysteries of lost choreography. Nijinsky's "Sacre" notation could turn up in Joffrey's office tomorrow and it still wouldn't guarantee getting Nijinsky into this production. His notation of "Faune" was preserved, but the way the Joffrey men currently dance the role—short-breathed and as sexily tensed up as Elvis Presley—it hardly matters that the steps are authentic.

With so little to go on, Hodson has done remarkable things. For most of the ballet's thirty-six minutes, she has been able to provide a ground plan or an architectural group. And as the formations come and go we see a believable outline of the scenario. But it is only an outline. Some incidents don't read. The groups into which the



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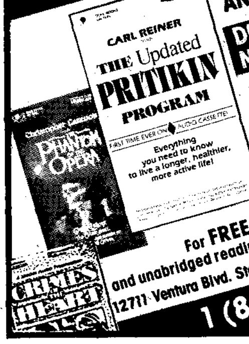

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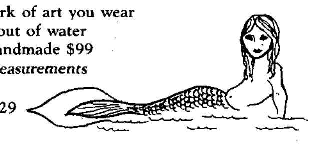

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ensemble is divided tend to decompose into huddles facing inward and doing something obscure. The choosing of the sacrificial victim (an episode suspensefully rendered in the music) is over before we've noticed the process. This isn't just a matter of the lack of stage technique, although any criticism of Hodson's staging must begin with what seems to be inadequate control of the stage picture. The real problem is with the presentation of inert, archival material in the guise of a theatrical event. One can admire the gumption it took to put this production on, but one can't really admire *it*. The Joffrey "Sacre" is without stage life.

The occasion, though, was a stimulating one. Craft addressed the Dance Critics Association; Hodson and Archer spoke there, at the Roerich Museum, and at New York University's Tisch School of the Arts, where Hodson also conducted a master class in "Le Sacre" step patterns. The Library of the Performing Arts put up an exhibition. And the Joffrey revival was warmly received by full houses. There is much to be said for historical curiosity in an art form that has, strictly speaking, no past. Yet one or two of the Dance Critics' sessions showed that curiosity to be attended by a certain impatience. Why cannot the past produce its treasures on demand? Why must masterpieces be lost? I went back over the texts I've mentioned in this article, and reread portions of Bronislava Nijinska's memoirs. It was her "Les Noces" danced twenty years ago by the Royal Ballet that persuaded me of the value of Nijinsky's lost ballet and made me believe what Rivière and Kirstein and, later, Buckle had to say about it. For me, the special disappointment of the Joffrey revival of "Le Sacre" was that though bits of it looked back to "Firebird" and "Petrushka," absolutely none of it looked ahead to "Les Noces." "Les Noces" was a sophisticated theatrical creation on a folk subject, and this "Le Sacre" hardly belonged in a theatre. For all the numbers of people on the stage, it had no mass—no impact at all.

Putting aside for the moment the failings of the restorers, I turned to Nijinska for some clue to the possibility of a systemic difference between the two sibling ballets. I found none. But the name Dalcroze kept coming back and back. Nijinska, who was three years her brother's junior and, by her own account, learned everything from him and worked closely with him on all his ballets up to and including

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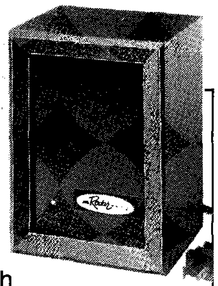

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“Le Sacre,” does not conceal the disagreement that set in between them when, at Diaghilev’s insistence, he submitted to musical instruction from Émile Jaques-Dalcroze, the Swiss music master. Dalcroze’s system of movement was called Eurhythmics and was devised for the education of children in music. Diaghilev connected it with training in choreography, and Bronislava berated her brother, who was a schooled musician, for going along with that idea. She protested again when Diaghilev hired Rambert from Dalcroze’s school to be the rehearsal mistress on “Le Sacre.” (Rambert felt that Bronislava resented her as an outsider.) But Diaghilev clung to his Dalcroze theory of choreography, and Nijinsky complained to his sister that Stravinsky patronized him. Was Stravinsky’s later complaint about “the tyranny of the bar” a reaction to eurhythmical choreography? Or was he falling in with what he must have heard from Debussy about “Jeux,” Nijinsky’s next ballet after “Le Sacre”?

Debussy was not enamored of the choreography for “Faune,” but that for “Jeux” enraged him. “It is in fact Dalcrozian,” he wrote to a friend, “and this is to tell you that I hold Monsieur Dalcroze to be one of the worst enemies of music! You can imagine what havoc his method has caused in the soul of this wild young Nijinsky!” Bronislava’s testimony is that there was nothing Dalcrozian about the solo of the Chosen One, which had been made on her. (She became pregnant and was unable to dance it.) As for “Faune,” it, too, was free of Dalcroze’s influence (and is in counterpoint to the music from start to finish). Bronislava writes, “Vaslav did not ‘graphically’ render each musical note by a physical movement, nor did he have recourse to counting the beats aloud, as he did in later rehearsals with the company after he had come under the influence of the Dalcroze System.” And Fokine, in *his* memoirs, writes of “Faune,” “At that time Nijinsky was still free from the rhythmic gymnastics to the influence of which he regrettably succumbed in his compositions which followed ‘Faune.’ ” It is interesting that the same comment should have been made about the choreographer by a sister who was dear and close to him and by one of his worst enemies.

WHEN the curtain comes down on a dance performance, all that remains is what people say about

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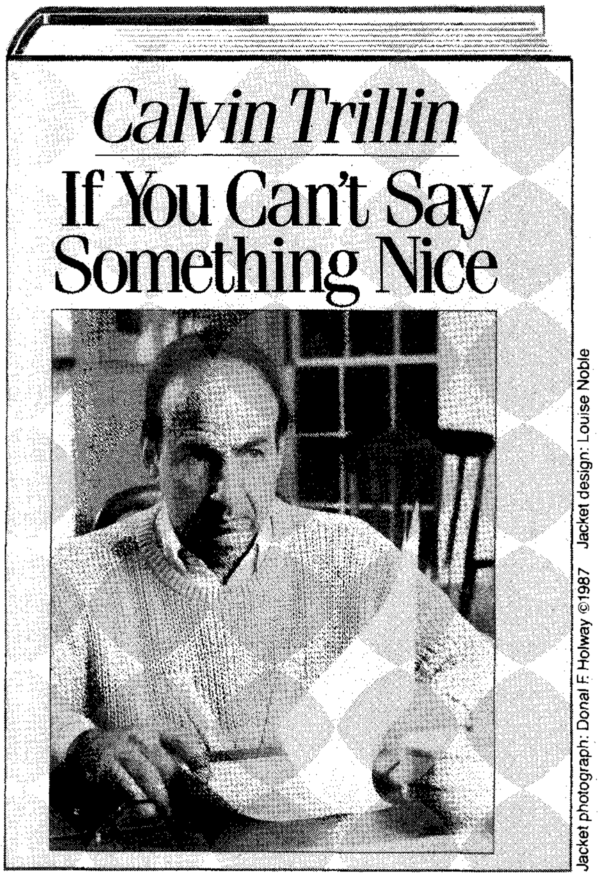

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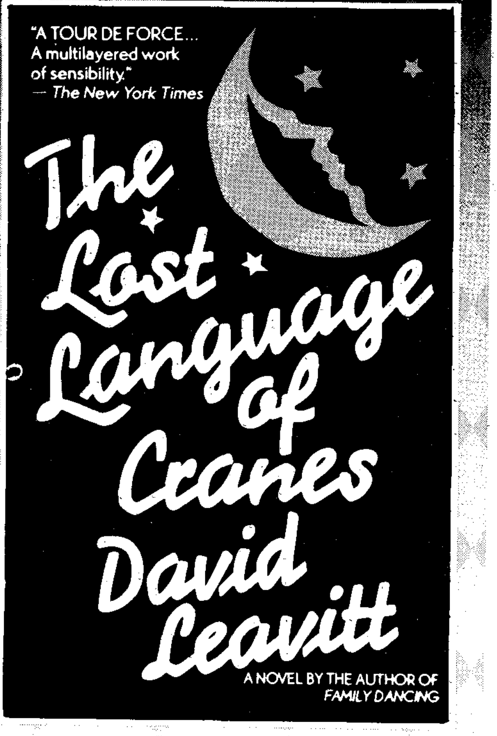

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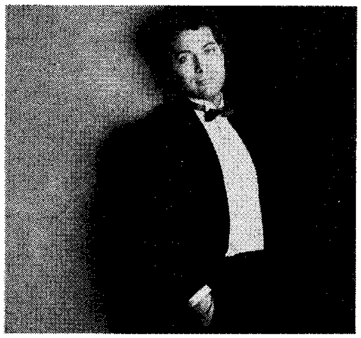
A NOVEL BY THE AUTHOR OF FAMILY DANCING

it. This is true even in the era of film and videotape. Usually when I attend a performance of the Martha Graham company these days, the curtain cannot come down fast enough, so disreputable is the dancing, so unsettling the spectacle of disrepair in a repertory I once loved. Yet some critics continue to see a Graham company at peak form; they praise the new pieces or put them down lightly, and they draw endless sustenance from the Graham "classics," most of which have congealed into mere exercises, little more compelling, for me, than the Graham Products that are manufactured as seasonal premières. It is this repertory which the company now proposes to preserve with the aid of a special government grant, obtained not from the National Endowment for the Arts, which is the normal channel of supply set up by Congress, but directly from Congress itself, as a line item in a Department of the Interior appropriations bill. The bill, which has been passed by the Senate, gives the Graham company $4.1 million, most of which it would use to film itself for posterity. This unprecedented funding procedure has been criticized, of course, and also defended, as the ringingly arrogant, undemocratic maneuver it is. I sympathize with those who defend it. Hang the Endowment; without Martha Graham, there probably wouldn't even be one. But I can't agree that there's anything left, either in the Graham repertory or in its stageable archive, that truly represents the art this grant seeks to preserve.

Graham retired from performing in 1970; that was the moment to film her work, but there was no approaching her on the subject, and the whole dance world knew it. It is impossible to believe in a tractable Martha Graham. The way things are is the way she wants them, and she has allies in those who see in things as they are the vigor and perfection of earlier days. Graham, in her ninety-fourth year, is having the misfortune of living into the curatorial age of dance, and she is behaving accordingly—which is to say, with the barmy confidence of her epigones in a body of work that doesn't exist. A few days after her company vacated the City Center, the Joffrey Ballet swept in with a revival of a "masterpiece" that no one there had *ever* seen and that doesn't exist, either. Creativity may be dead, but piety lives.

—Arlene Croce

New Year's Eve with Michael Feinstein



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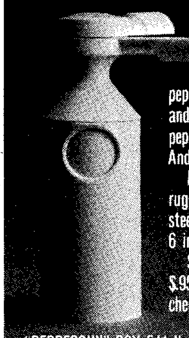

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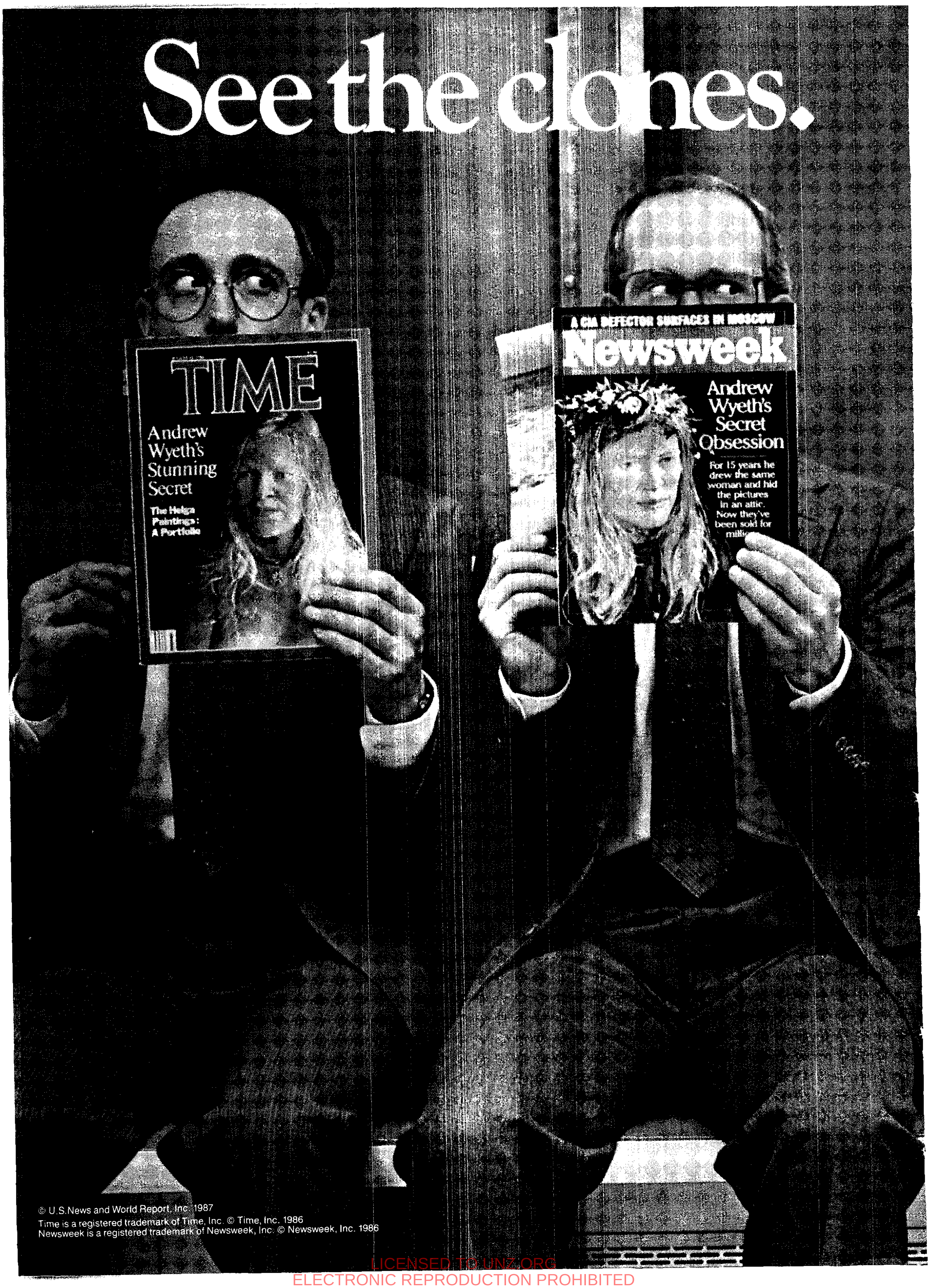
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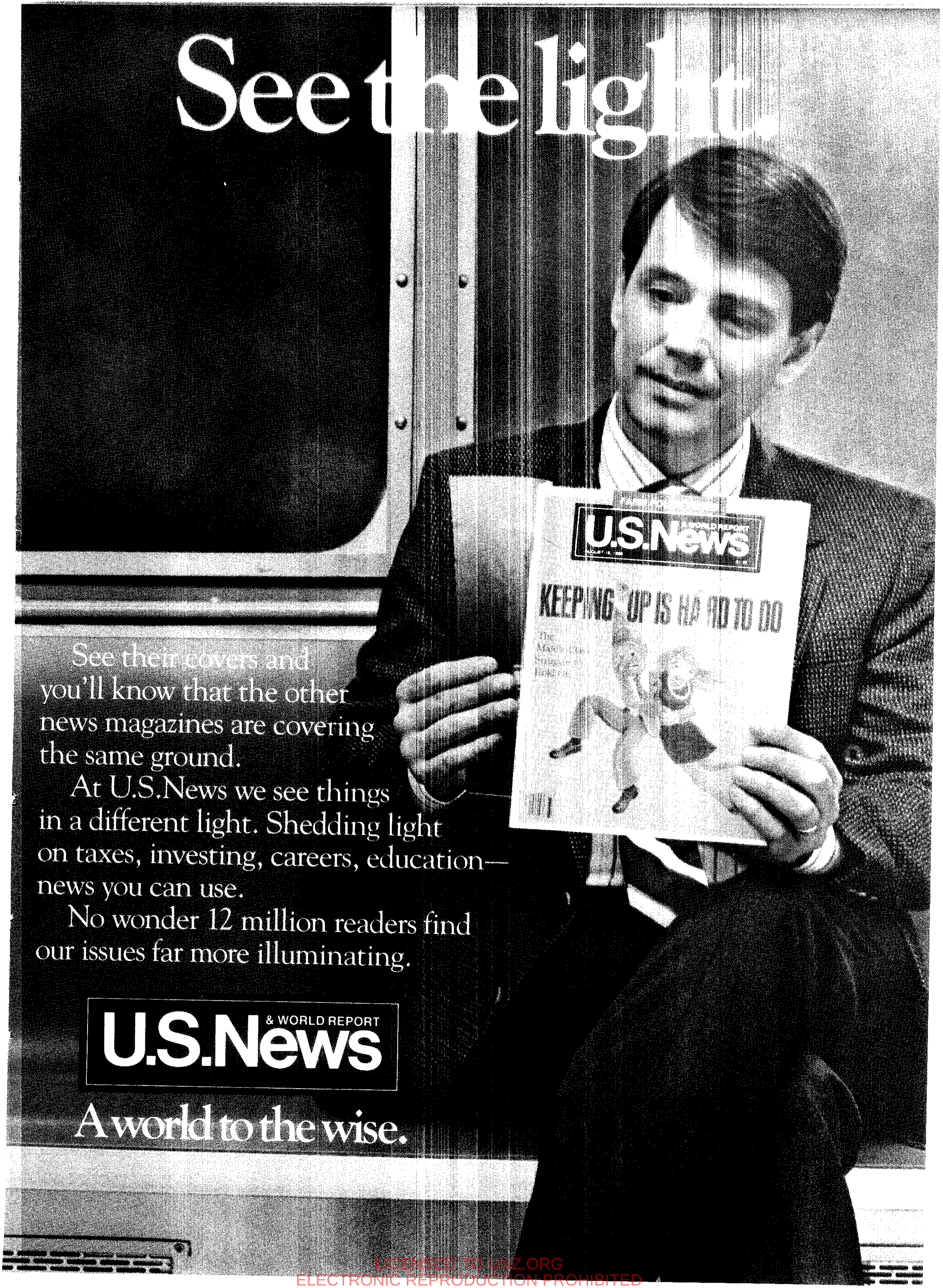
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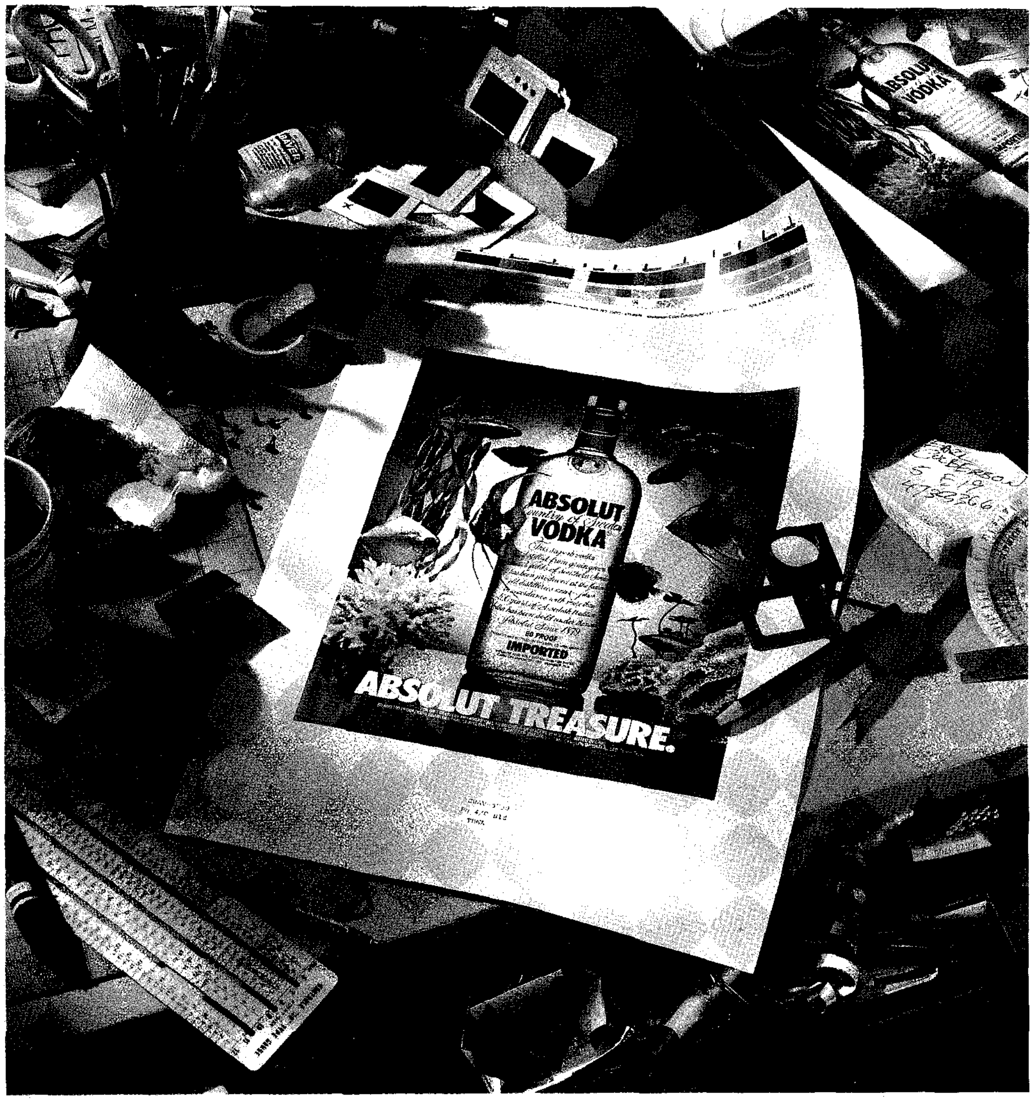

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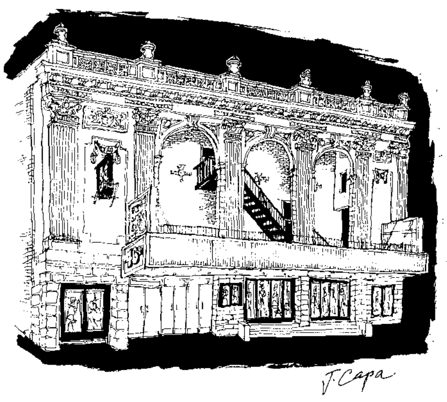
“Teddy & Alice,” at the Minskoff, gives us a chance to hear a glorious score by John Philip Sousa and to watch an exceptionally fine performance by Len Cariou, as Theodore Roosevelt. The show tells the story of his years in the White House with his family, brimming with kids, and of his older daughter, Alice (Nancy Hume), who falls in love, to his outspoken dismay, with Nicholas Longworth (Ron Raines). It must be said right off that T.R. is no Mr. Barrett of Wimpole Street; Alice, daughter of his first wife, who died in childbirth, is the apple of his eye—he objects because Longworth seems inadequate and is almost old enough to be her father. Since she has gone down in history as Alice Longworth, the conclusion is hardly startling. The story, by Jerome Alden, is the least of it anyway, although scene by scene and line by line it plays well. We open with the Roosevelts moving into the White House, after the assassination of McKinley (no need to be morbid about it, Roosevelt says), and finish with Alice's wedding. The music, as adapted by Richard Kapp, who added a few songs of his own, comes in a surprising number of styles. Sousa was much more than just a composer of marches; there are charming, tuneful ballads, and even some patter songs (Hal Hackady wrote the nimble lyrics) that may put you in mind of Gilbert and Sullivan. The first act ends with a rousing rendition of “The Stars and Stripes Forever;” there is no attempt to top that in the second act (what could?), which is more concerned with matters of the heart, and has more tender, lyrical music.

Mr. Cariou gives a rich, full-bodied performance, of a kind seldom seen in musicals, and it is very much the creation of the actor, since the part is rather sketchily written, giving small indication of the fascinating, private man that Roosevelt actually was. During most of the show, he is bossy and affectionate and optimistic and encouraging, with a “Bully!” always at the ready. But he is a man whose grief at the death of his first wife he has kept hidden, even forbidding the mention of her name; when, finally, he does speak of her to Alice and presents her with a little music box of her mother's, he reveals a depth of sensitivity that is most impressive and moving. Among the other actors I especially admired Beth Fowler, as the second Mrs. Roosevelt, and Nancy Opel, who gives an endearing performance as Alice's young cousin Eleanor Roosevelt, a gawky duckling in spectacles, with, at this point, a crush on her own cousin Franklin; Mr. Raines makes a suitably romantic leading man. The singing is uniformly fine.

“Teddy & Alice” is almost as attractive to the eye as it is to the ear. Robin Wagner designed the settings, Theoni V. Aldredge the costumes, and Tharon Musser the lighting; all of them have done impeccable work. The appropriate choreography was by Donald Saddler. John Driver was the able director. “How wonderful,” said the wise man in the seat next to mine, “to do a show like this, when the nation is in such a state of woe!”

Christopher Durang's new comedy, “Laughing Wild” (the title is taken from a line in Samuel Beckett's “Happy Days”), at Playwrights Horizons, is a two-character play (sort of), which he wrote for himself and E. Katherine Kerr. The first half, a pair of oddly overlapping monologues, opens with Miss Kerr's entrance. She tosses her hair, loses her compact and finds it, and speaks in a highly charged way about the difficulties of daily life in this city—waiting in line, rude cabdrivers, that sort of thing—and as she goes on, ticking off every aspect of depression and frustration, we realize that she is crazy. There have been doctors and stays at Creedmoor; and we also realize that she is as smart and sharp as they come, not one of your run-of-the-mill victims. She describes an episode in a supermarket, and keeps returning to it throughout the evening. She is in a supermarket in the tuna fish aisle; she wants to buy a can but is prevented from doing so by a man reading labels who is blocking the shelves and does not move, even when she bursts into sobs. So she fells him with a blow to the head. She covers a lot of other ground, but that immovable man in front of the tuna fish is an obsession. Enter Mr. Durang, who is, of course, that immovable man, victim of the crazy lady (to whom he tried to be as tactful as possible) and of God knows what else besides. Well, God, for one thing. He is a loner, and he has joined some sort of group to learn to become more optimistic, mostly by waving his arms in the air and breathing deeply and saying “Om.” In the second act, Miss Kerr and Mr. Durang are both present all the time, discussing their overlapping dreams, among other topics.



Mr. Durang is one of the funniest men in the world, able to make the audience laugh out loud time and time again, taking us by surprise with his one-of-a-kind jokes and his relentless bitter satire. Miss Kerr's targets include hostesses of audience-participation talk shows and Dr. Ruth Westheimer and psychiatrists; his targets include Chernobyl and nuclear waste, but he is at his best when he returns to his own territory—God and the Catholic Church and its lack of mercy in sexual matters, most notably when it comes to homosexuals. (There is a discussion of AIDS, which seems out of key.) In an indelible sight gag, he appears as an elaborately costumed Infant of Prague, looking like an outsize, comical chess piece. Having said all that, I must also say that although there is a lot of laughter there is not as much as there should be. I found my own drying up—for the first time at a Durang play—and I'm not sure why. There is something wrong, some wavering of style or tone or intention. As for the acting, under Ron Lagomarsino's skillful direction, Miss Kerr is fine in a difficult role, managing to stay just this side of the clinical, and Mr. Durang does well, too. But his play is non-vintage Durang—which, of course, is better than vintage a lot of other people.

—Edith Oliver

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BOOKS

An Enemy of His Time

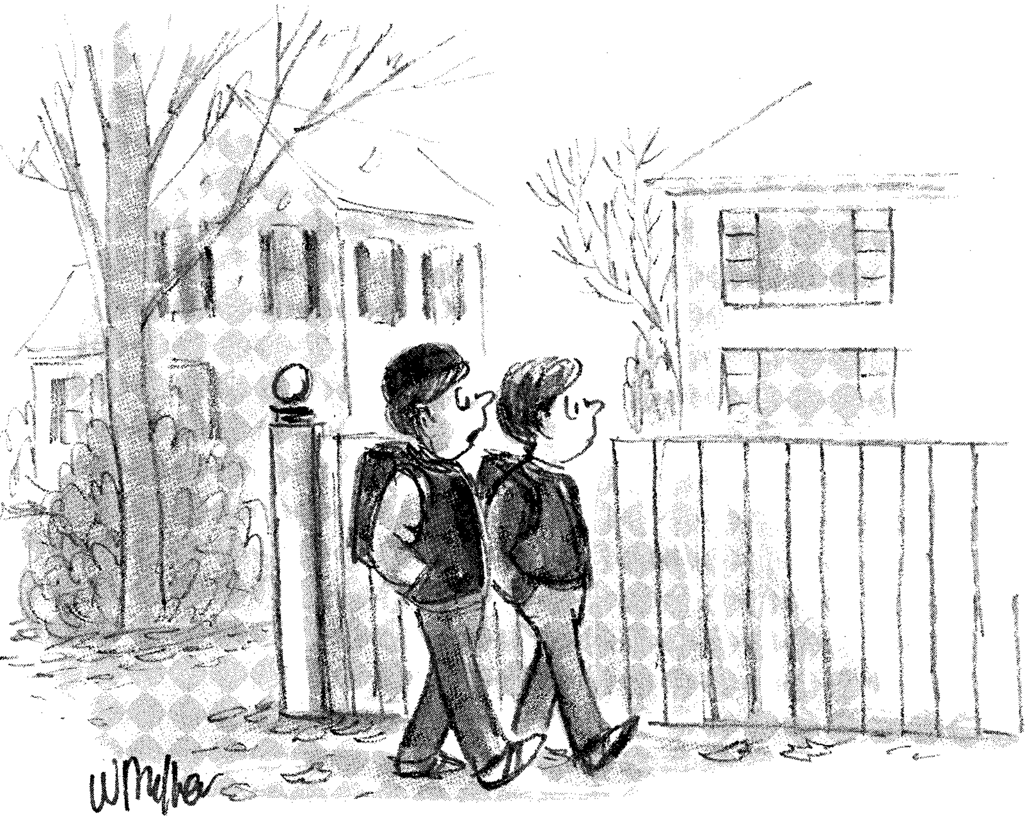
A GOOD writer has no reason to be surprised when the world offers him less in the way of fame and riches than he deserves. The Austrian novelist Joseph Roth (1894-1939) was not an exception. "I have no great public and no great income," he wrote to the editors of "Twentieth Century Authors" not long before he died. "I expect neither the one nor the other." Roth spent his last five years in Paris, as an exile, and was at least narrowly known and respected there for his work. Eleven of his fourteen novels were published in German between 1924 and 1938, and several in English translations. His collected works have been published in Germany since his death, but Roth's dim view of his prospects has been confirmed by a shortage of posthumous fame outside Europe. Luckily, the non-German-speaking branch of posterity has lately been given a chance to appreciate his gifts, which are substantial, and of a kind rarer now than it was fifty years ago. The Overlook Press has brought out eight books by Roth since 1974, and has scheduled at least one more. Some of the translations date back to the thirties—there is one by Dorothy Thompson—and some are recent. All these books are in print. An English edition of Roth's essays and letters would be welcomed by those who have read his available novels and stories.

The most recent installment in the Overlook series is "Tarabas, A Guest on Earth" ($18.95), which was first published in 1934. A bluff tale of sin and repentance, set in an Army town on the western border of Russia circa 1917, "Tarabas" is of interest less as a self-sufficient work of art than as a display of Roth themes and characters: soldiers and long-suffering Slavic and Jewish civilians dazed by the twists and turns of war; the powerlessness of mankind against the forces of history—"History, chipping small new countries that men should live and die for off the big old ones which they had lived and died for until then." The deliberate simplicity of style and plot is no obstacle to the storyteller's gloomy eloquence, as he looks beyond his story and his own evident love of life to a world in ruins. Toward the end of the book, Tarabas drinks from a bottle of milk:

> He seemed to realize all at once the blessing, yes, the miracle, of milk, so white, so full of goodness, the most innocent fluid in all the world. Milk—such an everyday and obvious thing!

Closer to the end, in an episode that is a twist on the homecoming episode in the Odyssey, Tarabas returns home in order to break his attachment to the familiar past. His heart is compared to "a stone coffin" in which he buries memories and familiar sensations—"living objects of that dangerous nostalgia which might yet have the power to seduce [him] from his endless, aimless wanderings."

Underlying Roth's images of loss and confusion was the destruction in the First World War of the nineteenth-century European empires—Russian, German, and Austro-Hungarian—and reinforcing those images were his own mixed and geographically marginal origins. The exact details of Roth's life, religion, and death are a matter of debate, but his elliptical account of himself in "Twentieth Century Authors" is good enough for now: "I was born in the German colony of Schwabendorf in Volynia, the son of a Russian Jewess and an Austrian. As my father left my mother before I was born and died in a lunatic asylum in Amsterdam, I have never seen him." A prewar map shows that in 1914 the subjects of Francis Joseph I, Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary, included Germans, Magyars, Rumanians, Croats, Serbs, Ruthenians, Czechs, Slovaks, Poles, Slovenes, and Italians. Roth's father was probably Jewish, although he doesn't say. In any case, the social position of a Jew or a half Jew—and particularly of an Eastern European Jew—was precarious, as Roth repeatedly suggests in his fiction. The plo



"First it was no football, now it's no money. I don't think they know what they're doing."

of "Tarabas" turns on an abrupt assault on poor village Jews by local Christian peasants; the Slovenian narrator of "The Emperor's Tomb" refers to anti-Semitism as a "fashion;" and anti-Semitism in the Austrian Army is the basis for a subplot in "The Radetzky March." In "Flight Without End," the protagonist, who is "the son of an Austrian major and a Polish Jewess," contemplates the membership policies of "the Club" in an unnamed German city:

> The Jews almost appeared to be saying that their ancestors had allowed the Teutons themselves to settle by the Rhine, wherefore it was the grateful duty of the modern Germans to protect these Rhenish-Roman Jews from the Polish ones.

For whatever reasons, Roth himself took shelter at some point in Catholicism, the dominant Austrian sect, and declared in his autobiographical note, "I am a conservative and a Catholic, consider Austria my fatherland, and desire the return of the Empire." Roth, who was a student in Vienna before the war, served in the Austro-Hungarian Army from 1914 to 1918, worked for several years as a journalist based in Germany, and began to write fiction in the early twenties. As a result of the rise to power of the Nazis, first in Germany and then in Austria, he was forced into exile. In Germany, his books were banned and his royalties confiscated. He was unhappily married. He was forty-four when he died. According to one report, the guests at his funeral included a priest, a rabbi, fellow-exiles, the Archduke Otto, and members of the French Communist Party.

His country having predeceased him, Roth had no trouble identifying with all the dispossessed in Eastern and Central Europe. He had been a witness to their fate, both as a soldier and as a newspaper correspondent, and he made it the subject of his fiction. In "Hotel Savoy," a novel written in 1923, he describes, from the point of view of a returning soldier, the rise and fall of hope among assorted survivors of the war. Though the book is clogged with historical and geographical symbols, and overcrowded with mysterious strangers, the writing is lively and frequently stirring. Poor Jews, bourgeois Germans, vaudevillians, and striking factory workers, in and around a symbolic hotel in a symbolic border town "at the gates of Europe," mingle with soldiers on their way out of Russia. The soldiers "come in groups . . . like certain fish at cer-

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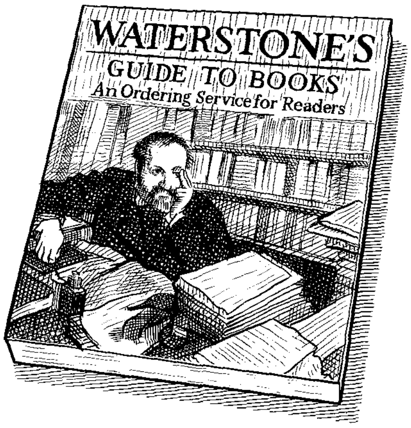
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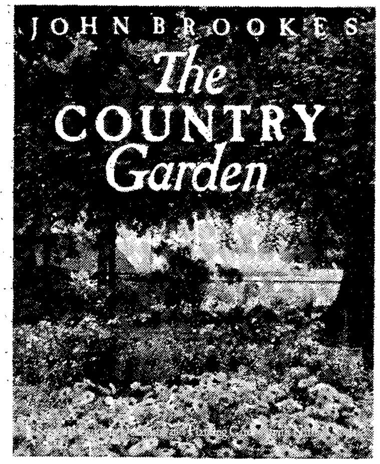

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tain times of year. They flow westwards." Roth writes:

> They came out of Russia and brought with them the breath of the great revolution. It was as if the revolution, like some active crater, were spitting them out like lava into the West.... They are an endless river of grey in this grey town.

Initial impressions of order and security give way to a sense of confusion and, finally, to the idea that "death had lain in wait for [the soldiers], and death never misses."

Despite unities of setting and atmosphere, "Hotel Savoy" is clumsily put together compared with later works, in which Roth is more certain of his point of view, and the balance of literal and surrealistic detail is steadier. Observation and bravado are more successfully blended in "Flight Without End," which has the flash and momentum of a meteor. Another Austrian soldier en route from Russia takes a look at postwar Europe, but here the object is middle-class society, considered satirically by "the naive Tunda, who from time to time cultivated his own ideas about historical events." Tunda's progress and his impressions are presented by Roth in a short foreword as "the story of my friend, comrade and spiritual associate." The ambiguous distance between the narrator and his subject seems negligible in the plaintive rhetoric of the finale:

> It was at this hour that my friend Tunda, thirty-two years of age, healthy and vigorous, a strong young man of diverse talents, stood on the Place de la Madeleine, in the centre of the capital of the world, without any idea what to do. He had no occupation, no desire, no hope, no ambition, and not even any self-love.
>
> No one in the whole world was as superfluous as he.

Lost Generation blues.

Roth used the same method in "Confession of a Murderer," where the introductory "I," a German émigré in Paris, is buttonholed by the confessing "I," a Russian. "He began," the German tells us. "And the story was neither short nor commonplace. Therefore I have decided to write it down here." In "The Silent Prophet," a first-person prologue, set in a Moscow hotel room, leads into the life story of a controversial acquaintance of the men in the room with the storyteller. Conscientiously, he explains that he wanted to reach a wider audience, and therefore, "I decided to write down what I had been recounting . . . in the same sequence as it was recounted then. . . .

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The interruptions of the listeners, their gestures, their jokes, their questions, are omitted.” Then, Book One: “Friedrich was born in Odessa.” “The Silent Prophet” is known as Roth’s “Trotsky novel,” and the idea for it is thought to have occurred to him during a newspaper assignment in Moscow in 1926, when Trotsky had lost his political struggle with Stalin and it was not certain what had become of him. According to a note at the end of the Overlook edition, the book was not published until 1966, when it was pieced together by the German publisher from an unfinished manuscript and other fragments salvaged by friends after Roth died. These quasi-autobiographical novels, however hard they may have been to write, have a casual, spontaneous quality; the informality puts the reader at ease right away, and, like Homer leaning on the Muse, the writer is freed of the burden of speaking strictly for himself.

Roth plunged deeper into fiction with “Job, The Story of a Simple Man,” and, following that, “The Radetzky March,” a wonderful historical novel, which ought to have earned him a place in literary history before now. Written before the Nazi assault on the Jews of Europe, and with more sentimentality than real feeling for the characters, “Job” is a tame version of the Old Testament book. The style is consciously naïve—a syntactically simple prose, teeming with similes. Moreover, Roth omits the debate with God that supplies the drama in the original story of Job, and he tops off his account of Mendel Singer, “a pious . . . entirely commonplace [Russian] Jew,” with a miracle straight out of Hollywood.

“The Radetzky March” is Roth’s most intense and elaborate rendition of his vision of what was lost in the First World War. His view of himself as “a conservative and a Catholic” and of Austria as his “fatherland” and his vain hope for “the return of the Empire” were his most effective inspiration—the source of the particular eloquence and conviction of “The Radetzky March,” and also of two related short works, “The Emperor’s Tomb” and “The Bust of the Emperor.” Not that religion narrowed Roth’s range of sympathy; even in “Job” it’s clear that he cared less about specific beliefs than about faith in general, which he equates with attachment to the old order. “The Great War,” he wrote in “The Emperor’s

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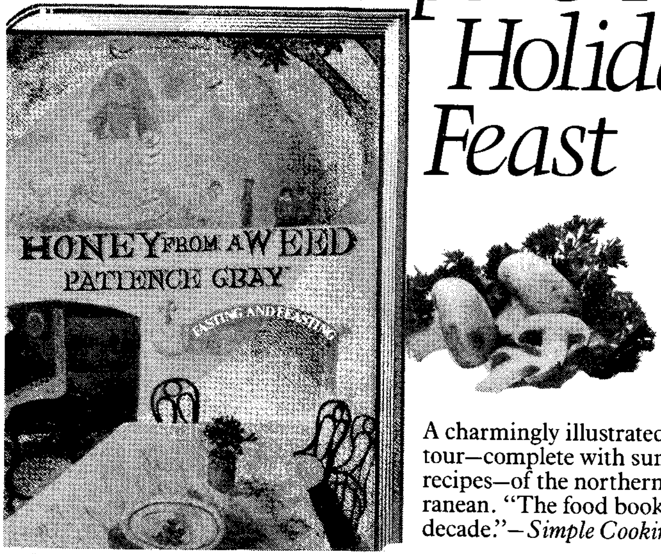

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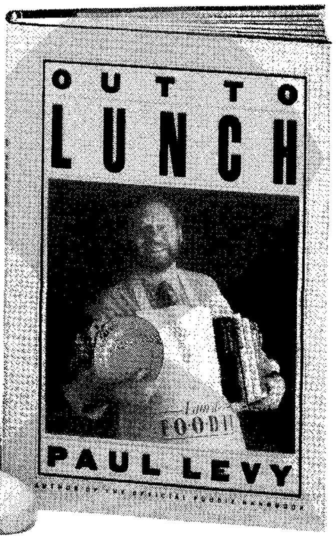

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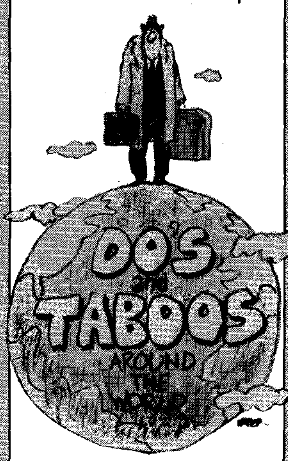

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Tomb," is "now, in my opinion, rightly called the World War, not only because the whole world was involved in it but also because, as a result of it, we each lost a world, our own world."

The association of faith with patriotism and of filial piety with reverence for the Emperor is at the heart of "The Radetzky March," which was written in the early thirties. The main theme, undercutting any notions of divine or human control of events, is the advance of "incomprehensible fate." The plot has to do with the fortunes of three generations of the Trotta family (the founder "was a Slovene"), whose destiny is accidentally tied to that of the Emperor and the empire when the infantry lieutenant Joseph Trotta saves the Emperor's life in battle and, as a reward, is designated Captain Joseph Trotta von Sipolje. Roth's account, in Chapter 1, of the mixed consequences of the incident—a perfect short story in itself—foreshadows the divisions among, between, and within the characters, and the ultimate collapse of the Hapsburg Empire.

The novel opens in 1859, at the Battle of Solferino, and ends, in 1916, with the death of Francis Joseph. The prevailing tone of ironic nostalgia is established in a scene between the newly ennobled Captain, who feels "as if his old life had been replaced by a strange new one," and his father, a retired sergeant major. The Captain arrives for the visit looking "like some military god in his gleaming officer's sash and lacquered helmet which generated a kind of black sunshine of its own." Instead of using his native dialect, the father addresses the son in "the ordinary harsh German of army Slavs," out of respect for his status. "His consonants rumbled like thunderbolts, the final syllables laden with small weights." Early in the novel, the elegiac note is struck. The Captain watches the old man's lips, "ready to welcome the first sounds of Slavonic like long-lost, familiar sounds of home." The power of the scene, as of the whole novel, is based on the tension between human feeling and a sense of decorum, as conveyed by the formality of the style with which Roth evokes the patriarchal world of his dreams. Omens of disintegration accumulate as disorderly emotions and impulses and rational doubts press against the stately prose.

By the time Roth was born, the Dual Monarchy (as Austria-Hungary was then called) was a moribund polit-

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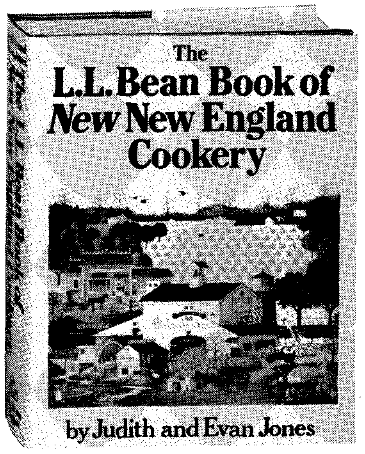

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ical contraption, threatened by Prussia, to the north, and by its own ethnic diversity. Recording domestic and imperial rituals, ticks of the clock, church bells, birdsong and military music, fair weather and storms, Roth conjures up a mirage of order so vulnerable to human vagaries that even the Emperor feels obliged to keep his thoughts to himself:

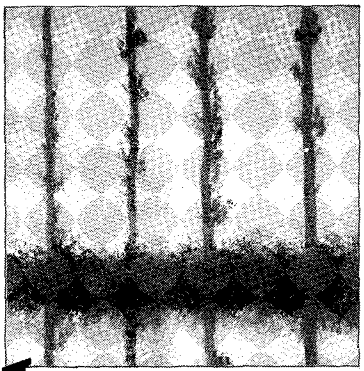
> Through field glasses Francis Joseph saw the movements of each separate line and for a few minutes he felt proud of his army, and for a few minutes felt regret at losing it. For he saw it already dispersed and dashed to pieces, split up among the many nations of his monarchy. For him the great golden sun of the Habsburgs was setting—shattered against the primeval basis of the universe into sunballs which, as isolated stars, would be set to shine on independent nations. It'll never suit them to be ruled by me, thought the old man, there's nothing to be done about it, he added to himself. For he was an Austrian.

A phrase from the Aeneid comes to mind: "*lacrimae rerum*"—untranslatable, but meaning literally "the tears of things." "The Radetzky March" is a lament for the last incarnation of the empire whose founding Virgil told of in the Aeneid. Aeneas, the good soldier, is called *fato profugus* (fate's fugitive) from his native Troy—a description that matches Roth's image of modern man—and Virgil uses the epithet *pius* for his hero, to denote the same sense of dutiful reverence that animates the Trotta family. In Roth's novel, religious feeling is generally expressed obliquely, in figures of speech—as in "He had been driven out of his paradise of simple faith in the Emperor and virtue, truth and righteousness"—but sometimes the idea of a tie between Heaven and earth is made more explicit. "No human being can be responsible for another," a minor character says.

> "My father was for me," said the District Commissioner, "and my grandfather for my father."
>
> "It was different in those days," answered Skowronnek. "Not even the Emperor is responsible today for his monarchy. It almost looks as if God were refusing to be responsible for the world."

The Emperor's dying words include the remark—unheard by the attending priest—that "the war is a sin, too."

But to Roth, and to his Austrian characters, the greatest sin, as they experienced the partition of Austrian territory after the war, was nationalism. In "The Bust of the Emperor," Count Morstin, "the scion of an old Polish family, a family which (in parenthesis) originated in Italy and came



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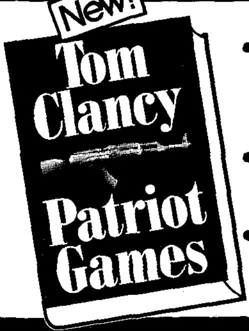

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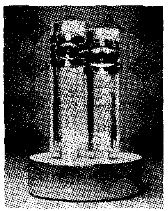

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to Poland in the sixteenth century," thinks of himself "neither as a Polish aristocrat nor as an aristocrat of Italian origin." Roth continues:

> No: like so many of his peers in the former Crown Lands of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy, he was one of the noblest and purest sort of Austrian, plain and simple. That is, a man above nationality, and therefore of true nobility.

The story ends with the Count in exile, convinced that "national virtues, so-called . . . are even more questionable than human virtues." Echoing, in part, the Gospel according to John 14:2, he adds:

> I hate nationalism and nation states. My old home, the Monarchy, alone, was a great mansion with many doors and many chambers, for every condition of men.

Another version of this mystique occurs in "The Emperor's Tomb":

> Even landscapes, fields, nations, races, huts and coffee houses of the most widely differing sorts are bound to submit to the perfectly natural dominion of a powerful force with the ability to bring near what is remote, to domesticate what is strange and to unite what seems to be trying to fly apart.

"The Emperor's Tomb" opens with a statement of resistance. "I am not a man of my time," says the narrator, whose name is Trotta, and who is a cousin of the Radetzky Trottas. "In fact I find it hard not to declare myself its enemy." Like this Trotta, Roth may have thought of himself as "on indefinite leave from death" in the postwar years, inhabiting "a palpably vanished world." Like the youngest of the Trottas in "The Radetzky March," he was oppressed by "an ominous presentiment of the end of the world":

> For the space of a single swift second the faculty of seeing in images descended upon him, so that, exalted, he saw the ages roll toward each other like two rocks.

Joseph Roth was an inventive and diligent enemy of his time.

—SUSAN LARDNER

•

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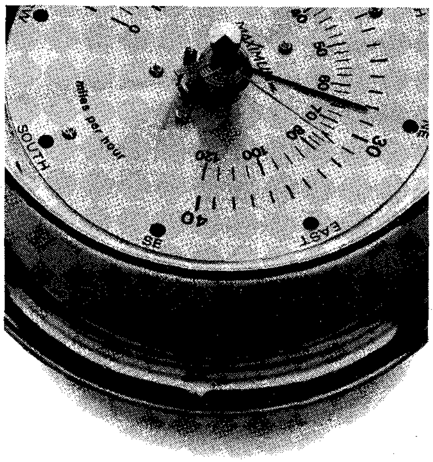
Here, chick chick chick!



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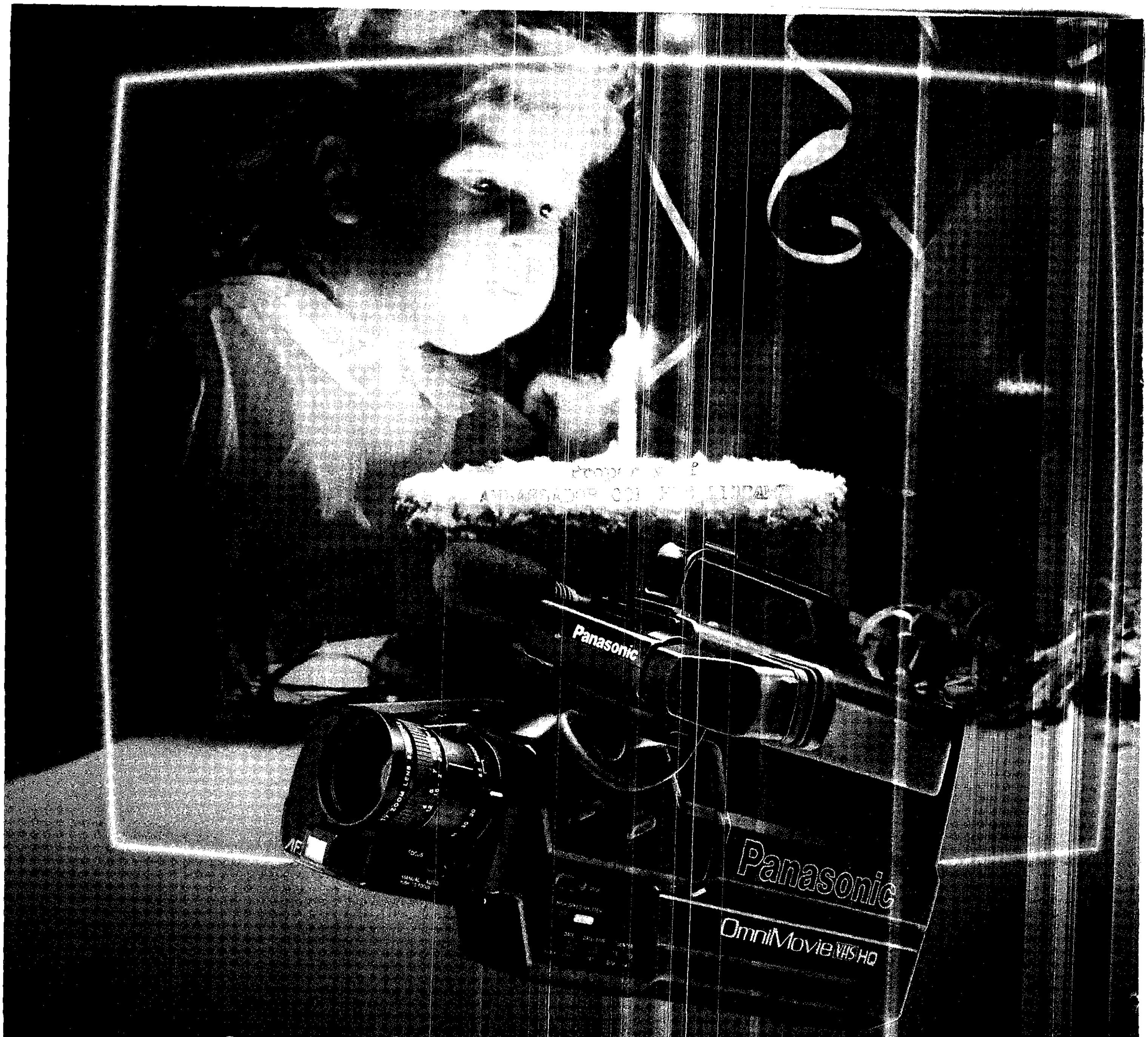

One candle. That's all the light you need with the new Panasonic OmniMovie™ camcorder.

The light of one candle isn't enough light for some camcorders. The new Panasonic OmniMovie VHS camcorder PV-320 can capture the joy and radiance of your kid's smile. And do it by the light of just one birthday candle.

Because special moments happen without a moment's notice, this OmniMovie camcorder focuses and sets exposure automatically. The 6-to-1 power zoom lets you get really close to your kids. And its advanced solid-state CCD (Charged Coupled Device) imaging system makes your kids look brilliant.

To catch those one-in-a-million action shots, this OmniMovie has a 1/1000 second high-speed shutter. It can capture your kids' expression while they're jumping rope, diving into a pool or grabbing for a ball. Just connect the Panasonic camcorder directly to your TV, and you can play it all back in crystal-clear slow motion or still frame.

When it comes to recording all those special moments, kids' parties, anniversaries or vacations, no one holds a candle to the new Panasonic OmniMovie camcorder.

Action blurs with standard shutter.

Action is sharp with high-speed shutter.

Panasonic.
just slightly ahead of our time.